

THE QUIVER

DESIGNED FOR THE

BUDDING SOCIETY

DEFENCE AND PROMOTION

Biblical Truth,

AND THE

ADVANCEMENT OF RELIGION

IN THE

HOMES OF THE PEOPLE.



CASSELL, PETTER, AND GALPIN,

LONDON AND NEW YORK.

JOHN CASSELL'S NEW WEEKLY JOURNAL,



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PROSPECTUS.

THE QUIVER will every successive week be charged with well-poised arrows, each fledged with a motto, to carry it home to some member of the family circle. There will be the pointed arrow, to penetrate the buckler of error; the light-feathered arrow, to interest and instruct the children; the polished arrow, to awaken and guide the imagination; the keen-barbed arrow, to touch the conscience; the ponderous arrow, weighty with argument, to convince the reason.

THE QUIVER will contain a mass of varied and interesting matter designed to advance the cause of Religion in the Homes of the People. Those who desire argumentative articles will find in this Journal, every week, contributions from some of the most gifted minds. Others, who seek appropriate discourses for reading aloud on the Sabbath-day, will find in **THE QUIVER** sermons by distinguished preachers of various denominations. If a knowledge of the progress of missionary enterprise, and the advancement of Christian Truth throughout the world be desired, **THE QUIVER**, by means of its own correspondents, and from other sources, will present an epitome of news recording the triumphs of the Gospel. To all who are interested in the struggles of Truth against error and persecution, **THE QUIVER** will furnish a carefully-prepared Chronology of the Remarkable Events in the history of the Church. Lastly, **THE QUIVER** will endeavour to meet the requirements of the young, and, in addition to interesting articles suited to their years, the study of Holy Scripture will be promoted by selected readings, and questions suggested by those readings.

THE QUIVER will be evangelical and unsectarian in its character, having for its grand aim the intellectual, moral, and spiritual improvement of its readers. Its staff of contributors will include some of the ablest writers in the sphere of religious literature, irrespective of denominational differences.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

From BELL'S WEEKLY MESSENGER.

"Mr. John Cassell, whose exertions to elevate the condition of the working classes, by supplying them with wholesome mental food at a price within the means of all but the poorest of the poor, are universally known, has commenced the publication of a weekly serial, called **THE QUIVER**, the special object of which is 'to defend and promote Biblical truth, and advance religion in the homes of the people.' The first number is now before us; and if we may look upon it as a fair sample of its successors, we sincerely hope that the anticipations of its projector may be more than realised, both as regards its circulation and the amount of good which it will accomplish."

From the WESLEYAN TIMES.

"In times when neither pains nor cost are spared in diffusing knowledge, too much of which is but of a doubtful character, it affords relief to one's mind to meet with such a work as **THE QUIVER**. The design is to send forth, week by week, at the nominal cost of one penny, and on the largest sheet of paper now offered in periodical literature, a series of shafts of truth—arrows from the Bible sent home to the mind of the reader. It is a work for the defence of Biblical truth, and the advancement of religion in the homes of the people. The contents of the first number give promise that the work will be one of great interest and permanent instruction for the family circle. The writers are all persons of well-known ability, and the work is as free from sectarian bias as the Word of God itself. We should think there are hundreds of thousands of Sabbath school children who would become subscribers if their teachers would only call their attention to it. It deserves their heartiest recommendation."

From the DEVONPORT AND PLYMOUTH TELEGRAPH.

"No man has done more than Mr. Cassell to raise the tone of our cheap periodical literature; nor has directed it in such various ways towards the elevation and improvement of the people—an end worthy of the greatest exertions. We rejoice in

the belief that his labours in this behalf have produced much fruit, and that the circle of their good effects is an ever widening one. To thousands his publications have supplied that information and assistance they would otherwise have sought in vain, by placing within the reach of the humblest means the highest results of learning, the best instructions of practice. He has laboured in the cause of popular enlightenment side by side with the Mechanics' Institutions, People's Colleges, Reading Rooms, Mutual Improvement Societies, to which the larger sympathies and increased wants of the present age have given birth; and to many, whose circumstances have deprived them of the help afforded by such associations, he has been the friend in need, without whom they must have been surrounded by difficulties—in every case most formidable, in most cases insurmountable. We are glad to find that Mr. Cassell is continuing his good work, and that in **THE QUIVER** he has brought out a periodical designed to advance moral improvement, and defending and promoting Biblical truth. No one can say there is not room for such a publication as this. Several existing serials, excellent in themselves, have their usefulness, but are too much limited by the spirit of sect to effectually combat the ignorance and immense moral evils that unfortunately exist among us. But this work, coming forward on the wider basis indicated in the words 'Spiritual, Evangelical, Catholic,' is fitted to effect results no narrower means can hope to reach. The first number is full of promise, and heartily do we wish **THE QUIVER** God speed in its mission."

From the STAR OF GWENT.

"Every literary undertaking which Mr. Cassell undertakes is sure to be prompted by a desire to be of benefit to his fellow-creatures, and his enterprises are so well arranged as to be successful in this design. We know no publisher who has been more instrumental in promoting the best interests of society, by supplying cheap and practical means of improvement in the search after knowledge, and in facilitating its progress and development. The new serial before us is eminently calcu-

lated to further that object, being mainly devoted to the defence of Biblical truth, and the extension of religion in the houses of the people. These purposes are dependent upon each other; and, pursued as they appear to be in this work, cannot fail to eventuate in the advancement of religious and moral practice and principle, and in the removal of the obstacles to religious progress. We wish every success to **THE QUIVER**, as well for its meritorious scope as for the able way in which it is sought to be carried out."

From the WEST KENT EXPRESS.

"This is the last but certainly not the least of our weekly religious serials. * * * Its twelve royal 4to pages contain nearly, if not quite, as much matter as the sixpenny volumes named, while the price charged is one penny. It is evident that the enterprising publishers could only do this by giving the public part of the advantage of the advertisements borne on the covering or case of **THE QUIVER**. But after all it is the nature rather than the amount of the matter which is most important; and we are assured that an attentive and candid perusal of the first few pages will suffice to gain the reader's grateful approval."

From the NORTH AND SOUTH SHIELDS GAZETTE.

"Messrs. Cassell, Petter, and Galpin, who have done so much for the diffusion of knowledge and harmless amusement throughout the country, have added to their publications a weekly magazine of religious truth, called '**THE QUIVER**', which at its price, a penny, is a marvel of cheapness and goodness. '**THE QUIVER**', its proprietors tell us, 'is designed for the defence and promotion of Biblical truth, and the advancement of religion in the homes of the people.' Its religion 'will be that of the New Testament—spiritual, evangelical, catholic—free alike from bigotry on the one side, and latitudinarianism on the other.' So far the publishers may without fear appeal to their work in support of these professions. There is matter suited to children, to youth, and to mature years in this periodical, and, as far as we have read, all good of its kind."

ADDRESS TO OUR READERS, AND AS TO SUPPLY OF "THE QUIVER" BY POST. EXTRACTED FROM NO. 3.

ALTHOUGH the three numbers of **THE QUIVER** which have now been issued afford little more than an indication of the variety which we propose to introduce into its pages, enough has already been written to set forth clearly the design and general character of our undertaking, and the principles by which it is directed. We are glad to know that our endeavour to produce a religious journal of a high standard of literary merit, at a very low price, has been appreciated by men distinguished alike for their piety and their intellectual attainments—men whose approval we value. The letters which we have received from these, and from other persons in various walks of life, satisfy us that **THE QUIVER** supplies a want which has been long felt, and that it is meeting with a cordial welcome among all denominations of evangelical Christians. A journal of this character, however, occupies a very different position from one of general literature, or even from a periodical representing the views of a particular denomination; and we must rely chiefly upon the good offices of our acquired friends, to enable us to extend our sphere of usefulness. We hope, therefore, that we may look for the active aid of our readers in promoting the circulation of this journal. If they believe that **THE QUIVER** is likely to exercise a beneficial influence in the homes into which it may penetrate, we need have no fear of trespassing unduly upon their kindness, when we ask them to introduce it to the notice of their acquaintances, especially of ministers of churches, Sunday-school superintendents and teachers, and all others engaged in the work of the Gospel. We shall thus be enabled, by the Divine blessing, to carry out the objects we propose to ourselves in the most complete and efficient manner. And we beg to suggest to those of our friends who experience difficulty in procuring copies of **THE QUIVER** from local booksellers—which we know to be the case in some small towns and villages—that they club together and transmit, to our Publishing Office direct, one order for the number of copies required. We shall be happy to forward parcels free by post at the following rates:—Five copies (in one parcel) for 6d.; twelve copies (in one parcel) for 1s.

THE QUIVER.

THE three most wonderful things in the world are THE BIBLE, CHRISTIANITY, and THE CHURCH.

By the first, in this connection, we mean the Bible considered simply as a book. As such its construction and authorship are most extraordinary. It consists of above seventy different pieces, long and short; none longer than many a modern pamphlet, some as short as a two-paged tract. These pieces include almost every species of literary composition—history, poetry, biography, law, letters, high argument, word-pictures, sketches of character, parable, proverb, and various other forms of writing. They are the work of some forty writers, more or less; men of great diversity of character, rank, genius, acquirements. There were among them kings, legislators, lawyers, physicians, soldiers, priests, husbandmen, fishermen, with various others from the ordinary walks of life. Of these men, some were distinguished by great natural endowments, were marked by high capacity, and intrusted with many talents. Some had enjoyed educational advantages, and been subjected to mental discipline and culture; but many were men of only one talent, and of no educational culture at all. These writers, thus severally diversified, lived through a period of some fifteen or sixteen hundred years; sometimes forming a little cluster of contemporaries, sometimes standing alone, sometimes with great gaps coming between them, and once a considerable space was interposed, which divides the whole into two sections. All these writers, however, as they successively appear, put down their separate contributions and pass on. There could not, by any possibility, be a general confederacy amongst them—a common understanding. They look like a long line of travellers, separate in the main, passing a particular spot, where each throws a stone, large or small, as it may happen, none of them dreaming of anything ultimate. By-and-by, instead of a mere heap of stones, there stands forth a finished structure—a building of regular, solid masonry, with measured proportions, fitting ornament, suitable for habitation and use! In other words, the stray leaves, the irregular contributions of many centuries, the tracts and papers of thirty generations, when collected together and looked at as a whole, turn out to be a book!—a book with a beginning, a middle, and an end; with a system of thought running through it, gradually developed, growing and expanding as the successive writers add its utterance, till the process is seen to be in a sense finished, and the work can be viewed and apprehended as a whole, and, as such, seen to be consistent, harmonious, and complete.

Whatever room there may be for difference of opinion as to the number of the Biblical writers, or the length of the period during which they lived, or even their perfect agreement with each other, something approaching the representation just made must be admitted to be true. After all deductions, there will still remain enough to be the ground of an argument and an appeal like this:—“There is the fact: look at it—at a unity, a harmony, a regular, consistent process, a developed order, produced so! Of that building, none of the individual masons—each a mere mechanical worker, with his separate contribution of stone or brick—none of them could be the architect; none originated, or ever had in his mind, the full and perfect idea which the completed building was ultimately to embody! Of that book, none of the individual contributors was the author; none had the scheme of it, as a projected whole, lying in his intellect, to be carried out by the agency of the rest. Yet some one mind, so charged, is obviously required to account for the existence of the book, as such.” We believe that there was that—a presiding Intelligence—a regal, guiding power—that hovered over and directed all the minds, hearts, and hands successively engaged, so that its own Divine idea was progressively developed, the human underworkers, all the while, having no conception of what their combined action was to elaborate; each of them being absorbed by, and seeing little beyond, his own separate bit of masonry or authorship.

But this book, or any book so constructed, might have been, had God pleased, scientific, philosophical, or anything else in the way of secular knowledge. It need not have been a religious book. Such a book, however, the Bible is. It is pre-eminently this. It reveals an objec-

tive religious Faith, and it seeks to inspire and to nourish a religious life. It is a devotional, spiritual, Divine book. Its old history, its poetry, biography, law, politics, are all religious. Nothing in it has any meaning, except as seen in its relation to God, divine government, moral obligation, future account. The religion of the Bible, too, from beginning to end, is one and the same—at least, after the brief period during which man retained the religion of innocence. From the first promise of a Deliverer to sinful humanity, that Faith, which culminated in the Christian system, has been in the world. The old Patriarchal Faith, the Jewish, the Christian, are substantially one. Judaism and Christianity are not two religions, but the same in successive stages of growth. The one is the dawn, the other the day. Judaism is Christianity in the germ; Christianity is Judaism in perfect development. By the institutions and prophecies of the one there was originated and sustained the expectation of a Messiah, which the personal advent of the Christ of the other met and satisfied. The Christ of Christianity did not, indeed, realise the rude, secular idea of the ordinary Jewish mind; but, spiritually interpreted, his whole system finds at once its rational significance, and, as events proved, its opportune fulfilment, in the mission and work of Jesus of Nazareth. He came—lived and acted, taught and died; and this event, followed by the announcements and ministry of the apostles, proved to be the beginning of the mightiest movement which the world has ever seen.

The rise and progress of Christianity is the greatest fact in all history. It sprang up, went forth, diffused and rooted itself in spite of all opposition. It subdued idolatries, emptied temples, changed opinions, modified philosophy, gave a new direction to thought, furnished new subjects to art and literature, sculpture and song, elevated morality, purified worship, influenced governments, dynasties, nations. Uniting in itself the achievements of its own heroic precursors, it “subdued kingdoms, wrought righteousness, stopped the mouths of lions, quenched the violence of fire; out of weakness was made strong, waxed valiant in fight, turned to flight the armies of the aliens.” Ever since its ascendancy, it has, in one form or other, been the strongest thing as an active element in the most powerful and regal of the nations. Whether true or false in itself, Christianity, as a fact, is the most wonderful thing in the world; but far more wonderful if it be false than if it be true!

But, again, the Bible might have been a religious book, and have introduced and established a religion among men, and yet this might have been of the nature of mere individualism. It might have taken each man apart, and have inculcated personal righteousness, and nothing more. It might have inspired faith, fostered devotion, led the individual, as such, into Divine communion and holy fellowship with the Father of spirits, and thus made each man into a distinct and separate “living temple.” Christianity, indeed, does this, but it does more. In addition to all that is individual, it seizes upon and sanctifies the general and social relationships of society. All Christians are spiritually members of one body, and constitute, as a whole, in the Divine eye, God’s holy Church throughout all the world. There is a visible Church, too, including all the different communities of the faithful—all separate, particular churches—one in a common Evangelical confession, though many from secondary points of difference. But, present everywhere, underlying all forms and aspects of things, there is a great principle—pregnant, suggestive, many-sided—out of which come various important issues and results. The Church, as embracing a congregation of faithful men, embodies and represents the idea of number, union, association. For whatever purposes the Christian institute may specifically exist, its simple existence, in itself considered, is a protest against selfishness—it consecrates the social relationship of the race, and demands its constant and practical recognition. The religious life of the individual is nurtured and sustained by sympathy with others—the vital element, increased and strengthened, becomes, alike in the mass and in the parts, a moral power. The Church is at once priest and prophet—worshipper and teacher—whose work in the world is to enlighten its darkness, and to raise it towards heaven; every member of which is taught by his relation to it that he has to learn “to live not to himself;” that he has to look, “not only at his own things,” his own interests, but to regard also the interests of others.

Christians have to be “helpers of the truth;” they have “to hold forth the word of life;” to turn the wanderer “from the error of his ways;” to “love,” “honour,” and “pray” for “all men,” “if, by any means, they may save some.” For this purpose “all things are theirs;” whether Paul or Apollos, the world or life, things present or things to come, the writer or speaker—the one with his parchments, the other with his eloquence—science, philosophy, history, song, the press, the school; all things are theirs. Whatever may promote the happiness of the community, or the benefit of the individual; whatever may persuade to the best use of the present world, or to a solid and Scriptural preparation for another; whatever may help the diffusion of truth, the conversion of the world, the progress of society, the happiness and virtue of universal man—such things, whatever they may be, Christians are warranted to use, as the end to be accomplished is that for which they are to live. That this idea may be kept before the mind and become regnant and regulating, Christianity consecrates the social principle, and thus impresses on the individual conscience that all men are “members one of another.” No religion ever inculcated these things, or attempted to set them forth, till Christianity embodied them in its teaching and institutions.

OUR PLANS AND PURPOSES.

The above remarks will have already revealed to the intelligent reader the feeling in which the present publication originates, the objects it contemplates, and the means by which they will be attempted to be secured. Themselves Christians, the projectors of THE QUIVER desire to fulfil the general obligation “to do good and to communicate,” in that special way for which God has given them power and opportunity. Their work is designed “for the defence and promotion of Biblical truth, and the advancement of religion in the homes of the people.” The religion will be that of the New Testament—spiritual, evangelical, catholic—free alike from bigotry on the one side, and latitudinarianism on the other. Our views of the means by which the religious life is to be sustained will lead us to uphold the sanctity of the Sabbath—to advocate its observance as a day of rest and worship—and to augment its power in the households of the land, by furnishing, for different classes of the community, interesting and suitable Sunday reading. The press and the pulpit are kindred powers; in one department we propose to combine them: we shall give the sermons of distinguished preachers, those of contemporary English divines contributed by themselves, or reported by consent, and they will thus be furnished with congregations far larger than any temple or tabernacle could contain, or than the swell and compass of any voice could possibly reach. There will be Scriptural lessons for the little child; higher teaching for advanced youth; the highest of all, in the form of exposition, advocacy, or defensive argument, for the solace of the faithful, the confirmation of disciples, or the rebuke and refutation of opponents and gainsayers. The “homes” of a nation are the cradle and nursery of its social worth. By depicting the natural influence of religion on all that makes home virtuous and happy—on temperance, cleanliness, frugality, manners; on the growth of character, and the formation of habits; on mental culture; on all the prudential, social, and secular virtues—we shall hope to augment, elevate, and refine the satisfactions and pleasures of the domestic hearth; to foster and promote the early buddings of the inner life; to encourage the young to prepare for a world in which character is essential to consideration and success; and to demonstrate the truth, and to aid its realisation in the experience of many, that “godliness is profitable for all things, having the promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come.”

The Bible—the religion of the Bible—the institutions of that religion—to defend, promote, and advocate these, may legitimately open to us very diversified regions of thought, and lead us “to intermeddle with all knowledge.” To those who know how to read the Bible, it is in itself the most interesting of all books; many may be led to discover this by being guided as to its use, or being shown how it is corroborated by modern science, ancient inscriptions, recent travel, zoology, botany, comparative chronology, and other sources of Scriptural illustration. We are the advocates of progress; we are believers in the principle that in every department of



human knowledge there is that which can be used for moral purposes, and sanctified to religious ends; we are confidently persuaded that true religion is the best instrument for promoting the welfare and prosperity of a nation—its commercial virtue, social order, the advancement of the individual, the elevation of the masses. From a creed like this, professed by the projectors of a literary periodical, it is easy to see how multiform may be its contents, how diversified the talents, acquirements, genius of its stated contributors, and yet with what a uniform simplicity of purpose all shall be made subservient to one great end—the highest form of general usefulness.

Thirty years ago we were present in St. Paul's at the annual gathering of the charity children; this year we were present again. It was a natural thought, as we looked round and surveyed the scene—and the same remark will apply to any large assemblage of children—"Where now are those, who, a generation ago, sat as children on these seats, in the comparative innocence of their young life, looking, from the mode of dress and arrangement, like a garden of flowers, with its beds of diversified form and hue—where are they? Thirty years ago! The then miniature men and women have grown up into middle life. If they could be summoned here to-day, whence would they come?—what would they be like? While many, we doubt not, would be creditable in appearance, respectable in character, the heads and representatives of virtuous households, far greater would be the number, it is much to be feared, who would come in rags, penury, filth—reeking from the tavern, liberated from the gaol, ruined in reputation! Some would have to come from a convict's grave; some from the bottom of the sea; some from the antipodes; the majority, perhaps, having poisoned life, thrown it away, lost their opportunities, neglected their souls—the whole presenting a terrible contrast to what they once were, or to what they seemed, when, in something like picturesque beauty, they filled the amphitheatre which these children are filling now!" A thought like this was not unnatural; it was probably just, it was certainly sad. The object of THE QUIVER is to aid in preventing such results as far as its influence can reach. Children and youth are the hope alike of the world and the Church—they are future society. What posterity needs is a new set of fathers and mothers. We shall seek to improve the present race, and through them to operate on the next; and we shall seek directly to influence the next by especially desiring to benefit the young. For "the homes of the people," and for the nation at large, we offer the grand old prayer—the spirit of which shall be rule and law for all our labours—"O Thou, without whom nothing is wise, nothing strong, nothing successful, hear and help"—that "our sons may be as plants grown up in their youth; that our daughters may be as corner stones, polished after the similitude of a palace; that our garners may be full, affording all manner of store; that our sheep may bring forth thousands and ten thousands in our fields; that our oxen may be strong to labour; that there be no breaking in, nor going out; that there be no complaining in our streets. Happy is the people that is in such a case: yea, happy is that people, whose God is the Lord."

FAITH.

At some time or other of his life, every man confesses to himself, with more or less frankness of assent, that RELIGION must be the supreme business—the spirit-life—of every intelligent and responsible being. The whole moral universe is cast, under the law of dependence, upon the Self-existent Power. In the very order of things, intelligent homage and voluntary allegiance *must be* the normal condition of every moral creature. This is the primary and the final cause of intelligent creation. What is religion, but the rendering of the natural rights of the Creator? And how shall the creature demur? Under what plea shall any living creature assume exemption or release? His obligation—is it not *absolute*? His infirmity—will that avail in relaxation of the sovereign claim? Not a whit or tittle, while the possibility of fulfilling the actual requirements of the sovereign and gracious Ruler remains to the subject of his righteous government. Christianity proceeds upon this natural right of the Divine Ruler of man to announce His claims and enforce His will. The *obedience of faith*, then, or the *rebellion of unbelief*, must be the sole alternative of the intelligent creature; and which of these is the safe resort of the erring and failing spirit of man?

There is a fashion of objecting to the Christian religion that it makes so large a demand upon the faith of its disciples. It is common with this class of objectors to sneer at *faith*, and to speak of Christianity as if it exalted faith at the expense of reason. It is quite true that the Bible makes large demands upon our faith, but no more than right reason itself would submit to. It generally exhibits to us the reasons or grounds of its requirements, and invites us to ask *why* they are enforced. The Bible is emphatically a *reasonable* book.

But whatever may be the objections of those who are unfriendly to the pretensions of Christianity, turn to whatever department of human knowledge we may, there can be no great intelligence of any kind, or on any subject, without taking the far greater part of our knowledge on faith. Christianity, therefore, is only, in this respect, on the same level with every other branch of human intelligence. Christianity needs no apology when its credentials and doctrine are to be subjected to any rational test whatever. True, it avouches truths which reason could never have taught, and cannot adjudge as true or false; but it first, by its miraculous evidences, makes good its authority to teach things transcending the capability of reason to discover. It is not, therefore, reason *versus* faith, but faith in the ratio of reason.

More ceremony must be inadequate to the development of the religious element in the soul of man, and cannot be permanent. The provisions made in the progressive dispensations of God imply this much, and meet the advancing demands of the human mind in religious knowledge and experience. Even the Old Testament, however, teaches that "*the just shall live by his faith.*" The doctrine is at once the dictate of philosophy and the Bible.

But in dwelling upon this word *faith*, we must not omit to notice not only that it denotes the credit which we give to the declarations of God, or to the evidence of the facts or propositions presented to us in the Bible, but that it is also used to denote the truth of the Gospel—the object of our faith. Our faith, to be efficacious, must take fast hold of the revelation which God has made concerning his Son; without such faith it is impossible to please Him. Christ is represented to us in the Gospel as our Saviour. He "bare our sins in his own body on the tree." The eye of faith is turned towards Him who endured the cross, and despised the shame; it recognises in Him the one Mediator between God and man, and an actual personal trust in Jesus Christ as our Redeemer is the result. "Ye believe in God," our Saviour said to the Jews of old; "believe also in me." He says the same to us: be not content with a passive assent to abstract propositions; be not satisfied with the admission that God is—that He is wise, and great, and good—but receive the glorious Gospel of the grace of God into your heart; "for God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him might not perish, but have everlasting life."

The Christian religion is, emphatically, a religion of faith—the central condition of its greatest blessings is faith; and the prompting efficacy of its motives to persevering effort must often, in the present state, be the tenacious assurance of faith standing in place of the evidence of things not seen. The religious teacher toils on through a long course of ceaseless labour and sees no palpable result, but he falls back upon his faith in God's promise, that sincere effort shall never be in vain. He is at once required and constrained to believe, and therefore he is strong—stronger in healthful confidence than if, in the absence of such assurance, he had had to rest for encouragement upon his judgment of *effects* open to the eye. Faith is stronger than the evidence of things seen—stronger as the faithfulness of God is surer than man's judgment of visible results.

There may be deception in the latter, but there can be no misgiving about God's unfailing promise. Our confidence reposes not on the judgment of man, but in God's own power, truth, and goodness, till the present economy of partial and uncertain knowledge shall have passed away. Till then, faith stands in the place of a certain knowledge of things unseen—things unseen in respect to spiritual agencies, spiritual operations, and spiritual results. Faith becomes a *duty*, a *comfort*, and a *rewardable disposition*. It is the qualification for duty, and the condition of present enjoyment and future blessing. Christianity suspends the one great blessing of salvation on faith, but, in anything beneath or beyond that, leaves good works rewardable in the measure of their desert. Have faith in God. Do your duty, blindfold, as it were—if you cannot see a step before, or behind, or around.

Faith is a religious power of the mightiest efficacy in its influence with God and man. It is right to expect even *supernatural* effects in answer to the prayer of faith, though not *miraculous*. The former may result in harmony with the established laws of the world; the latter supersedes these laws. Christianity takes in all the rational conclusions of natural theology. It rests upon them in so far as they can carry us; and all the further advances of revelation are in perfect agreement with its intimations and requirements. The doctrine of faith cherishes that sublime fortitude which sinks the mere accidents of this probationary state in comparison with its great issues. This is philosophical.

A religion not founded on faith must be either *hypocrisy* or *blind obedience*. The man who observes the forms of religion out of deference to his neighbours, and not because he believes its doctrines and recognises its injunctions, is the man we designate a hypocrite; his religion is not the best of faith. "His very religion is a crime." Another

man's religious performances are not the result of any intelligent, personal conviction, but undertaken at the dictation of his teachers. He does not even pretend to understand the reason of his profession and practice. His is mere *blind obedience*; it is not virtue—it is not Christianity. True Christianity is the obedience of individual belief—faith is essential to it. There can be only three sorts of religious obedience: the genuine produce of faith, that of blind obedience, and the religion of the hypocrite performed in unbelief. That of faith alone is Christianity.

Every requirement of Christianity is in accordance with the highest reason; it does not prefer a single unreasonable demand. It requires man to bring to the pursuit of religious truth a trustful and teachable disposition; and this is altogether in harmony with the relations of creature and Creator. If we may so express ourselves, God stands out for this right temper of mind if man would learn the truth; this temper is of the essence of *faith*. God will not speak to us unless we have faith in his veracity. We must *invite* Divine communication. The obligation of *prayer* is a primary requirement of Christianity, and is one of the plainest dictates of reason. That a man should approach his God to ask for light in a reverent and trustful spirit, what can be more reasonable? If we could conceive the bulk of the now irreligious men in our country getting only thus far in the right direction, half the work of religious propaganda might be considered as achieved. The right temper of inquiry—the reverent temper of faith—and the attitude of prayer for the true light, once induced, who could estimate the influence of such a change on the masses of our fellow-countrymen now living in habitual indifference to everything like earnest inquiry about religion, or the practice of its most obviously reasonable demands?

SUCCESS IN LIFE—HOW TO GAIN IT.

REAL success of course, I mean. In this age of shams it is necessary to distinguish between the genuine thing and the mere imitation. There are a good many men, probably, whom you and I know, or have heard of, whom we should pick out of a crowd as successful men; but it is just possible that if we could put the question to them, they might deny that they really are so, and might tell us that we know nothing about the matter. If a man's life is a failure in his own eyes, it does not matter how many of his neighbours consider him successful. His success may be of the most dazzling kind, but unless it satisfies himself, it is not genuine—it is only an imitation.

We can rarely have an opportunity of learning the secret of a man's life from his own lips; and still more rarely does one of the world's brilliant failures write down his confessions for the benefit of posterity. Still this has been done in some instances; and I will select a few for our consideration.

Voltaire affords an example of gratified ambition. He was a man of genius, one of the most prominent names in French literature, at once the friend of kings and the favourite of the people. He rose to the topmost eminence of fame, and some people may think that he was certainly a successful man. But what was his own opinion? In one of his serious moments Voltaire said, "Life is thickly sown with thorns; and I know of no other remedy than to pass quickly through them." This is not the language of success. Why, the poorest vagrant on the high road could hardly give a worse account of his condition. Yet even a more gloomy picture than this was drawn by Lord Byron, who, with an ambition as insatiate as that of Voltaire, attained to equal fame. This is how he describes his experience of life:—

"Alas! it is delusion all;
The future cheats us from afar;
Nor can we be what we recall,
Nor dare to think on what we are."

It is evident, then, that gratified ambition does not necessarily constitute success.

Lord Chesterfield was a man who came into the world with all the advantages of rank, wealth, and high intellectual culture, and he made the pursuit of pleasure the main object of his life. He had every possible facility for attaining that object, and there are persons who think that if a man has plenty of ease and pleasure, he gets through life very successfully. But Lord Chesterfield knew more about this matter perhaps than some of us, and he, after comparing life to a dull, tasteless, and insipid journey, said, "As for myself, my course is already more than half passed over, and I mean to sleep in the coach the rest of the journey." This is surely not the language of success. A successful man does not wish to be blotted out of existence like the beasts which perish; he wishes to live and to enjoy.

One more illustration, in which, as the date is more recent, the name is suppressed. Two friends were riding one day near a mansion surrounded by an extensive park and fields, and one of them said to the other,

"How much should you say this estate is worth?"

His friend replied, "I don't know what it is worth, but I know what it cost the late owner."

"How much?"

"His soul."

The person addressed was startled at this answer, as well he might be; but his friend went on to say that the late possessor of the estate had died a very sad death, and in his last moments had attributed his soul's ruin to his love of money. He had acquired his great possessions by a long life of avarice, and, it was suspected, of fraud. Assuredly he was not a successful man. The unsatisfying nature of riches, considered in themselves, however honestly acquired, is an old theme, on which I need not dwell.

Clearly, then, some discrimination is necessary to enable us to distinguish between genuine success and the mere appearance of it. Man is immortal, and therefore no success can be complete which does not provide for his wants in both of the worlds in which he is to live. More than this, I maintain that a man cannot attain real success in respect to this present world—that is to say, genuine satisfaction and happiness—without having also attained success in respect to the next. Happiness demands for its enjoyment present comfort and peace of mind, and a sense of security for the future, beyond as well as on this side of the grave.

If these propositions are true, it follows that success in this present life, our first world, as I may call it—for it is with the present life that I have to do in these articles—depends upon the foundation on which a man builds up his character. It is necessary, as a matter of course, for a man to lay a foundation suited to the structure he designs to build.

It would be folly, for example, to think of placing a virtuous superstructure upon a substructure of vice. I suppose no sensible young man deliberately resolves to build a bad character. Yet many, who design to be right in the end, begin by indulging in follies, which they intend to repudiate at some future time. They lose sight of the fact that the structure is beginning to rise, and that every day's actions add to its dimensions. They build upon the sand.

Other young men, who avoid these indulgences, and pride themselves on a spotless morality, are, notwithstanding all this, also building their lives on the sand. Why are they moral? Because they wish to be respectable. Why do they refrain from the wine-cup, the card-table, the theatre, the house of "her whose feet take hold of death?" Because they are too proud to be vicious. Why are they diligent, studious, careful of their reputation? Because they are ambitious. But what stability or solidity is there in pride or in ambition? They are but as the sand. The first flood of tempting circumstances may wash them, and the character that stands upon them, to destruction.

What, then, is the true foundation of character? Where is that rock which will afford a firm resting-place for a virtuous life?

To this question—so important to every young man—I answer, in the language of St. Paul, "Other foundation can no man lay than that is laid, which is Jesus Christ!" which means, that the corner-stone of everything truly noble in human character, of everything really great and honourable in human life, is a saving faith in Jesus Christ. Without this, man's earthly well-being is a dread uncertainty; the "blackness of darkness" encircles his grave, and clouds his prospect of immortality. But with it, true to the teachings of the Divine Redeemer, he will assuredly prove, in his own experience, the truth of the declaration, that "godliness is profitable unto all things, having promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come."

A VERY OLD COMPLAINT.

THERE is a story told, that once, in an ancient city, as the magistrates were going along to the chamber of justice, they passed a beggar, who claimed their alms; he said that he was troubled with a complaint which altogether prevented him from getting his living, but he was ashamed to tell them what it was. They were moved with pity; each gave to him somewhat, and he departed. But one was more curious than the rest, and he followed the poor man, to learn, if he could, what was the matter with him; but when he came to him, he saw no outward sign of illness. "Forsooth," said the beggar, "that which pains me you see not; I have a disease lying in my bones, so that I cannot work; some do call it sloth, and some others do call it idleness." And whether this ancient story be true or not, it is true that idleness is a disease that "covers a man with rags."

The common sense of the world has for many ages expressed itself on this subject. "A fat kitchen makes a lean will," says one; and the old Yorkshire proverb runs:—"It's no good going to him, he is in the cloth market"—that is, in bed. "He becometh poor that dealeth with a slack hand, but the hand of the diligent maketh rich." "He who has a trade may travel anywhere." There is an anecdote told of the celebrated Stephen Girard, the American merchant, which illustrates this:—

"Mr. G. had a favourite clerk, one who every way pleased him, and who, at the age of twenty-one years, expected

Mr. G. to say something to him in regard to his future prospects, and perhaps lend him a helping hand in starting him in the world. But Mr. G. said nothing, carefully avoiding the subject of his escape from minority. At length, after the lapse of some weeks, the clerk mustered courage enough to address Mr. G. upon the subject.

"I suppose," said the clerk, "I am now free, and I would say something to you as to my future course. What do you think I had better do?"

"Yes, yes, I know you are free," said Mr. G., "and my advice to you is, that you go learn the *cooper's trade*."

"This announcement well nigh threw the clerk off the track; but recovering his equilibrium, he said if Mr. G. was in earnest he would do so.

"I am in earnest," said Mr. G.; and the clerk rather hesitatingly sought one of the best coopers, agreed upon the terms of the apprenticeship, and went at it in earnest. In process of time the young cooper became master of his trade, and could make as good a barrel as any other cooper. He went and told Mr. G. that he had graduated with all the honours of his craft, and was ready to set up his business; at which the old man seemed much gratified, and told him to make him three of the best barrels he could get up. The young cooper selected the best materials, and soon put in shape and finished his three barrels, and wheeled them up to the old man's counting-room. Mr. G. said the barrels were first-rate, and demanded the price.

"One dollar," said the clerk, "is as low as I can live by."

"Cheap enough," said the employer; "make out your bill and present it."

"And now comes the cream of the whole. Mr. G. drew a cheque for 20,000 dollars, and handing it to the clerk cooper, closed with these words:

"There, take that, and invest it in the best possible way; and if you are unfortunate and lose it, you have a good trade to fall back upon, which will afford you a good living at all times."

All things improve by use; the faculties of man most of all things; because, while other things reach their highest perfection, and then wear out, waste away, decay, and perish, there is in human faculties infinite means and susceptibility to improvement. The old fable tells us of two ploughshares made in the same smithy, and of the same kind of iron; one was sold to a farmer, and travelled through many fields on its work; the other, unsold, was thrown into a corner of the shop, where for many months it lay undisturbed, till it became covered with rust. At length, the same farmer had occasion for another share, so it was drawn forth from its obscurity, and was sent home to him. But what was its astonishment on beholding its former brother comparing itself with him! "Is it possible," said the rusty plough-share, "we were once exactly alike? What has kept thee in such good trim, while I, who have done nothing but take my rest, am so sadly disfigured?" "That very rest," replied the other, "has been injurious to thee. Exercise and labour have kept me in the condition in which thou seest me, and to them alone is it owing that I now look so much better than thou dost." In all labour is profit; in all idleness is loss. Old Dumbiedikes charged his son to be ay sticking in a tree when he had nae thing else to do." And there is a story told of Count de Caylus, a French nobleman, who, although born to wealth and princely splendour and idleness, turned his attention to engraving, and made many fine copies of antique gems; and when one of the nobility asked him a reason for this procedure, the industrious count answered, "I engrave that I may not hang myself." "I did not know that the marquis was dead," said Lord Chesterfield, in conversation with another peer. "Well, I do not know, but for years he has had nothing to do." "Nothing to do?" said Chesterfield; "ah! that's disease enough to kill any of us." An idle life is like an empty stomach—having nothing to digest, it digests itself, and so mortifies and dies. When the Lord visited his special prophets in days of old, he found them workers, and at work. Moses had the shepherd's crook, and so had David; Gideon was at the threshing floor when he was called to lead the hosts of Israel, Elisha was at the plough, and Amos was a herdsman; Peter was busy with his nets, Matthew at the receipt of custom, and Paul was a tent-maker. Truly says Alexander Campbell:—

"The more we accomplish, the more we have to accomplish. All things are full of labour, and therefore, the more we acquire, the more care and the more toil to secure our acquisitions. Good men can never retire from their works of benevolence. Their fortune is never made. I never heard of an apostle, prophet, or public benefactor, retiring from their respective fields of labour. Moses, and Paul, and Peter, died with their harness on. So did Luther, and Calvin, and Wesley, and a thousand others as deserving, though not so well known to fame. We are inured to labour. It was first a duty; it is now a pleasure. Still there is such a thing as over-working man and beast, mind and body. The mainspring of a watch needs repose, and is the better for it. The muscles of an elephant, and the wings of a swift bird, are at length fatigued. Heaven gives rest to the earth because it needs it; and winter is more pregnant with blessings to the soil than summer with its flowers and fruits. But in the war for truth against error, there is no discharge."

The wicked servant who was cast into outer darkness was a *slothful servant*; thus sloth prepares the way for endless remorse; and no doubt the *well-doers*, in the joy into which they are received, are prepared for future growth and future work. Paul is not idle now, nor is Newton at rest. Growth in happiness lies in a flight from inertia to energy. God has given to man the power of setting all things in motion

for useful ends, and in the humble but diligent exercise of this prerogative consists our chiefest joy. Finally, the reader may commit to memory the lesson of "The Flint and the Steel":—

"Cruelly bent, it chanced the Flint
Ill-treated the Steel one day;
And wounding, gave it many a dint,
To draw its sparks away."

"When laid aside, this, angry, cried
To that, 'What would your value be
Without my help?' The Flint replied,
'As much as yours, sir, but for me.'

"This lesson I write, my friends to incite,
Their talents however great,
That they must study with them unite,
To duly cultivate."

"The Flint gives light with the help of the Steel,
And study alone will talent reveal;
For neither suffice if found apart,
Whatever the talent or the art."

A VISIT TO THE BIRTH-PLACE OF MELANCTHON.

Most persons who have travelled in Germany remember the line of railway in the valley of the Rhine, between Heidelberg and Kehl—a small town opposite to Strasbourg. As you proceed from Heidelberg, on your left hand, wooded mountains are seen, whose dark foliage indicate the proximity of the Black Forest. In the hollows, between the mountains, are pleasant towns and villages; and on the southern sides of the hills grows luxuriantly the carefully cultured vine. On your right hand is seen the rich plain of the Rhine—the river occasionally coming into view as it bends in serpentine folds towards the line of rail—its waters bright with innumerable smiles. Various kinds of grain grow abundantly, intermingled with the long green leaf of the tobacco plant. Beyond the Rhine stretch the mountains of Bavaria, forming an imposing background at a little distance from Heidelberg, to the old, but richly renovated, cathedral of Speyers. Here repose the remains of German emperors, here the name of "Protestant" originated.

On this line of travel, rather more than twenty miles from Heidelberg, is the busy town of Bruchsal, with its red sandstone "Zuchthaus" or Penitentiary, placed on the slope of the hill, and the "Schloss" or Palace of the Grand Duke of Baden, lying a little lower down, and nearer to the town. From Bruchsal, passing through three quaint old villages, you reach the town of Bretten. The distance is ten miles. This is the birth-place of the great and the good Philip Melancthon. On each side, for miles, as you approach the town, apple and pear trees abound, bearing in the season the richest crops.

The town of Bretten, in the Pfalz, belongs to the Grand Duchy of Baden, and is situated in the hollow of an extended estuary or basin. A long and gradual descent leads to the town. At the bottom of this descent, and almost in the middle of the town, the houses extend to a point; and almost the last house in this line is the one in which Melancthon was born. It is a substantial building, of five stories, with the gabled end towards the road. The house, even at the present time, looks neat, and is well preserved. There is an inscription on its front, in the following terms—"Dei pietate natus est in hac domo Philip Melancthon, 16 Feb. A.D. 1497, obit. 1560."—that is, "By the mercy of God, Philip Melancthon was born in this house, Feb. 16th, 1497, died 1560."

The town contains two Protestant places of worship, one formerly belonging to the Lutherans, a second to the Evangelical Protestant Church of Baden. A union of the Protestant confessions has taken place in Baden, and the same clergymen officiate alternately in both churches. Ascending a flight of steps from a lower street at a short distance from the birth-place of the Reformer, you reach the old church in which Melancthon was baptised, and received the name of Philip. The rising Protestant feeling of Germany shows itself in the care with which its old historical mementoes associated with the Reformation are preserved.

In the adjoining church, which is hard by, a clergyman was administering the ordinance of baptism, in a serious and impressive manner. Lutherans do not object to pictures in their churches; and in this church are full-length portraits, painted on the wall, of Luther and Melancthon. On the panels of the gallery front are also painted, somewhat rudely, scenes from the life of the Saviour. The baptism was over. The minister observing strangers, paused in the chancel, when the pilgrim party approached him; one stated the object of the visit, and his profession—that sympathy with the good Melancthon had prompted the pilgrimage to Bretten. It was the dean of the district that was addressed, and with the readiness of a German scholar he commenced conversing in Latin, explaining that between the morning and afternoon service he performed the ordinance of baptism; that Divine service was about to be held, and that at its close he would be happy to enter into conversation, to conduct to the shrine of the Reformer, and to afford any assistance in his power. The service has commenced; an old chorale by Bach sung; the usual Kreutzer collection gathered in a bag at the end of a rod. The Kreutzer is a small coin, the third part of a penny. The preacher has taken his text—"the parable of the sower." You feel in a few minutes that a master teaches, and that his heart is full of gratitude to God for the abundant harvest promised. His soul has drunk in the lessons and the poetry of the slopes and vales of the surrounding district. He says in his own rich, expressive

German, "The Lord compares the kingdom of God to a sown field; the seed lies concealed in the ground, but it is there; the wind and the storm may rush in violence over it." The preacher has often felt the storm bending to the curve of that estuary in which Bretten lies. "But that seed is a Divine thing, and God will secure the fruitage and the harvest." It shall be so," the preacher adds, "with the Gospel. The seed is put into the soil of this world, and notwithstanding all worldly storm and opposition, the word of salvation is destined to abide and triumph in the world." There stood the faithful preacher; there by his side the effigies of Martin and Philip. The dean then launches into his subject; first, he says, "The blessing of our God to our world—the harvest is here." A rich picture starts up to the view as he speaks the words, and you have only to look through those old fretted windows to behold its reality in Nature all around. "It is not our work that the harvest is here, but God's work. The seed is put into the ground; there for a time it reposes, and the husbandman goes home and sleeps. All this time God is at work. There is a green blade sprung up by the side of that clod—there is another—there is a myriad of them. The blade grows and grows on even while you sleep, and presently there comes the green straw, the fruit is formed—a German calls all kinds of grain fruit—"it ripens, and man bears the rich treasures of harvest to his garner. Thus shall it continue; summer and winter, seed time and harvest. So is it with the Gospel. Secondly, the harvest is here! What glory, and beauty, and treasure!" Then followed a glowing description of the surrounding landscape. "There is the proof of the goodness of the Lord." "The earth is full of thy goodness." "And so the harvest-time of the world is here. The enemy strove to destroy the seed of the Divine Word, but it has been preserved. For three hundred years has there been a growth and an increase, and in view of the whole we cannot but exclaim, 'Lord, what is man, that thou art mindful of him?'"

An earnest appeal closed the sermon; another old chorale, accompanied by the deep diapason tones of a new organ, closed the interesting service. The good dean at once joined us, still wearing his canons, and we proceeded to view the Melanchthon church. We stood by the old font in the spacious and attractive church. The building has been recently renovated, and is preserved with the nicest care. The impressiveness of the place was felt by all, and its neat elegance is heightened by a rich coloured Munich stained-glass window, recently inserted. In the sacristy, or vestry, there hangs an old print, probably after Holbein, of the ever-to-be-venerated Reformer.

The dean then conducted us to the house of Melanchthon's parents, and to the noble Melanchthon schools in Bretten, in front of which the foundation-stone is laid on which is to be erected the "denkmal," or monument to Melanchthon. As we passed along the town to the "bahnhof," or railway-station, the children of the place crept quietly to the side of Dean Sauer, and affectionately pressing his hand, glided away almost unobserved.

What an interesting topic, to trace the course of Melanchthon from his birth-place to his grave! To do this, however, fully, would be to write the history, to a great extent, of that revival of religion in the sixteenth century known as the Reformation. When but a boy he entered the University of Heidelberg, and won its academic laurels. He then proceeded to the University of Tübingen, and became its most attractive and popular tutor. Leaving the vine-clad hills of the south of Germany at the call of the Elector and the great Martin Luther, he went as professor of Greek to the new University of Wittenberg. There Melanchthon, the richly-cultivated scholar of the Reformation, earned for himself the title of "Preceptor of Germany." Calmly and happily he ended a life of long service at Wittenberg. His grave was watered with the tears of the women, the little children, and the men of his adopted home.

Youths' Department.

TELL THE TRUTH.

CHILDREN are as wood that will bear carving, for children, in a great degree, are what fathers and mothers make them. "Mark," said a pious old man, "the happy results of judicious training."

Business led me one morning, at an early hour, to call upon a friend; and when breakfast was announced, I became his guest. Charmed with the lively conversation, the freedom from restraint, united with the most courteous behaviour on the part of the younger portion of the family, I could not, when my friend and I were walking together, withhold my expression of pleasure, nor could I refrain from inquiring by what happy system he obtained so large a portion of good sense. I added, "Pray tell me your plan."

"Most readily," said mine host, "if there were anything novel, or anything worth narrating. It is very simple."

"However simple your plan may be, the plan is good that produces good results; and we are not to live for ourselves alone; 'freely ye have received, freely impart.' Other parents may wish to follow, or to improve upon your plan, and its very simplicity constitutes its chief merit."

"Be it so; and if I weary you, the sin is at your own door. The case stands thus. A kind Providence has given me two sons and two daughters, with heads on their shoulders, and with hearts in the right places. For their sakes, and my own, I strive to fill their heads with something worth knowing, and to warm their hearts with something

worth loving. The pious, the useful, and the amusing all have their proper share in our regards. We are not always talking of piety, but we are always talking piously, and religion with us is made a cheerful and a reasonable service. It is made gently to pervade all our duties, and may be compared to the silken thread which is said to run through the whole of the royal cordage, so that in every part and portion there is evidence of its owner. I am my children's friend, as well as their father. My language is, 'Attend to me in things that are serious, and I will attend to you in matters that are amusing and playful.' I lend myself, therefore, to my children, even in little things. I endeavour to guide their sports, and in their amusements I like to exercise their faculties. I regard them as little men and little women—the parents of the next generation.

"As I detest a corrupt taste, and dread a vacant mind, I suggest whatever I conceive will be useful and agreeable. In this respect, I am an officer on the preventive service, not forgetting John Newton's counsel: 'If you want to prevent Satan filling a bushel with chaff, fill it first with wheat.' I am not frightened at a little mischief; I am prepared for it. Innocent fun I encourage, but woe be unto any of my household, if their fun causes pain or injury to others! We have no right to rob another of the little stock of comfort that belongs to him. Consequently, I insist upon a large abatement, and as 'the sport' is not worth the candle, my arithmetic cures the evil.

"A large part of children's education is gained in the hours of relaxation and of fun; for instance, a gentleman came to me a few days ago, while these urchins of mine stood by my side; he began speaking of a company recently formed. The day following, one of these youngers came to me with grave features, as if the safety of the nation were concerned.

"We are going," he said, "to keep an album; we say it is not to be *my* album, or *your* album, but our album; it is to be a joint-stock concern, and, as each person is answerable only for his own mistakes, it will be 'with limited liability.' We want something *taking* for the title-page. Will you kindly suggest something?"

"I will give you an idea that presents itself to my mind, upon condition that you bring me back one of your own. Where is your album? On the first leaf give a sketch, the size of the page, of the old Middlesex Hospital, with its large inscription on the front—

SUPPORTED BY VOLUNTARY SUBSCRIPTIONS:

"THE SMALLEST DONATIONS THANKFULLY RECEIVED."

"In the evening the book was brought to me, and on the second page there was a drawing of a goose, a calf, and a donkey, and underneath was written—'NON-SUBSCRIBERS.'

"My sons and daughters love to talk, and I equally love to hear them, when their talking rises up to conversation, for he who converses with nobody knows nothing; and, as my Lord Bacon remarks, 'reading makes the full man, but conversation makes the ready man.'

"Some subjects are, as the Indians express it, tabooed in our family—the first is slander. Let it not be once named among you" is my rule to all. Here is the rule—

"If wisdom's ways you wisely seek,
Five things observe with care—
Of whom you speak, to whom you speak,
Of what, and why, and where."

To speak unkindly of a friend is a disgrace to friendship; to speak unkindly of a foe is ungenerous, and denotes an ignoble mind.

"What is your next forbidden subject?"

"Nonsense, in all its forms. I tell all the broad-cloth and all the crinoline in my family, to remember the prudent remark of the wise Grecian:—'If what is to the purpose I cannot say, what is not to the purpose I will not say.' I tell them, 'Every foolish fellow can contribute, if nonsense is all that is expected.' My counsel is: 'Strive for four things—piety, cheerfulness, good nature, and good sense; with these points in view you cannot go far wrong.' I like to see people getting on the sunny side of good sense."

"Your children express themselves ably; to what do you attribute this conversational power?"

"You will smile when I tell you. My China jar does it." "In what way? pray explain."

"No person should be expected to talk unless he has something worth saying. I cannot expect my children to talk sensibly unless I supply them with materials, that is, with something to talk about. I cannot ask for bricks if there be neither straw nor clay at hand; therefore, at the beginning of the month, I write down about fifty different words on a slip of paper. Each word expresses some important subject. The slip is cut into separate words, and these words are deposited in the China jar. Every morning one of the family extracts from the jar one of these words, which is read aloud, and every one in the family is expected, in the course of the day, to provide an answer, and these answers are made known to all, to prevent any two offering the same reply. On the morrow, at breakfast, the subject is discussed, and each person expresses his comment in his own words, and to the best of his ability. No notes are allowed. One of my daughters acts as secretary, and enters the observations, each day, under the word concerned."

"Mark the advantages that result."

"It gives an object to work for—and every one knows what he has to do."

"It leads to research, and to careful reading."

"It strengthens the memory."

"It imparts ease in conversation."

"It confers a facility of expression."

"It removes all false bashfulness."

"It bestows freedom in letter-writing, and

"It supplies a constant variety in the subjects of conversation."

"Can you favour me with an illustration?"

"Certainly. Take yesterday, for example. The word announced the day before was

TRUTH."

"At breakfast, Walter—who is the eldest—said, 'Truth may, for a time, be obscured; but in the end it will prevail. It is like a piece of sound timber hurled into the water; by force it may be driven out of sight; but, whenever the violence is removed, the timber will again appear.'

"His sister added, 'Truth is the daughter of Time, and her mother's name is Virtue; she is the friend of all good men, and she, herself, enjoys the favour of God.'

"To this I replied, 'Good. And it may be added, that Truth is robed in white, Falsehood is ever clad in deepest black; God befriends the one, the devil befriends the other. God is therefore described as the God of Truth, and the devil is spoken of as the Father of Lies. If we speak the truth, we cling to God; if we utter falsehood, we claim kindred with the devil.' When I had thus said my say, I turned to Willie, the youngest of the household, and asked for his comment.

"'Well, I think speaking the truth is the best way of getting out of mischief.'

"'Willie, the best friend is Prudence, who will not suffer you to get into mischief; and the next best friend is Truth, who helps you out of it. But, young gentleman, where is your proof? I do not require your proof to be something new, but something to the point—old or new, as it may happen. What is yours?'

TRUTH THE BEST DEFENCE.

A gentleman of fortune advertised for a valet, and a man, apparently a very superior servant, presented himself: some remark, united with his appearance, excited the gentleman's suspicion, who, turning to the man, said, "Tell me plainly, and at once, why did you quit your last situation?" The man paused, and coloured, and said, "Sir, I lost my situation because I stole a pair of my master's pistols."

"Did you ever steal before?"

"Never, sir."

"Have you told me the entire truth?"

"I have, sir."

"Then, as a reward for speaking the truth, I will try you; you shall have the situation: be honest, and you will find me a good master; if you deceive me, expect no pity."

The man proved to be a valuable servant, snatched from ruin by his master's generosity and his own truth.

"I like your anecdote, Willie," said his good mother, "and it recalls one to my mind, that I met with before you made your appearance in the world; I entitle my story—

TRUTH THE ERRING MAN'S BEST ADVOCATE.

A foreign prince, on some great occasion, visited one of the continental prisons, and after the inspection his highness inquired of the convicts what were their various offences. One said he was imprisoned because he was falsely accused; another, that he was perfectly innocent, and the charge alleged against him arose from revenge; a third had been mistaken for another man; a fourth was equally the victim of injustice—all were innocent. The prince, astonished, turned to a sturdy short-set fellow, heavily fettered. "Why are you here, sir?" said his highness. "I am here because I committed a highway robbery; I stole a purse." "Stole a purse!" exclaimed the prince, "then what right have you to be here among these honest men? Take off his chains, and dismiss him directly, that he may not disgrace these honourable and upright gentlemen." On this occasion, we may say Truth loosened the prisoner's fetters and set him free.

"I think I can quote a case," said Walter, "that will bear upon our subject, though not so pointedly as the one just mentioned."

TRUTH THE BEST POLICY.

A merchant at a country sea-port becoming alarmed on account of a vessel richly laden which had not reached its destination, sent to an underwriter to effect (if it could be done) an insurance on the long-missing vessel; before the policy arrived, the merchant received information of the vessel, and immediately dispatched a note to the underwriter, saying, "If thou hast not insured the vessel, thou need not, for I have heard of it." The man had not effected the insurance, but being unwilling to lose so large a premium, instantly filled up the policy, and returned for answer, "The withdrawal is too late, the insurance has been effected, and the premium must be paid." To which message he received this brief reply: "Friend, I am sorry for thee, for thou will be a great sufferer; I have heard of the vessel; vessel and cargo are both lost." Here we see how the vices are united; covetousness led to falsehood and to an intended fraud.

"Father," said Walter, "does not the crafty manner in which the note was written look something like an artifice on the part of the merchant; acting on the probable infirmity of the man, and thus securing his credit in the one case, and his pocket in the other?"

"I am not prepared to say it was not an artifice, but I am unwilling to assign a bad motive for another man's conduct. I know my own motives, but I cannot know the motives that influence the minds of other men; and he who tells us not to put too much gall into our ink-stand, would tell us also not to insert bitters into our speech. This seems clear, that Truth, like Honesty, will be found to pay best in the end. This was seen some years ago in diplomatic life.

TRUTH PREVAILING.

"How is it," said a nobleman to an ambassador, "that you succeed to perfection in your mission?"

"Because, my lord, I tell the truth, and they never believe it, and therefore they take no trouble to counteract it."

"Then we come to this conclusion—Truth is the best when we look to God, and the wisest and best when we deal with men."

(To be continued.)

The Half-hour Bible Class.

I.—THE BOOK OF PROVERBS.

As we are sure to have a great number of young readers, we are going to form them all into a Class, and see whether we cannot, by a little study together, get some interesting and instructive lessons from the best and oldest Book in the world. There is no book so old as the Bible; and no other contains such a wonderful variety of subjects, or is likely to give such full and correct information on the matters of which it treats; and therefore I feel certain that you young folks will like such a study as this. Well, then, from what portion of the Bible shall we take our first lesson? Is it to be from the Old Testament, or from the New? Shall we begin with the Prophets or with the Evangelists? Perhaps I had better choose this time, and then you can select some portion for our second lesson. Suppose we take the book of Proverbs. Are you all agreed?

"We should all like that very well."

Then let us take the first seven verses of the first chapter.

"The proverbs of Solomon, the son of David, king of Israel;

"To know wisdom and instruction; to perceive the words of

"To receive the instruction of wisdom, justice, and judgment,

and equity;

"To give subtlety to the simple, to the young man knowledge

and discretion.

"A wise man will hear, and will increase learning; and a man

of understanding shall attain unto wise counsels:

"To understand a proverb, and the interpretation; the words

of the wise, and their dark sayings.

"The fear of the Lord is the beginning of knowledge: but

fools despise wisdom and instruction."

The Book of Proverbs, you know, is said to have been written by Solomon, the son of David, who has ever been held as the wisest man that ever lived; and these homely sayings of his stand unequalled among all the writings which the world has ever produced. All nations have their proverbs; but none have yet been found to bear comparison with those of Solomon. This wisest of men lived one thousand years before Christ, and his book is full of practical wisdom. Its lessons are of great value, especially to you who are young—teaching you what to shun, and what to choose; what will lead to honour, and usefulness, and happiness; and what it is that brings disgrace, remorse, and wretchedness. You have only to follow the advice which Solomon gives in this Book to rise in the esteem of man, and to enjoy the favour of God.

But now let us take the verses in order, and see what they teach us, and how far we comprehend them.

What do you understand by a proverb? How would you define or describe it?

"It is a short or pithy saying, which is easily remembered, expressing some important truth."

Quite correct. The original meaning of the word proverb is similitude or comparison; but it is used for every kind of homely saying. It is what we should call a household word, expressing some deeper thought or wider experience; and thus conveying some lesson of practical worth or wisdom.

Do you think that the Book of Proverbs contains all the wise sayings that Solomon ever uttered, or can you give me any proof that he wrote a great many more?

"In 1 Kings iv. 32, we are told that he spake three thousand proverbs, whereas there is but one thousand in this Book."

How, then, are we to account for the loss of the other two thousand? Were there no means of preserving these little maxims, which were so instructive and useful to the Jews, and to all people, through all time?

"In the passage from Kings it is said, that Solomon spake these proverbs, but it is not said that he wrote them; and if they were not written, but only in circulation as something passing from lip to lip, might they not be forgotten in course of time?"

Just so. Some of them were written down, and copied, as you will see by turning to chap. xxv. 1, and these have come down to us as a real and precious treasure. But, as the art of printing was not then known, many of these fine, strong, homely truths have perished, in passing from mouth to mouth, and from age to age.

"Are we to look upon Solomon as the author of all these words of wisdom?"

Perhaps they include the sayings of many of the wise and the good, although by far the greater number fell from the lips of Solomon, to whom they were suggested by the Spirit of God, as adapted to instruct and benefit our race till the end of time. Every one of these proverbs is a gem more precious than rubies. They are like so many splendid brilliants, beautifully set, and sparkling in the rays of the sun. If, on some clear night, you go out and look up to the firmament over your head, you see in the background of the heavens something very like scattered dust; you cannot say what it is, nor can you make anything out of it; but take a telescope, and point it in the same direction, and you are surprised to find, that what appeared to your naked eye a confused mass of dust, kindles into so many burning stars and suns, shining

with heightened splendour and glory. Now wisdom is more beautiful than the sun, and above all the arrangement of the stars. He that gets wisdom gets that which will live and last when sun and stars have set in night.

Let us suppose that all these proverbs had perished on the stream of time, and had never come down to us in any form; do you think that we should have sustained any very great loss?

"A great many books have been written and printed since the days of Solomon; and surely, out of all these, something quite as good, instructive, and useful, might be gathered as from this little Book of Proverbs."

Let us see. In Alexandria there was a splendid library of some seven hundred thousand volumes, which was destroyed by fire; and yet if that library had been saved, and the Book of Proverbs had perished, there is reason to believe that we should have been great losers. In other books of the Bible we have a great deal of the history of the Jewish people, but nothing so minute, so extensive, or so interesting as in these proverbs; nothing which so reveals their national character, their social habits, or their religious feelings. You see, therefore, that our loss would be very great, if this little Book of Proverbs were to be blotted out of the Bible.

Before we enter on the verses themselves, have you any question which you wish to put? Well, what is it?

"If Solomon was the wisest of men, and if these proverbs, which are so full of wisdom and truth, fell from his own lips, and were the utterances of his own heart, how is it that at one period of his life he acted so foolishly?"

I thought it very likely that you would put that question, and I can have no objection to answer it. You remember that when Solomon came to the throne of his father David, and thought of the many and difficult duties which he had to fulfil, he prayed to God to give him an understanding heart; and because he asked this rather than long life, or great wealth, or even conquest over his enemies, God at once answered his prayer, and gave him a wise and understanding heart. For many years his wisdom shone out very brightly in his life and character; his heart was gradually drawn away from God—first into idolatry, and then into scepticism, sensuality, and various other vices, till his riper years became as stained and impure, as his youth had been bright, and fair, and pure. Many of these beautiful proverbs, perhaps all of them, were written while he was comparatively young, and before his heart became defiled and hardened by sin. Then you must not forget that in his later years he repented of his course, and died a true penitent. I take for granted that by putting this question, you believe that Solomon did wrong, and that he is to be condemned for his conduct. I agree with you. But if you pass sentence on him, you must see to it, that you are not found walking in his steps, and doing the very same things. His errors and vices are recorded in the Bible to warn you and all young folks against such evil ways. You have seen a light-house standing, it may be, in the midst of the sea, or on some conspicuous part of the land. If there were no danger there, no such light-house would be seen; and you would think him a very foolish man who should run his ship upon the reef or the rock, and then justify himself by saying that he did it because the beacon-light was there. Now it is just as foolish in you, or in any one, to run into sin and vice, and plead as an excuse that David or Solomon did the same. Then you must not forget that in his later years he repented of his course, and died a true penitent. I take for granted that by putting this question, you believe that Solomon did wrong, and that he is to be condemned for his conduct. I agree with you. But if you pass sentence on him, you must see to it, that you are not found walking in his steps, and doing the very same things. His errors and vices are recorded in the Bible to warn you and all young folks against such evil ways. You have seen a light-house standing, it may be, in the midst of the sea, or on some conspicuous part of the land. If there were no danger there, no such light-house would be seen; and you would think him a very foolish man who should run his ship upon the reef or the rock, and then justify himself by saying that he did it because the beacon-light was there. Now it is just as foolish in you, or in any one, to run into sin and vice, and plead as an excuse that David or Solomon did the same. What the beacon-light is to the sailor, these examples are to you.

Now, can you tell me what is the grand design of these proverbs; or what is the end which God meant to be gained by them till the end of time? Is there anything in the second verse to express this?

"To impart wisdom and instruction regarding what we ought to be, and what we ought to do, so as to be happy here, and blessed for ever hereafter."

But how can wisdom, knowledge, or instruction, make us happy either here or hereafter? What do you understand by wisdom?

"In the seventh verse it is said that the fear of the Lord is the beginning of knowledge, and if we love and serve God, that will make us happy."

A very correct answer. It is no sin to be poor, but it is a great sin to be ignorant in these days. It is no mean thing to have a sound mind in a sound body; but see to it, that the mind is well-cultured and well-informed:—this will qualify you to have intercourse with other minds even more cultivated and better furnished than your own. The verse says that you will be able to perceive the words of understanding. The meaning is, that when you mingle with intelligent and well-read people, you will be at no loss to understand their language, or to enter into the subject on which they are conversing. And if to this knowledge there be added true piety—the love of God in the heart—then in this you will find true happiness.

Do not some people lose a great deal of knowledge, and therefore a great deal of happiness, because they are not honest enough to confess their ignorance?

"Yes—but then it is no very pleasant thing to confess that one is ignorant, or even seem to be so."

I grant it; but you should remember youth has little experience, and hence that not so much is expected from

them. Now, to make up for the want of this experience, they need to be instructed. Never be ashamed to confess that you do not know, for this is one of the surest methods of getting enlarged information on any subject.

Now, can you tell me which are the qualities of which youth stands most in need, and about which wisdom promises, in the third verse, to give instruction?

"Justice, and judgment, and equity."

True—but we must now inquire into the meaning of these terms. The word justice is to be taken in the sense of what is just in principle, and right in conduct. Judgment is a word taken from a court of law, and points to whatever is fair and lawful, honourable, and worthy of commendation. Equity denotes uprightness, or doing unto others what we would that they should do to us. These are noble virtues, lying at the foundation of all great character, and should be conspicuous in the young, who are prone to act without much thought. Let nothing seduce you from the path of truth, and purity, and right-doing, or your character will soon be a wreck. In all places, and in all things, be true. Be—but never seem to be. Reality is everything in this false world.

What is meant by subtlety in the fourth verse? Is it to be taken in the sense of what is cunning, sly, or underhanded?

"No—for wisdom cannot teach us what is bad, and wisdom is here said to give this subtlety to the simple."

Very good; but this is not telling me what is meant by subtlety. I will, therefore, try and explain it. The word is sometimes used in a bad sense, or to express what is in itself evil. It is also used in a good sense, to denote what is of real worth. Here it means sagacity and knowledge, the power to foresee temptation and danger, and to provide against them. Many and powerful are the temptations to which the young are exposed, and according to the force of any temptation, is the danger of falling before it. The young are here called the simple—not foolish, but less thoughtful, and less disposed to reflect; and therefore it is to such, especially, that Divine Wisdom offers her lessons.

Looking at the fifth verse, how would you distinguish between a wise man and a foolish? or, wherein consists the wisdom of the one and the folly of the other?

"The one listens to the voice of wisdom, and receives her lessons; while the other refuses all her instruction."

Quite correct. You see it is said that a wise man will hear, just because the wisest and best informed of men have always something to learn; and by listening to the voice of Truth, they may go on increasing their knowledge for ever.

In what sense can any one be said to be a man of understanding?

"If he has got knowledge, and can turn his knowledge to good account, he is a man of understanding."

What advantage has he over an ignorant man?

"The text says, that he shall attain unto wise counsels, or be distinguished by his superior intelligence and skill."

Exactly;—such a man will think, reflect, discriminate; then act in such a manner as to prove that he is guided by higher wisdom.

Is there any other advantage held out, in the sixth verse, to the man who listens to the voice of wisdom?

"He is said to understand a proverb and the interpretation—the words of the wise and their dark sayings."

The meaning of which is, that a man of thought and reflection, and whose mind is stored with knowledge, will be at no loss to understand these proverbs; and, if he understand them, then he can explain them; and should wise men express themselves in dark sayings—in what is obscure, difficult, and hard to be understood—he will be able to take up their words and find out their meaning. This should be to you a powerful inducement to read much, and ponder well what you do read, till it is for ever fixed in your minds.

But what does Solomon place at the foundation of all knowledge?

"The fear of the Lord."

Is this fear of the Lord to be understood in the sense of terror, or in the sense of love?

"In the sense of love."

Then why is love called fear in the seventh verse?

"Because if we love any one, we shall reverence him, and fear to offend him."

Yes;—and every one who does not so love and fear God, is void of all wisdom, and despises all instruction.

Here we must pause. But there are three lessons which I wish to impress on all your hearts.

1. That in youth you are exposed to ten thousand temptations and dangers, and therefore you stand in need of heavenly counsel and unerring guidance.

2. That here the wise man, or rather God in him and through him, speaks to you as a father to his children, from a full and loving heart, and seeks to win you by all that is tender, and true, and beautiful. His will is, that you should be wise, and in being wise, be happy.

3. That all true wisdom must begin in the love of God. You know that the Saviour came to make known to us the boundless love of God, and to love Him is true wisdom; for in God is to be found life, and freedom, and everlasting blessedness.

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OBSTACLES TO RELIGIOUS PROGRESS.

THE advancement of religious truth in the world is a subject of the very highest importance to the Christian. It is at once our duty and our privilege to promote the circulation of those eternal verities which insure man's happiness, and exhibit and magnify God's glory. Nothing is more striking than the formidable opposition which encounters the progress of the Gospel. We cannot close our eyes to the fact that there are very serious obstacles and hindrances to the advancement of religious truth—obstacles and hindrances which do not originate either in scepticism or infidelity, but spring from the social condition of society at large. These things deserve our very serious consideration. We must ascertain their nature, and look for a remedy.

The Apostle Paul congratulated himself that he had not shunned to declare the "whole counsel of God;" that he had kept back nothing from his hearers which it was of importance for them to know. In conducting our Journal, we desire in this respect to make the great Apostle our example. We shall be faithful in pointing out what we conscientiously regard as obstacles to progress, and in suggesting such remedial measures as we believe may be usefully employed.

There can be no doubt that Christianity suffers from the conduct of Christian professors. "Ye are the salt of the earth," the preservative principle which saves the world from utter corruption: "but if the salt have lost its savour, wherewith shall it be salted?" Christian professors occupy a very honourable but a very responsible position; they are carefully watched, their conduct is keenly scrutinised, their example is copied. Christianity should be read in the Christian life, proclaimed every day by Christian conduct; and failing this, the inconsistencies of Christians become a stumbling-block in the way of the Gospel.

We look out upon the world and find many obstacles to the progress of the truth. The love of money is a prolific source of evil, and has turned many from righteousness. It is astonishing how much real happiness men will wantonly sacrifice for some petty gain; how they will become absorbed, sometimes unconsciously, in the love of money; anxious to hoard it, spend it, waste it, leave it behind them, but by all means to grasp it. But if the possession of money, and the hunt after money, be dangerous obstacles to the progress of truth, destitution is another very powerful hindrance. Want, misery, degradation, physical, social, mental—exposure to temptation and heavy trial in an atmosphere morally and materially polluted, are not conducive to the reception or just appreciation of religious truth. The starving creature in a miserable cellar or a wretched garret, or homeless in the street, that has never breathed pure air, never tasted wholesome food, never slept in decency or comfort, never received instruction except that of evil companionship—that has lived the life of a brute, and is surrounded by every degrading influence, has not such a one many serious obstacles to contend with before he can be made to understand and to feel his responsibility as an immortal being? We hold that Christianity is advanced by every effort which has for its object the improvement of man's social condition. We believe that religion is promoted by sanitary movements, by popular education, by everything that makes man more man-like; more conscious of his own great powers; more

vigorous in his body and his mind; more keenly alive to his responsibilities as a father, a brother, a husband, a son; more comfortable in his circumstances; more hopeful of the future: whatever makes a man more of a man and less of a brute is, in our opinion, promotive of true religion.

And the reverse of this proposition is equally true. Whatever debases man, deadens his intellectual and moral sense, quickens his animal appetite and brutal passions, is a great obstacle in the way of religious progress. We cannot blind ourselves to the fact that that which most effectually brutalises a man, or rather degrades him below the brutes, is strong drink. It is the most ruinous of all the stumbling stones that the devil or man can hurl in the highway of our God, and we should fail in our duty if we omitted distinctly to point out how much evil has resulted both to the Church and the world from its use. It has cast down the accomplished preacher from the pulpit, and the energetic professor from the pew; it has robbed our Sunday-schools of their brightest ornaments, and has led astray alike the teacher and the taught; it has prevented thousands from ever listening to the Gospel, from accepting the salvation offered therein; it has blinded them to the glories of heaven, and the terrors of hell; it has robbed man of his soul, and God of his glory. An evil of such magnitude we cannot look upon without emotion. The evil is physical as well as moral in its character, and the remedy is in a certain sense physical also. Hence, we hail with satisfaction the advance of what is termed the temperance movement, not as a substitute for the Gospel, but as a pioneer of the Gospel, removing out of the way one of the most serious obstacles to the progress of Divine Truth.

Adhering to the principle already laid down, we shall encourage every movement which has for its aim the physical, intellectual, moral, or social welfare of man, believing that whatever tends to further these ends must be, more or less directly, promotive of true religion.

Scripture Explained.

I.—THE STRAIT GATE.

THE misunderstanding of a passage of the Word of God very often proves a stumbling-block in the way of many who are seriously seeking the salvation of their souls. So, also, when the same is not clearly understood by the preacher or the commentator, to whom the inquirer looks for instruction, the difficulty is only increased. And thus it is that many, being discouraged, give up in despair. Perhaps few texts of Scripture have been thus more discouraging to the serious seeker than the memorable words of our Lord:—"Strive to enter in at the strait gate: for many, I say unto you, will seek to enter in, and shall not be able" (Luke xiii. 24). The embarrassment is found in the two words, "strive" and "seek," it being supposed that they denote two radically different states of mind. We are told that to strive means to agonise, for that the Greek word expresses that intensest of mental exercises; and hence, unless we agonise, we cannot succeed. So we are told that to seek means only to wish and to desire, but does not include any intensity of emotion. From these statements it is thus argued—They seek, wish, and desire, but they do not strive; therefore, because they do not agonise, they cannot enter. This interpretation throws the success or the failure alone in the amount of physical and mental exertion the sinner may put forth. But who can graduate these exertions, and say precisely how much will insure success? How many a seriously-minded sinner, though conscious of his lost condition, and of his absolute dependence upon atoning blood, still feels that his conviction of sin is not as intense as it might be, and that his state of mind is not that of agony; and hence concludes that, as he is only a seeker, there can be no hope for him, and thus he uses the words of Christ to confirm him in despondency! But let us turn to other words of our Lord. Did he not say (Matt. vi. 33), "Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness?" Did he not again say (Matt. vii. 7), "Seek, and ye shall find;" and still again (verse 8), "For every one that asketh receiveth; and he that seeketh findeth?" In each of these texts our Lord uses the very same Greek word that he employed when he said, "Many will seek to enter in, and shall not be able." If, in Luke xiii. 24, the man cannot enter simply because he only seeks, then, how is it that, in Matt. vi. 33, he is only directed to seek, and, in Matt. vii. 7 and 8, he is assured of success if he will seek, the same Greek word being used in each? If to seek necessarily implies a want of intensity, then the words of our Lord would not be reliable. But this cannot for a moment be admitted; hence we must find some other interpretation of Luke xiii. 24. The Greek word *zeteo*, translated "seek," is a generic word, and therefore expresses all degrees of emotion, from the least unto the greatest. That it usually expresses less than the word *agonidzo*, translated "strive," all are ready to admit; but that it may denote as intense an emotion is obvious from the following passages:—Matt. xiii. 45,

"A merchant man, seeking goodly pearls" (Luke xv. 8); the woman seeking the lost silver; and Luke ii. 45, "And when they found him not, they turned back again to Jerusalem, seeking him." Here was a mother—the mother of Christ—seeking for her lost child. What emotion is more intense than this, or calls forth more resolute and determined exertion? When she found her child, she said, "I have sought thee sorrowing." Then, how are we to understand the words of the Saviour, in Luke xiii. 24? Read the whole passage, and all will be plain. In verse 23, "One said unto him, Lord, are there few that be saved?" And he said unto them, Strive to enter in at the strait gate: for many, I say unto you, will seek to enter in, and shall not be able, when once the master of the house is risen up, and hath shut to the door." "And he said unto them, Strive." Why strive? Why put forth the most resolute determination? Because the door is now open, and exertion has the power of hope, to quicken and encourage it. When shall many seek to enter in, and not be able? The blessed Lord has told us. It is "when the master of the house is risen up, and hath shut to the door." Then it is too late; then no amount of agonising will avail, because the time of probation is ended. "And ye begin to stand without, and to knock at the door, saying, Lord, Lord, open unto us; and he shall answer and say unto you, I know you not whence ye are: then shall ye begin to say, We have eaten and drunk in thy presence, and thou hast taught in our streets. But he shall say, I tell you, I know you not whence ye are; depart from me, all ye workers of iniquity."

This text, when properly interpreted, so far from depressing or discouraging any one, is calculated to encourage and to quicken. "The door is now open, and you may enter. Be in earnest, therefore; remember what I have said—'Seek ye first the kingdom of God.' Make it the one chief object on which all your energies are concentrated; for I have promised, 'Seek, and ye shall find,' and he that seeketh findeth, because the door is now open. But when that door is once shut, then all seeking—all determined effort—will be utterly and for ever unavailing." How these words of Christ crowd upon the sinner, to make the most of the present moment! How they encourage him to be decided now, because now there is hope! Now the door is open; but, at any moment, the hand of death may shut that door for ever. Strive now.

"I AM WITH YOU ALWAYS."

CHRIST is sometimes effectually present with his people when they do not suspect it. Mary, at the sepulchre, through the dimness of weeping, mistook him for the gardener. The two brethren, on their way to Emmaus, who so enjoyed his conversation, supposed him to have been a stranger; and when the eleven disciples beheld him in the midst of their private retreat, they could not readily credit the testimony of their own eyes. But as in these cases there was a longing desire for his presence, even in connection with much discouragement and unbelief, he so manifested himself as to be joyfully recognised. Had Mary been less solicitous, watchful, and devoted, she might not have heard the sweet tones of his voice calling her by name. Had the two disciples, in the midst of that interesting dialogue, changed the topic of conversation, or had they not importuned him to tarry with them, he would have still been as a stranger to them; and had the eleven been convened for the accomplishment of some earthly object, it seems very likely he would have remained invisible to them.

Is it not thus as to his sensible nearness to us, in these latter days? Is not Jesus still wont to speak peace to the affectionate Marys who are lamenting his absence? Two brethren are talking together in child-like simplicity about the affairs of his kingdom; is he not there with his gracious influences? A few have met to spend an hour in hallowed converse and social prayer, not merely as formalists, but from love to their Divine Master: he is there. Already he is beginning to bless them. His presence, though unseen, is as real as that in the chamber of his favoured disciples.

Ought we not to realise this truth, and to act in accordance with it? Let us engage more frequently and more tenderly in spiritual conversation, with a sweet and cheerful persuasion that He whom our soul loveth is with us to own and to bless. There is enough, in some circles, of heartless egotism, useless cant, and fretful disputation. Too much of this. But where Christians who see eye to eye greet each other in social friendliness, why should they not more frequently speak together of the things of Jesus? Worldly duties and secular interests have their claims upon us: let us attend to these in their place, as Christians are of course bound to do; yet there will be intervals of time for us to speak together of the things of Jesus, and realise the rich blessings of heavenly interviews. When we thus "speak often together" a "book of remembrance" will be written. Christ will be with us in some sensible nearness.

Our subject also has great importance in regard to social meetings for exhortation, praise, and prayer. Some, in their closets and on their way, are seeking or cherishing

the presence of Jesus; others, with less feeling of responsibility, carry all their worldliness to the very threshold, readily resuming it when the meeting is closed. Can they expect that Jesus will be with them, and manifest himself to them as not unto the world? Thus grieving his Spirit, they may find enjoyment in the sentimentality of the meeting, which are superficial and unproductive. Then, as to those who lead in prayer. Do they realise as they should the sweet presence of their gracious Lord? Do they speak with him as a man converses with a beloved friend? It is easy to repeat his precious promises and imagine that we repose in them. Yet how often do our petitions at the same time savour of unbelief! We plead and supplicate for his presence as if he were not there, or as if he had promised to come, and were unwilling or slow to fulfil his promises. In pleading for his Spirit also, we are ready to acknowledge his willingness to give, and yet we elaborate the arguments of our pleadings in such ways as show our want of real confidence in such willingness. Our words often show that we are earnestly and tenderly pleading for what our Heavenly Father seems not sufficiently willing to give. Why not admit that the unseen Presence is with us? that we are straitened only in ourselves? that we fail in the manner of seeking, and cherishing, and acknowledging what we ask and seem so ardently to desire? Verily, there is truth in the apostolic declaration, "Ye ask and receive not, because ye ask amiss."

Our Pulpit.

CHRIST THE FIRST AND THE LAST.

"I am Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the ending, saith the Lord, which is, and which was, and which is to come, the Almighty."—*Rev. i. 8.*

The language of the text forms part of the introduction to the apocalyptic vision which the Apostle John witnessed in the isle of Patmos. Jesus Christ is seen—mysterious, glorious; his countenance shines as the sun, he has in his right hand seven stars, out of his mouth cometh a sharp, two-edged sword, he walks amid the seven golden candlesticks, his voice is like the sound of many waters, and his words describe his majesty and glory as the Alpha and Omega, the first and the last: the Living One that was dead, and is alive for evermore, holding the keys of death and of the world invisible.

The declaration of the text is plain and unmistakable. Christ is said to be the beginning and the end of all things. The statement is emphatically repeated; it is no figure of speech, no hyperbolical expression; it is the declaration of a literal fact, radical and all-comprehensive in its relations to the government of God. Everything in the Bible centres in Christ. The recognition of his Divine nature—faith in his Godhead—alone gives intelligence to our faith in him as our Saviour. It is because he is the Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the ending, the first and the last, that we look to him for grace here and for glory hereafter.

In considering this great truth, we notice that—

I.—**JESUS CHRIST IS THE ALPHA AND OMEGA OF THE ENTIRE CREATION.**—He is over it all, and in it all, and the life of it all, and the owner of it all, and the disposer of it all. The entire universe is his by right of creation; "for by him were all things created, that are in heaven, and that are in earth, visible and invisible, whether they be thrones, or dominions, or principalities, or powers: all things were created by him, and for him: and he is before all things, and by him all things consist" (Col. i. 16, 17). No language can be more explicit. "All things were made by him; and without him was not anything made that was made" (John i. 3). No room is left for doubt on this point. In the government of God, as now constituted and exercised over matter and being, Jesus Christ is supreme—the fountain of being, the source of power, the absolute ruler, the primary life, the final cause. Creative power begins and ends in him. Providence is the executor of his will: "He must reign until he hath put all enemies under his feet" (1 Cor. xv. 25). And then Christ is the Omega, the ending as well as the beginning of the entire creation; for "the Son of man shall come in his glory, and all the holy angels with him; then shall he sit upon the throne of his glory: and before him shall be gathered all nations: and he shall separate them one from another, as a shepherd divideth his sheep from the goats" (Matt. xxv. 31, 32). From his lips the just shall receive their reward, and from him the unjust shall hear their condemnation. The affairs of the whole universe shall be finally settled by Christ in that day.

II.—**JESUS CHRIST IS THE ALPHA AND OMEGA OF THE DIVINE MANIFESTATIONS.**—There is a craving in the human heart to look upon some sensible or visible form of God. Idolatry satisfies this craving by graven images. God is revealed to us in the material universe; we are confronted with the evidences of his power and wisdom and goodness in every natural object that surrounds us. "The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament sheweth his handywork" (Ps. xix. 1). But the light of Nature affords a very limited and imperfect idea of God. Visible demonstrations, natural laws, mental phenomena, fail to give us a very just conception of his moral perfection. We yearn after a higher and deeper knowledge of God than Nature can give to us. Heathen mythology contained no true idea of God; philosophy never found him out: we stood in need of revelation, to rise to the lofty conception of God of which the soul of man is capable.

The burden of sin found no relief in Nature; there was no response there to the cry of the penitent, no word of pardon and peace, no assurance of heaven. But Christ came: the promises, the prophecies, the types and shadows, the sacrifices and services—all had their realisation in him; and when Philip urged upon the Saviour the appeal which had agitated the heart of man for ages—"Lord, show us the Father" (John xiv. 8)—the answer was simple, plain, decided, satisfactory: "He that hath seen me hath seen the Father." Christ was the express image of God: all that we need to know of God was manifest in him. Christ came forth from the bosom of the Father—from the unapproachable presence—to make him known to us. It is in him only that God speaks, shines, acts toward us. The goodness, mercy, holiness, justice of God found their full expression in the person and work of Christ. "No man hath seen God at any time; the only begotten Son that was in the bosom of the Father, he hath declared him" (John i. 18).

III.—**JESUS CHRIST IS THE ALPHA AND OMEGA OF SCRIPTURE.**—Christ is the central character, the life, the essence, the burden, and the substance of the Bible. Christ is the way, the truth, and the life set forth in Scripture. Christ is the grand theme from Genesis to Revelation. He is the first promise of mercy made to man, and the last. His office, work, and history are blended and interwoven with the whole structure of the Scriptures. They are full of Christ. All the promises, all the predictions, all the expectations, all the economics of the Old Testament point to Christ. He is the hope of the patriarchs, the burden of the prophets, the end of the law, the substance of the Jewish faith; Christ, whose earthly life is related by the Evangelists, whose work of redemption constituted the apostles' mission, the doctrine of the epistles, and the glory of the Apocalypse; Christ, the sufferer, born in a lowly condition of life, "a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief," bearing the wrath of God and the fury of man, dying the cursed death of the cross, remaining under the power of death and the grave until the resurrection; Christ, the conqueror, bursting the bonds of death, spoiling the grave, rising to a deathless life, "the firstfruits of them that sleep;" shown openly to the people and to witnesses chosen of God, ascending to heaven in glorious triumph, the vanquisher of sin and Satan, and death and the grave, leading captivity captive, to resume that glory which he had with the Father before the world was, to become our advocate at God's right hand: Christ, the Mediator; Christ, the Intercessor and the final Judge; Christ, the wisdom and the power of God; Christ, the one stupendous theme of inspired teaching.

Christ was the morning star whose solitary light first shone on the gloom of lost Eden; and Christ is the Sun of Righteousness, whose glory shone out with such resplendent lustre on the morning of the resurrection. Every promise which the Bible makes to man is through Christ. Every prayer which it assures us is accepted in heaven for Christ's sake. From the beginning to the end of the divine record Christ is the subject and the substance of it all. The patriarchs beheld the day of Christ from afar, and rejoiced. The types and shadows of the Levitical law all pointed to Christ. The prophets of all times and dispensations spoke of Christ's sufferings, and of the glory which should follow. The sacred lyrics of Judah were inspired to strike the keynote of those exalted praises which Christ shall receive from the redeemed in heaven. The vision of revelation opens in the garden of Eden, and shows us the darkness and desolation of man's recent apostacy; it shows us the first dim foreshadowings of the world's Deliverer—a single obscure promise shedding light on the thorny path of fallen man; and the book of inspiration closes by unfolding to us the glories of heaven, the consummated splendour of the mediatorial work.

IV.—**JESUS CHRIST IS THE ALPHA AND OMEGA OF MAN'S SALVATION.**—The salvation of man is His work from first to last. No man can save himself. No number of men can save one man. No angel in heaven can save a soul. Not all the world, united with all the angels in heaven, could deliver a solitary sinner from the curse of the law. Adam, the father and representative of the whole human race, placed in a state of happy innocence, in intimate fellowship and communion with God, fell from that first estate by disobedience: he rose as the hoar of immortality, the sovereign ruler of this lower world, glorious in the image, happy in the love of the Eternal Father; and he laid down a bankrupt and a pauper doomed to die: "By one man's disobedience many were made sinners" (Rom. v. 19). The fair image of God was marred and spoiled, and Adam, who had been made in the likeness of God, begat a son in his own likeness—after his own image (Gen. v. 1-3); for "who can bring a clean thing out of an unclean?" (Job xiv. 4). The load of miseries which overflow the world; the manifest gross outbreaking of sin; the necessity of human laws fenced with penalties—are clear, outward evidences of the corruption of our nature, and illustrate the truth of the inspired declaration, "There is not a just man upon earth that doeth good and sinnot" (Eccles. vii. 20). "If we say that we have no sin, we deceive ourselves, and the truth is not in us" (1 John i. 8). But while the Bible points out the wretchedness of our natural state—the certainty of death—the inexorable necessity of judgment—it cheers our hearts, awakens and elevates our hopes, by a revelation of Christ. Christ is the Saviour of a lost world. Reason cannot guide us—philosophy cannot aid us, when we begin to ponder the great question, "What shall I do to be saved?" But the Bible reveals Christ, and the voice of inspiration cries to us to look unto him and be saved. Our salvation is Christ's work. His mediation underlies it all. His death has made it possible and practical. His blood is both the ransom and

the remedy for sin. His righteousness is our only hope. His Spirit it is which awakens, converts, and sanctifies us; his power which rules, protects, nourishes us; which leads us in the way of holiness, and keeps us from evil even in the valley of the shadow of death—in death itself; and that ransoms us from the grasp of the last enemy, and puts into our mouth the jubilant song, "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?" (1 Cor. xv. 55.) All our hopes of glorious immortality rest on Christ. Take away the doctrine of his Godhead—take away the doctrine of his sacrifice—take away the doctrine of justification by faith—and what efficacy is there left in the Gospel? It is only when we can look to Christ as the Divine Saviour that our hearts can find pardon and peace. And this is what the Bible reveals from beginning to end. It points us to Christ, the author and the finisher of our faith. Christ completes whatsoever he begins. He never leaves or forsakes those who trust in him. He will wash out the last stain of guilt from the soul—conquer the last enemy—and present his redeemed ones faultless before his Father's throne: it will then be seen, and for ever acknowledged, that each soul in that glorified multitude is wholly indebted to Christ for his palm and his crown—that each robe owes its purity to his blood.

V.—**JESUS CHRIST IS THE ALPHA AND OMEGA OF SPIRITUAL LIFE IN THE SOUL OF THE BELIEVER.**—By nature we are dead in sin. Christ is our life. He only can give us life—he only can keep us alive. Until by penitence and faith the soul is brought into union with Christ, it is destitute of all spiritual life. The very beginnings of piety in the soul spring from its union with Christ; no amount of self-culture, no art of spiritual husbandry, can give the germ of life; we must seek it from Christ. And all our growth in grace, all our progress in divine things, must come from the same source. It was when we looked to him by faith, that we first felt relief from the burden of sin; and it is only by a continual looking to him that we shall finally gain the complete victory over sin. It was while we bowed at the feet of Jesus in sorrow and penitence, that the light first fell upon us; and there only shall we receive the full assurance of hope. The Scriptures abound with imagery, setting forth the intimate union subsisting between Christ and believers. "I am the vine, ye are the branches: he that abideth in me, and I in him, the same bringeth forth much fruit: for without me ye can do nothing" (John xv. 5). The Christian united to Christ by faith, is made a partaker of his nature—the current of the divine life permeates his whole being. And then it is that the nearer we live to Christ—the more entirely we abide in him, and blend our life and being with his—the more simple and complete our faith is, the more holy, and faithful, and joyful we become. Christ is the Alpha of our spiritual life, and the Omega of it also. Having begun the good work in us, he will continue it unto the end. Our life is bound up in his life—because he lives, we shall live also.

VI.—**JESUS CHRIST IS THE ALPHA AND OMEGA OF THE BELIEVER'S GLORY.**—Heaven is the realisation of our hope. Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive the glory of that kingdom. Few, and brief, and scattered are the glimpses which we obtain through the inspired Scriptures of the glory which is yet to be revealed. Now and again the bright vision is disclosed, and through the gates of pearl we see the golden streets of the heavenly Jerusalem—the trees which yield their fruit for the healing of the nations—and the river of life which flows deep and wide through that saintly place; we gaze in rapt ecstasy upon the throne, and the rainbow round about it, and the lamps which burn before it, and the lightning which proceeds from it, and the figures in robes of white with golden crowns which encircle it, and the sea of glass, and the wondrous creatures full of eyes, and the multitude which no man can number, but—our eyes are fastened, our affections fixed, not on these glorious objects, but on the "Lamb as it had been slain" in the midst of the throne. Whatever are the glories and the joys of heaven, Christ is to us the beginning and the ending of them all. "It doth not yet appear what we shall be, but we shall be like HIM, for we shall see HIM." That will be our glory consummated and realised. Oh, what a thought! what a theme! He rejoicing in us as his redeemed subjects, and we in him as our glorified Saviour. He the glory of all things, and we his brethren. He the light that bathes the vast universe in everlasting splendour, and we dwelling in that light, and shining above the brightness of the firmament for ever and ever!

We infer two things from this vitally important subject:—

First.—That Christ is an indispensable necessity to every one of us. Only in him we attain the real end of our being. Talent, genius, wealth, power, influence, life, are all vain, unless consecrated to Christ's service. All true happiness centres in him; all moral perfection originates in him. His will is the supreme rule of faith and practice. His power in all things is absolute. His death is the only propitiation for sin. Out of Christ there is nothing worth our having—nothing we can have. If we have Christ, we have all, for he is our all in all, and the glory of all, and the substance of all. In losing him we lose ourselves, and are cast away.

Second.—That considering the glory and majesty of Christ—the Lord of all—the Alpha and Omega—the beginning and the ending—the first and the last—how real and how fearful is the sin of living away from him! God has put this honour upon his beloved Son, that we should honour and obey him. And yet there are those in the world who have never turned the eye of faith towards him; who have never entered his service; who have never consulted his glory in

a single act of their lives. Life hastens to its end; probation wears away; death steadily approaches; the icy finger will soon be laid upon them; the last word spoken, the sigh heaved, the last breath drawn, and then who can describe for those who have lived without Christ in this world the eternity of woe and wrath!

THE CHANNINGS:—A TALE.

CHAPTER I.

THE sweet bells of Helstoneleigh Cathedral were ringing out in the summer's afternoon. Groups of people lined the streets, more than the customary business of the day would have brought forth; some pacing with idle steps, some halting to talk with one another, some looking in silence towards a certain point, as far as the eye could reach; all waiting in expectation.

It was the first day of Helstoneleigh Assizes; that is, the day on which the courts of law began their sittings. Generally speaking, the commission was opened at Helstoneleigh on a Saturday; but for some convenience of the arrangements of the circuit, it was fixed this time for Wednesday; and when those cathedral bells burst forth, they gave the signal that the judges had arrived, and were entering the sheriff's carriage, which had gone out to meet them.

A fine sight, carrying in it much of majesty, was the procession, as it passed through the streets with its slow and stately steps; and although Helstoneleigh saw it twice a year, it looked at it with gratified eyes still, and made the day into a sort of holiday. The trumpeters rode first, blowing the proud note of advance, and the long line of well-mounted javelin-men came next, their attire being that of the fine livery of the high sheriff's family, and their javelins held in rest. Sundry officials followed, and the governor of the county jail sat in an open carriage, his long white wand raised in the air. Then appeared the beautiful, closed equipage of the sheriff, its four horses, caparisoned with silver, pawing the ground, for they chafed at the slow pace to which they were restrained. In it, in their scarlet robes and flowing wigs, carrying awe to many a young spectator, sat the judges; the high sheriff was opposite to them, and his chaplain by his side, in his gown and bands. A crowd of gentlemen, friends of the sheriff, followed on horseback; and a mob of ragamuffins brought up the rear.

To the assize courts the procession took its way, and there the short business of opening the commission was gone through, when the judges re-entered the carriage to proceed to the cathedral, having been joined by the mayor and corporation. The melodious bells of Helstoneleigh were still ringing out, not to welcome the judges to the city now, but as an invitation to them to come and worship God. Inside the grand entrance of the cathedral, waiting to receive the judges, stood the Dean of Helstoneleigh, two or three of the chapter, two of the minor canons, and the king's scholars and choristers, all in their white robes. The bells ceased; the fine organ pealed out—and there are few finer organs in England than that of Helstoneleigh—the vergers with their silver maces, and the decrepit old bedesmen in their black gowns, led the way to the choir, the long scarlet trains of the judges being held up behind: and places were found for all.

The Rev. John Pye began the service; it was his week for chanting. He was one of the senior minor canons, and the head master of the college school. At the desk opposite to him sat the Rev. William Yorke, a young man who had just gained his minor canonry.

The service went on smoothly until the commencement of the anthem. In one sense, it went on smoothly to the end, for no person present, not even the judges themselves, could see that anything was wrong. Mr. Pye was what was called "chanter" to the cathedral, which meant that he who had the privilege of selecting the music for the chants and other portions of the service, when the dean did not do so himself. Now, the anthem he had put up for this occasion was a very good one, taken from the Psalms of David. It commenced with a treble solo; it was, moreover, an especial favourite of Mr. Pye's, and he disposed himself complacently to listen.

But no sooner was the symphony over, and the first notes of the chorister had sounded on Mr. Pye's ear, than his face slightly flushed, and he lifted his head with a sharp, quick gesture. That was not the voice which ought to have sung this fine anthem; that was a cracked, *passé* voice, which belonged to the senior chorister, a young gentleman of seventeen, who was going out of the choir and the school at Michaelmas. He had done good service for the choir in his day, but his voice was breaking now; and the last time he had attempted a solo, the bishop (who interfered most rarely with the working of the cathedral, and, indeed, it was not his province to do so) had spoken himself to Mr. Pye on the conclusion of the service, and said the boy ought not to be put to sing alone again.

Mr. Pye bent his head forward to catch a glimpse at the choristers, five of whom sat on his side the choir, the *decani*; five on the opposite, or *cantori* side. So far as he could see, the boy, Stephen Bywater, who ought to have taken the anthem, was not in his place. There appeared to be but four of them; but the senior boy, with his clean, starched-out surplice, partially hid those below him. Mr. Pye wondered where his eyes could have been not to have noticed the boy's absence, when they had all been gathered round the entrance, waiting for the judges.

Had Mr. Pye's attention not been fully engrossed with his book, as the service had gone on, he might have seen the boy opposite to him, for there sat Bywater, before the

bench of king's scholars, and right in front of Mr. Pye. Mr. Pye's glance fell upon him now, and he could scarcely believe it: he rubbed his eyes, and looked, and rubbed again. Bywater there! and without his surplice! braving, as it were, the head master! What could he possibly mean by this act of defiant insubordination? Why was he not in his place in the school? Why was he mixing with the congregation? But Mr. Pye could as yet obtain no solution to the mystery.

The anthem came to an end; the dean had bent his brow sternly at the solo, but it did no good; and, the prayers over, the sheriff's chaplain ascended to the pulpit to preach the sermon. He selected his text from St. John's Gospel: "That which is born of the flesh is flesh, and that which is born of the Spirit is spirit." In the course of his sermon he pointed out that the unhappy prisoners in the gaol, awaiting the summons to answer before an earthly tribunal for the evil deeds which they had committed, had been led into their present miserable condition by the seductions of the flesh. They had fallen into sin, he went on, by the indulgence of their passions; they had placed no restraint upon their animal appetites and guilty pleasures; they had sunk gradually into crime, and had now to meet the penalty of the law. But did no blame, he asked, attach to those who had remained indifferent to their downward course, who had never stretched forth a friendly hand to rescue them from destruction, who had made no effort to teach and guide in the ways of truth and righteousness these outcasts of society? Were we, he demanded, at liberty to evade our responsibility by asking, in the words of earth's first criminal, "Am I my brother's keeper?" No; it was at once our duty and our privilege to engage in the noble work of man's reformation—to raise the fallen—to seek out the lost, and to restore the outcast; and this, he argued, could only be accomplished by a widely disseminated knowledge of God's truth, by patient, self-denying labour in God's work, and by a devout dependence on God's Holy Spirit.

At the conclusion of the service, the head master proceeded to the vestry, where the minor canons, choristers, and lay-clerks kept their surplices; not the dean and chapter; they robed in the chapter-house; and the king's scholars put on their surplices in the school-room. The choristers followed Mr. Pye to the vestry, Bywater entering with them. The boys grouped themselves together; they were expecting—to use their own expression—a row.

"Bywater, what is the meaning of this conduct?" was the master's stern demand.

"I had got no surplice, sir," was Bywater's answer—a saucy-looking boy with a red face, who had a propensity for getting into "rows," and, consequently, punishment.

"No surplice!" repeated Mr. Pye—for the like excuse had never been offered by a college boy before. "What do you mean?"

"We were ordered to wear clean surplices this afternoon, and I brought mine to college this morning, and left it here in the vestry, and took the dirty one home. Well, sir, when I came to put it on this afternoon, it was gone."

"How could it have gone? Nonsense, sir, who would touch your surplice?"

"But I could not find it, sir," repeated Bywater, "and the choristers know I couldn't; and they left me hunting for it when they went into the hall to receive the judges. I could not go into my stall, sir, and sing the anthem without my surplice."

"Hurst had no business to sing it," was the vexed rejoinder of the master. "You know your voice is gone, Hurst. You should have gone up to the organist, told him the case, and had another anthem put up."

"But, sir, I was expecting Bywater in every minute. I thought he'd be sure to find his surplice somewhere," was Hurst's defence. "And when he did not come, and it got too late to do anything, I judged it better to take the anthem myself than to give it to a junior, who would be safe to have made a mull of it. Better for the judges and other strangers to hear a faded voice in Helstoneleigh Cathedral, than to hear bad singing."

The master did not speak. So far, Hurst's argument had reason.

"And—I beg your pardon for what I am about to say, sir," Hurst went on, "but I hope you will allow me to assure you beforehand, that neither I nor my juniors under me have had a hand in this affair. Bywater has just told me that the surplice is found, and how; and blame is sure to be cast to us; but I declare that not one of us has been in the mischief."

Mr. Pye opened his eyes. "What now?" he asked. "What is the mischief?"

"I found the surplice afterwards, sir," Bywater said. "This is it."

He spoke meaningfully, as if preparing them for a surprise, and pointed to a corner of the vestry. There lay a clean, but tumbled surplice, half soaked in ink. The head master and Mr. Yorke, the lay-clerks and choristers, all gathered round, and stared in amazement.

"They shall pay me the worth of the surplice," spoke Bywater, an angry shade crossing his usually good-tempered face.

"And get a double flogging into the bargain," exclaimed the master. "Who has done this?"

"It looks as though it had been rabble up for the purpose," cried Hurst, in his schoolboy phraseology, bending down and touching it gingerly with his finger. "The ink has been poured on it."

"Where did you find it?" sharply demanded the master—not that he was angry with the boys before him, but he felt angry in his mind that the thing should have taken place.

"I found it behind the screen, sir," replied Bywater. "I

thought I'd look there, as a last resource, and there it was. I should think nobody has been behind that screen for a twelvemonth past, for it's over the ankles in dust there."

"And you know nothing of it, Hurst?"

"Nothing whatever, sir," was the reply of the senior chorister, spoken earnestly. "When Bywater whispered to me what had occurred, I set it down as the work of one of the choristers, and I taxed them with it. But they all denied it strenuously, and I believe they spoke the truth. I put them on their honour."

The head-master peered at the choristers. Innocence was in every face—not guilt; and he, with Hurst, believed he must look elsewhere for the culprit. That it had been done by a college boy, there could be no doubt whatever; either out of spite to Bywater, or from pure love of mischief. The king's scholars had no business in the vestry; but just at this period the cathedral was undergoing repairs, and they could get in, if so minded, at any time of the day, the doors being left open for the convenience of the workmen.

The master turned out of the vestry. The cathedral was emptied of its crowd, leaving nothing but the dust to tell what had been, and the bells once more were pealing forth over the city. Mr. Pye crossed the nave, and quitted the cathedral by the cloister door, followed by the choristers. The school-room, once the large refectory of the monks, in monkish days, was on the opposite side of the cloisters; a large, large room, which you gained by steps, and whose high windows were many feet from the ground. Could you have climbed to those windows, so as to look from them, you would have beheld a fair scene. A clear river wound under the cathedral walls; beyond its green banks were greener meadows, stretching out in the distance; far-famed hills, beautiful to look at, bounding the horizon. Close by, were the prebendal houses; some built with red stone, some covered with ivy, all venerable with age; pleasant gardens surrounded most of them, and dark old elms towered aloft, sheltering the rocks, which seemed as old as the trees.

The king's scholars were in the school-room, cramming their surplices into bags, or preparing to walk home with them thrown upon their arms, and making enough hubbub to alarm the rooks. It dropped to a dead calm at sight of the master. On holidays—and this was one—it was not usual for the masters to enter the school after service. The school was founded by royal charter—its number limited to forty boys, who were called king's scholars, ten of whom, those whose voices were the best, were chosen choristers. The master marched to his desk, and made a sign for the boys to approach, addressing himself to the senior boy.

"Gaunt, some mischief has been enacted in the vestry, touching Bywater's surplice. Do you know anything of it?"

"No, sir," was the prompt answer. And Gaunt was one who scorned to tell a lie.

The master ranged his eyes round the circle. "Who does?"

There was no reply. The boys looked at one another, a stolid sort of surprise for the most part predominating. Mr. Pye resumed:

"Bywater tells me that he left his clean surplice in the vestry this morning. This afternoon it was found thrown behind the screen, tumbled together, beyond all doubt purposefully, and partially covered with ink. I ask, who has done this?"

"I have not, sir," burst forth from most of the boys simultaneously. The seniors, of whom there were three besides Gaunt, did not speak; but this was nothing unusual for the seniors, unless questioned expressly, or taxed with a fault, did not accustom themselves to voluntary denial.

"I can only think this has been the result of accident," continued the head master, "for it is incredible to suppose any one of you would wantonly destroy a surplice. If so, let that boy, whoever it may have been, speak up honourably, and I will forgive him. I conclude that the ink must have been spilt upon it, I say, accidentally, and that he then, in his consternation, tumbled the surplice together, and threw it out of sight behind the screen. It had been more straightforward, more in accordance with what I wish you all to be—boys of thorough truth and honour—had he candidly confessed to it. But the fear of the moment may have scared his good judgment away. Let him acknowledge it now, and I will forgive him; though of course he must pay Bywater for another surplice."

A dead silence.

"Do you hear, boys?" the master sternly asked.

No answer from any one; nothing but the continued silence. The master rose, and his countenance assumed its most severe expression.

"Hear further, boys. That it was one of you, I am convinced; and your refusing to speak compels me to fear that it was *not* an accident, but a premeditated, wicked act. I now warn you, whoever did it, that if I can discover the author or authors, he or they shall be punished with the utmost severity, short of expulsion, that is allowed by the rules of the school. Seniors, I call upon your aid in this. Look to it."

The master quitted the school-room, and Babel broke loose—questioning, denying, protesting, one of another. Bywater was surrounded.

"Won't there be a stunning flogging? Bywater, who did it? Do you know?"

Bywater sat himself astride over the end of a bench, and nodded. The senior boy turned to him, some slight surprise in his look and tone.

"Do you know, Bywater?"

"Pretty well, Gaunt. There are two fellows in this school, one's at your desk, one's at the third desk, and I believe they'd either of them do me a nasty turn if they could. It was one of them."

"Who d'ye mean?" asked Gaunt, eagerly.

Bywater laughed. "Thank you. If I tell now, it may defeat the ends of justice, as the newspapers say. I'll wait till I am sure—and then, let him look to himself. I won't spare him, and I don't fancy Pye will."

"You'll never find out if you don't find out at once, Bywater," cried Hurst.

"Shan't I? You'll see," was the significant answer. "It's some distance from here to the vestry of the cathedral, and a fellow could scarcely steal there and steal back again without being seen by somebody. It was done stealthily, mark you; and when folks go on stealthy errands they are safe to be met."

Before he had finished speaking, a gentlemanly-looking boy, of about twelve, with delicate features, a damask flush on his face, and wavy auburn hair, sprung up with a start. "Why?" he exclaimed, "I saw—." And there he came to a sudden halt, and the flush on his cheek grew deeper, and then faded again. It was a face of exceeding beauty, refined almost as a girl's, and it had gained for him in the school the *sobriquet* of "Miss."

"What's the matter with you, Miss Charley?"

"Oh, nothing, Bywater."

"Charley Channing," exclaimed Gaunt, "do you know who did it?"

"If I did, Gaunt, I should not tell," was the fearless answer.

"Do you know it, Charley?" cried Tom Channing, who was one of the seniors of the school.

"Where's the good of asking that wretched little mif?" burst forth Gerald Yorke. "He's only a girl. How do you know it was not one of the lay-clerks, Bywater? They carry ink in their pockets, I'll lay. Or any of the masons might have gone into the vestry, for the matter of that."

"It wasn't a lay-clerk, and it wasn't a mason," stoically nodded Bywater. "It was a college boy. And I shall lay my finger upon him as soon as I'm a little bit surer than I am. I am three parts sure now."

"If Charley Channing does not suspect somebody, I'm not here," exclaimed Hurst, who had closely watched the movement spoken of; and he brought his hand down fiercely on the desk as he spoke. "Come, Miss Channing, just shell out what you know; it's a shame the choristers should lie under the ban; and of course we shall do so, with Pye."

"You be quiet, Hurst, and let Miss Charley alone," drawled Bywater. "I don't want him, or anybody else, to get pummelled to powder; I'll find it out for myself, I say. Won't my old aunt be in a way though, when she sees the surprise, and finds she's got another to make? I say, Hurst, didn't you croak out that solo! Their lordships in the wigs will be soliciting your photograph as a keepsake."

"I hope they'll set it in diamonds," retorted Hurst.

The boys began to file out, putting on their trenchers as they clattered down the steps. Charley Channing sat himself down in the cloisters on a pile of books, as if willing that the rest should pass out before him. His brother saw him sitting there, and came up to him, speaking in an undertone:—

"Charley, you know the rules of the school; one boy must not tell of another. As Bywater says, you'd get pummelled to powder."

"Look here, Tom. I tell you —"

"Hold your tongue, boy!" sharply cried Tom Channing. "Do you forget that I am a senior? You heard the master's words. We know no brothers in school life, you must remember."

Charley laughed. "Tom, you think I am a child, I believe. I didn't enter the school yesterday. All I was going to tell you was this: I don't know any more than you who inked the surprise; and suspicion goes for nothing."

"All right," said Tom Channing, as he flew after the rest; and Charley sat on, and fell into a reverie.

The senior boy of the school, you have heard, was Gaunt. The other three seniors, Tom Channing, Harry Huntley, and Gerald Yorke, possessed a considerable deal of power; but nothing equal to that vested in Gaunt. They had all three entered the school on the same day, and had kept pace with each other as they worked their way up in it, consequently not one could be said to hold the priority; and when Gaunt should quit the school at the following Michaelmas, one of the three would become senior. Which? you may wish to ask. Ah, we don't know that, yet.

Charley Channing—a truthful, good boy, full of integrity, kind and loving by nature, and a universal favourite—sat tilted on the books. He was wishing with all his heart that he had not seen something which he had seen that day. He had been going through the cloisters in the afternoon, about the time that all Helstoneleigh, college boys included, were in the streets watching for the sheriff's procession, when he saw one of the seniors steal (Bywater had been happy in the epithet) out of the cathedral into the quiet cloisters, peer about him, and then throw a broken ink-bottle over into the graveyard which the cloisters inclosed. The boy stole away without perceiving Charley; and there sat Charley now, trying to persuade himself by some ingenious sophistry—which, however, he knew was sophistry—that the senior might not have been the one in the mischief; that the ink-bottle might have been on legitimate duty, and that he threw it from him because it was broken. Charley Channing did not like these unpleasant secrets. There was in the school a code of honour—the boys called it so—that one

should not tell of another; and if the head master ever went the length of calling the seniors to his aid, those seniors deemed themselves compelled to declare it, if the fault became known to them. Hence Tom Channing's hasty arrest of his brother's words.

"I wonder if I could see the ink-bottle there?" quoth Charles to himself. Rising from the books, he ran through the cloisters to a certain part, and there, by a dextrous spring, perched himself on to the frame of the open mulioned windows. The grave stones lay pretty thick in the square inclosed yard, the long, dark grass growing around them; but there appeared to be no trace of an ink bottle.

"What on earth are you mounted up there for? Come down instantly. You know the row there has been about the walls getting defaced."

The speaker was Gerald Yorke, who had come up silently. Openly disobey him young Channing dared not, for the seniors exacted obedience in school and out of it. "I'll get down directly, sir. I am not hurting the wall."

"What are you looking at? What is there to see?" demanded Yorke.

"Nothing particular. I was looking for what I can't point to," pointedly returned Charley.

"Look here, Miss Channing; I don't quite understand you to-day. You were excessively mysterious in the school, just now, over that surprise affair. Who's to know you were not in the mess yourself?"

"I think you might know it," returned Charley, as he jumped down. "It was more likely to have been you than I."

Yorke laid hold of him, clutching his jacket with a firm grasp. "You insolent ape on two legs! Now, what do you mean? You don't stir from here till you tell me."

"I'll tell you, Mr. Yorke; I'd rather tell," cried the boy, sinking his voice to a whisper. "I was here when you came peeping out of the college doors this afternoon, and I saw you come up to this niche, and fling away an ink-bottle."

Yorke's face flushed scarlet. He was a tall, strong fellow, with a pale complexion, thick, projecting lips, and black hair, promising fair to make a Hercules—but all the Yorkes were finely framed. He gave young Channing a taste of his strength; the boy, when shaken, was in his hands as a very reed. "You miserable imp! Do you know who is said to be the father of lies?"

"Let me alone, sir. It's no lie, and you know it's not. But I promise you on my honour that I won't split. I'll keep it in close, always, if I can. The worst of me is, I bring things out sometimes without thought," he added, ingenuously. "I know I do; but I'll try and keep in this. You needn't be in a passion, Yorke; I couldn't help seeing what I did. It wasn't my fault."

Yorke's face had gone purple with passion. "Charles Channing, if you don't unsay what you have said, I'll beat you to within an inch of your life."

"I can't unsay it," was the answer.

"You can't!" reiterated Yorke, grasping him as a hawk would a pigeon. "How dare you brave me to my presence? Unsay the lie you have told."

"I am in God's presence, Yorke, as well as in yours," cried the boy, reverently: "and I dare not tell a lie."

"Then take your whacking! I'll teach you what it is to invent fabrications! I'll put you up for —"

Yorke's tongue and hands stopped. Turning out of the private cloister entrance of the deanery, right upon them, had come Dr. Gardner, one of the prebendaries. He cast a displeased glance at Yorke, not speaking; and little Channing, touching his trencher to the doctor, flew to the place where he had left his books, caught them up, and ran out of the cloisters towards home.

CHAPTER II.

THE ground near the cathedral, occupied by the deanery and the prebendal residences was called the "Boundaries." There were a few other houses in it, mostly of a moderate size, inhabited by private families. Across the open gravel promenade, in front of the south cloister entrance, was the house appropriated to the head master; and the Channings lived in a smaller one, nearly on the confines of the Boundaries. A portico led into it, and there was a sitting-room on either side the hall. Charley entered; and was going, full dash, across the hall to a small room where the boys studied, singing at the top of his voice, when the old servant of the family, Judith, an antiquated body, in a snow-white mob cap and check apron, met him, and seized his arm.

"Hush, child! Don't be chanting them gay songs. There's ill news in the house."

Charley dropped his voice to an awe-struck whisper.

"What is it, Judith? Is papa worse?"

"Child! there's illness of mind as well as of body. I didn't say sickness; I said ill news. I don't rightly understand it; the mistress said a word to me, and I guessed the rest. And it was me that took in the letter! Me! I wish I'd put it in my kitchen fire first!"

"Is it—Judith, is it now of the—cause? Is it over?"

"It's over, as I gathered. 'Twas a London letter, and it came by the afternoon post. All the poor master's hopes and dependencies for years have been wrested out of him. And if they'd give me my way, I'd prosecute them postmen for bringing such ill luck to a body's door."

Charles stood, something like a statue, the bright, sensitive colour deserting his cheek. One of those causes, which *serves* Right, of which there are so many in the world, had been pending in the Channing family for years and years. It involved a considerable amount of money,

which ought, long ago, to have devolved peaceably to Mr. Channing; but Might was against him, and Might threw it into Chancery. The decision of the Vice-Chancellor had been given for Mr. Channing, upon which Might, in his overbearing power, carried it to a higher tribunal. Possibly the final decision, from which there could be no appeal, had now come.

"Judith," Charles asked, after a pause, "did you hear what—whether the letter—I mean the news—had anything to do with the Lord Chancellor?"

"Oh, bother the Lord Chancellor!" was Judith's response. "It had to do with somebody that's an enemy to your poor papa. I know that much. Who's this?"

The hall door had opened, and Judith and Charles turned towards it. A gay, bright-featured young man of three-and-twenty entered, tall and handsome, as it was in the nature of the Channings to be. He was the eldest son of the family, James; or, as he was invariably styled, Hamish. He rose six foot two in his stockings, was well made, and upright. In grace and strength of frame the Yorkes and the Channings stood A 1 in Helstoneleigh.

"Now, then! What are you two conceiving? Is he coming over you again to let him make more toffy, Judy, and burn out the bottom of another saucepan?"

"Hamish, Judy says there's some bad news come in by the London post. I'm afraid the Lord Chancellor has given judgment—given it against us."

The careless smile, the half-mocking expression left the lips of Hamish. He glanced from Judith to Charles, from Charles to Judith. "Is it sure?" he breathed.

"It's sure that it's awful news of some sort," retorted Judith; "and the mistress, she said to me that all was over now. They be all in there, but you two," pointing with her finger to the parlour on the left of the hall; "and you had better go in to them. Master Hamish—"

"Well?" returned Hamish, in a tone of abstraction.

"You must every one of you just make the best of it, and comfort the poor master. You be young and strong, while he—you know what he is. You, in special, Master Hamish, for you're the eldest born, and were the first of 'em as ever I nursed upon my knee."

"Of course—of course," he hastily replied. "But, oh, Judith! you don't know the half of the ill this must bring upon us! Come along, Charley; let us hear the worst."

Laying his arm with an affectionate gesture round the boy's neck, Hamish drew him towards the parlour. It was a square, light, cheerful room—not the best room; that was on the other side the hall. On a sofa, underneath the window, reclined Mr. Channing, his head and shoulders partly raised by cushions. His illness had continued long, and now, it was feared, had become chronic. A remarkably fine specimen of manhood he must have been in his day, his countenance one of thoughtful goodness, pleasant to look upon. Arthur, the second son, had inherited its thoughtfulness, its expression of goodness; James, its beauty; but there was a great likeness between all the four sons. Arthur, but nineteen, was nearly as tall as his brother. He stood bending over the arm of his father's sofa. Tom, looking sadly blank and cross, sat at the table, his elbows leaning on it. Mrs. Channing's pale, sweet face was bent towards her daughter's, Constance, a graceful girl of one-and-twenty; and Annabel, a troublesome young lady of nearly fourteen, was surreptitiously giving twitches to Tom's hair.

Arthur moved from the place next his father when he saw Hamish, as if yielding him the right to stand there. A more united, cordial family it would be impossible to find: the brothers and sisters loved each other dearly, and Hamish they almost reverenced—saving Annabel: plenty of love the boy possessed; but of reverence, little. With his gay good humour, and his indulgent, merry-hearted spirit, Hamish Channing was one to earn love as his right, somewhat thoughtless though he was. Thoroughly well, in the highest sense of the term, had the Channings been reared. Not of their own wisdom had Mr. and Mrs. Channing trained their children: they had craved—and had obtained—help of God.

"What's the matter, sir?" asked Hamish, smoothing his brow, and suffering the hopeful smile to return to his lips. "Judith says some outrageous luck has arrived; come express, by post."

"Joke while you may, Hamish," interposed Mrs. Channing, in a low voice; "I shrink from telling it you. Can you not guess the news?"

Hamish looked round at each individually with his sunny smile, and then let it rest upon his mother. "The very worst I can guess is not so bad. We are all here in our accustomed health. Had we sent Annabel up in that new balloon they are advertising, I might fancy it had capsized with her—as it will some day. Annabel, never you be persuaded to mount the air in that fashion."

"Hamish! Hamish!" gently reproved Mrs. Channing. But perhaps she discerned the motive which actuated him. Annabel clapped her hands; she would have thought it great fun to go up in a balloon.

"Well, mother, the worst tidings that the whole world could bring upon us cannot, I say, be very dreadful, while we can discuss them as we are doing now," said Hamish. "I suppose the Lord Chancellor has pronounced against us?"

"Irrevocably. The suit is for ever at an end, and we have lost it."

"Hamish is right," interrupted Mr. Channing. "When the letter came, I was for a short while overwhelmed. But I begin to see it already in a less desponding light; and by to-morrow I dare say I shall be cheerful over it. One blessed thing—children, I say it advisedly, a 'blessed' thing—the worry will be over."

Charley lifted his head. "The worry, papa?"

"Ay, my boy; the agitation—the perpetual excitement—the sickening suspense—the yearning for the end. You cannot understand this, Charley; you can none of you picture it, as it has been for me. Could I have got abroad, like other men, it would have shaken itself off amidst the bustle of the world, and have pressed upon me only at odd times and seasons. But here have I lain, that suspense my companion always. It was not right so to allow the anxiety to work upon me; but I could not help it; I really could not."

"We shall manage to do without it, papa," spoke Arthur.

"Yes; after a bit; we shall manage very well. The worst is, we are backward in our payments; for you know how surely I counted upon it. It ought to have been mine; it was mine by the full right of justice, though it now seems the law was against me. It is a great affliction; but it is one of those which may be borne with an open brow."

"What do you mean, papa?"

"Afflictions are of two kinds—as I class them. The one we bring upon ourselves, through our own misconduct; the other is laid upon us by God for our real advantage. Yes, my boys, we receive many blessings in disguise. Trouble of this sort will only serve to draw out your manly energies, to make you engage vigorously in the business of life, to strengthen your self-dependence and your trust in God. How truly is it said, 'All things work together for good to them that love God!' This calamity of the law-suit we must all meet bravely. One mercy, at any rate, the news has brought with it."

"What is that?" asked Mrs. Channing, lifting her sad face.

"When I have glanced to the possibility of the decision being against me, I have wondered how I should pay the long and heavy costs; whether our home must not be broken up to do it, and ourselves turned out upon the world. But the costs are not to fall upon me; all are to be paid out of the estate."

"There's good news!" ejaculated Hamish, his face radiant, as he nodded around.

"My darling boys," resumed Mr. Channing, "you must all work, and do your best. I had thought this money would have made things easier for you; but it is not to be. Not that I would have a boy of mine cherish for a moment the sad and vain dream which some do—that of living in idleness. God has sent us all into the world to work; some with their hands, some with their heads; all according to their station. You will not be the worse off," Mr. Channing added with a smile, "for working a bit harder than you thought would be necessary."

"Perhaps the money may come to us, after all, by some miracle," suggested Charley.

"No," replied Mr. Channing. "It has gone wholly from us. It is as much lost to us as though we had never possessed a claim to it."

It was even so. This decision of the Lord Chancellor had taken it from the Channing family for ever.

"Never mind!" cried Tom, throwing up his trencher, which he had carelessly carried into the room with him. "As papa says, we have our hands and brains; and they often win the race against money in the long run."

Yes. The boys had active hands and healthy brains—no despotic inheritance, when added to a firm faith in God, and an ardent wish to serve Him. As the chaplain to the high sheriff told the judges and others in his assize sermon, that the Holy Spirit, as promised by Jesus Christ, can alone renovate hearts and turn them from evil, so Mr. and Mrs. Channing, actuated by this self-same Spirit, had endeavoured to implant the striving for it earnestly and rightly in their children's hearts. You will find, as you read on, whether it brought forth fruit.

(To be continued.)

A DAY ON THE MOORS.

THE moors, the wild rejoicing moors, the merry moors for me, Where the heather grows, and the wild broom blows, and the wild bird boundeth free, Where the wild bee winds his merry horn, and the life floats silently—

Come to the moors, the wild wide moors, the solemn moors with me!

There's glory in the forest arch, but it shutteth out the sky; There's glory on the bounding sea, but for green land we cry; There's glory on a mountain's height, but the spirit faints to

scorn

The little dwarf'd dimensions of earth's poor monarch, man. So come to the moors—they will not bring thoughts of the dark and stern—

Wild flowers shall haunt you—everywhere the tall and graceful fern;

And the lark shall sing above your head, and hail the garish sun, And the whirling grouse shall wheel its flight, and start before the gun.

Around, around, no, not a sound, save of the singing bird; The city's roar is heard no more, nor man's deceiving word,

Nor woman's wile, nor lawyer's guile, nor soldier's hectoring tone;

Here is thy shrine, misanthropy—on earth, and yet alone.

Have human feet e'er trod along among these pathless wilds; Hath human voice been ever heard—a mother's or a child's;

Have knightly feet, or hermit's gown, or pilgrim's scallop-shell, Been ever seen amidst these glooms, where only heath-fowl dwell?

Yet here, perchance, the corn may wave, the cultured field be seen,

The tree may nod its bravery of shining gold and green; And those pure heavens be wreathed with smoke from cities black and tall,

And wilds that heard the curlew scream may hear the church bell call.

Oh! brother hearts in that great world from which awhile delay'd,
While here I roam a pilgrim free thro' the eve's deepening shade,
While the dark shadows clasp me round, and spread along the waste,
I think of your stern realms of woe to which those shadows haste—

And wonder not so much when here new forms of life shall spread,
And people throng, and churches rise, and the young tree spread its shade;
But when thro' wastes more stern than this, shall the pure breezes blow,
When o'er the cities' moral moors shall moral verdure glow.
Night falls around—no path, no sound; my way I scarce can scan,
And murky clouds hang grim above the homes and haunts of man;
Yet thro' the moor and heathery gloom I hasten to my rest,
And I will trust that here and there our Father guides us best.

Progress of the Truth.

ITALY.

THE work of Protestant Christianity in Lombardy is progressing, but, to all appearance, slowly.

MILAN.—M. Oscar Coucourde, who has been labouring at Milan since the month of February, has succeeded in gathering about himself a small congregation of thirty persons at most.

BRESCHIA.—To Brescia M. Coucourde undertakes a journey every week, and has been eminently successful. This result is the more gratifying, inasmuch as the friends of Italian evangelisation will remember the serious disturbances of which the first efforts in that city were, not the cause, but the pretext. The eyes of the people seem to be opening to the value and importance of religious liberty, and they begin to appreciate a style of preaching which has all the charms of novelty, and which points out a way of salvation without the intervention of the priest.

GENERAL PROGRESS.—On the Italian work in general, the *Opinione Nazionale* speaks as follows:—"Attention is called, and we have ourselves many times called attention to the activity with which Protestant principles are propagated in Italy. The court of Rome has assumed an attitude of hostility to the people, who see in it the great obstacle to independence and unity, and the formidable source of danger as it respects the future. Therefore the followers of Luther and of Calvin are taking advantage of this general dissatisfaction, with a view to create beyond the Alps a new Protestant Church. If we are to place any reliance upon the communications which have reached us from Bologna and Leghorn, Florence and Milan, their endeavours have already been crowned with remarkable success. One thing, at least, is certain, and that is, that the Biblical (evangelical) societies are circulating, by hundreds of thousands, copies of the Holy Scriptures, and books of religious controversy."

There is a good deal of truth in the above remarks, and, had the writer known all the facts of the case, he might have said much more. It is an interesting circumstance that colporteurs and evangelists are now to be found in every city of Italy, except Rome, and, perhaps, a few in Sicily and the south. Certainly they are to be met with from the Alps to Palermo, and from the Adriatic to the Mediterranean Sea.

THE WALDENSES—those ancient witnesses for the truth in Italy—have developed an activity which is truly extraordinary, and their living agents, as well as their books, are in all the land. They have left their old refuges in the mountain valleys, and have gone on a crusade of mercy to the south. Their head-quarters are fixed at Florence, where they have purchased the Palace Riccasoli, thanks to the generous liberality of their Christian friends in Great Britain, America, and elsewhere; for they are not encumbered with the wealth of this world. This palace has been turned into a religious establishment, comprising a theological school for training ministers, evangelists, and schoolmasters; elementary schools for the young, including an infant school, &c. Besides all these, it will contain a chapel, and apartments for students and professors.

DIFFICULTIES ENCOUNTERED.—It must not be supposed that even now the agents of the Gospel are allowed to go on quietly with their work; for, as a Paris journal observes, "The progress which the great principle of liberty of conscience is making in Italy, irritates more and more the Romish Church, so that there is no species of insult which it does not shower down, by its best accredited organs, upon those who advocate and uphold that liberty. As a specimen, we may call attention to what is said upon this matter by a Roman correspondent of the *Monde*, and this is one of the most moderate attacks we have met with. 'In its eagerness to publish abroad liberty of conscience in all the provinces in which it has established itself, the Government which is now dominant in the Italian peninsula perpetrates many errors and many faults. 1. It unlawfully arrogates to itself the decision of a religious question, which is of the deepest interest to Catholic consciences. 2. It treads under foot the holy canons of the Church, which contain express laws upon the subject. 3. It violates concordate which are in force, in contempt of faith in treaties. 4. It, in fine, audaciously acts in opposition to the manifest desire of the majority of the population.' Unfortunately, it is not by words only that the enemies of liberty declare themselves opposed to the friends of the Gospel."

SERIOUS DISTURBANCES.—Even at Leghorn, where so much has been done, it is reported that quite recently there have been very serious disturbances, strongly resembling some which took place, a few weeks earlier, at Pisa. Two evenings in succession, the windows of the Vaudois Chapel, at Leghorn, were smashed by a priest-ridden mob; and the services, which were at the same time proceeding, were put a stop to, in consequence of the terrific howlings and menaces which were heard outside. The governor of the city at first took no notice of the matter, but allowed the disturbers to go on, notwithstanding the danger to which the life and liberty of peaceful citizens, so unworthily maltreated, were exposed. Some days later, however, an order was received from Turin, on the strength of which some of the aggressors were arrested. We cannot but lament over the blindness and miserable fanaticism of those who hope by such means to stay the progress of Protestantism in Italy.

FRANCE.

REGINALD RADCLIFFE.—Some months since, two English visitors were at Paris, one of whom was Mr. Radcliffe, so well known in this country as a zealous and successful evangelist. During their stay in the city of pleasure, they inaugurated a series of special religious services in the chapels. The Parisians were astounded at seeing placards upon the walls with Scripture texts, invitations to prayer-meetings, and announcements of sermons. A large number came together, and deep and salutary impressions were the speedy result. Popery, which is not inconsistent with the gaieties and frivolities of life, but is inconsistent with the serious earnestness of the Gospel, soon took offence at these new measures. The cold, formal, and rationalistic Protestantism of others was equally shocked. Both regarded, or professed to regard, the movement as contrary to good order and propriety, and as an exhibition of fanaticism which might lead to serious consequences. The Papists could not endure to see these outward indications of the existence of evangelical life; and the aforesaid Protestants thought it unseemly thus to obtrude religion upon the notice of the world. For these and like reasons, the repression of the meetings was demanded, and they were, in fact, authoritatively prohibited in their actual form. The subject had, however, taken hold of men's minds, and the promoters of the meetings resolved to continue them as far as the restrictions imposed permitted. They were continued, and reports, in every way satisfactory, were published of the proceedings. The question was discussed at a conference of pastors, and it was resolved to do all that was possible to carry on what seemed so good a work. Their English friends had to leave them, but they went on alone, and organised many meetings in different places for prayer and edification. It is recorded that at these meetings numerous conversions have taken place; and although the feeling of opposition still exists, it has not succeeded in stopping the movement. Pastors of the Wesleyan, the Congregationalist, and the Reformed Churches, have been indefatigable in their endeavours, in which they have been sustained by many of the laity. It is now understood that, in October, Mr. Radcliffe is to revisit Paris, to resume the good work which he inaugurated, but had to relinquish.

OBJECTIONS TO THE MOVEMENT.—M. Frederic Monod, in a recent number of the *Archives du Christianisme*, enumerates the objections which are urged against this endeavour. Among them are some which are curious, and sufficiently indicative of the low views of many who call themselves Protestants. Let the reader judge for himself:—

"The proceedings employed are novel, strange, and not adapted to the French mind.

"These conversions are nothing but nervous excitements.

"It is scandalous to see the incessant activity with which women are engaged in this work of revival in Paris.

"It is an objection that Mr. Radcliffe requested some of his hearers to retire into a neighbouring room to pray for him while he was speaking.

"These pretended conversions had been wrought before-hand, or, at least, greatly prepared for by our means, or, as we say, by our ordinary proceedings.

"There is in these pretended conversions more of appearance, and of superficial excitement, than of reality.

"One of the most evident fruits of these meetings is division among Christians.

"By the way in which they speak of Mr. Radcliffe and his work, they exalt the man above measure, which is always wrong and a danger.

"We cannot admit that foreigners, destitute of theological science, and not even acquainted with our language, could have been the instruments of such a work. Have we not our eloquent and devoted pastors? What more do we want?

"The conversations after the meetings are for many a great stone of stumbling.

"It is affirmed that the moral element of repentance is wanting in the instructions of Mr. Radcliffe.

"Men are shocked by the distinction between the converted and the unconverted.

"Objection is made to the public avowal which is required of the new converts.

"Objection is made to sudden conversions."

To all these M. Monod replies ably, and at length, satisfying us that the leaders of this movement, so unwonted and so unexpected in Paris, are in every way admirably qualified for the difficult post to which Divine Providence has called them.

LIBERAL PROTESTANT UNION.—The activity of the French branch of the Evangelical Alliance led, some time since, to the formation of what is called the Liberal Protestant Union. To the same result, also, the general extension of evangelical principles very much contributed. The Liberal Union, as it is called, was ostensibly a defensive measure, intended to protect liberty and toleration. In fact, it was designed to protect the interests of rationalism and indifference, which had been allowed to spread and grow until they reached alarming proportions. The evangelical party happily became alive to their danger, and rallied in defence of the old faith—the principles of the Reformation—on which their Churches were founded. Hence the outcry of the rationalists, who had begun to assume that the French Churches had no doctrinal principles whatever, and to regard themselves as their legitimate representatives and constituents. A counter movement has now taken place, and a number of excellent laymen have issued a manifesto, respecting which the *Esperance* makes the following remarks:—“We hasten to publish the ensuing piece, the great importance of which our readers will appreciate. It was impossible that the programme of the so-called Liberal Protestant Union should remain without a response on the part of that numerous section of the Reformed Church of the capital which has remained firmly attached to the doctrines of the Reformation, and which does not believe that, under the pretext of progress, we ought to open the gates of the Church to all sorts of religious novelties. The names which are found at the foot of this declaration, and which belong to families the most numerous and considerable in our Church, have in themselves a significance so great, that it would be superfluous to accompany them with any commentary. This is the first time that our laymen have been called upon to declare themselves. We bless God that they have not hesitated to do this, and that they have done it with calmness and moderation, and, at the same time, with firmness.”

We will add no more, at present, but the expression of our hope that we may take the two preceding facts as typical. The former shows the out-growth of the spiritual life; and the latter, a revival of the love of the truth. It will be a glorious day for France when the grace of Christ and the truth of Christ resume their ancient place in the Protestantism of that country.

THE PROTESTANTS OF THE HAUTE VIENNE.—The oppression and vexation inflicted upon the Protestants of this district, by the shutting up of their schools, has lately been brought under the notice of the British public. They had been compelled to employ a teacher to go from house to house, and even this privilege had been attempted to be wrested from them. We have now, however, the pleasure to state, that the re-opening of the Evangelical Schools has just been determined upon by the Departmental Council of the Haute Vienne, in accordance with instructions received from the Minister of Public Instruction, and from the Prefect of the Department. A condition has been imposed and accepted, that the Evangelical teachers shall teach only the children of their co-religionists. Thus, after nine years of patient endurance, the cause of religious liberty has triumphed.

GREAT BRITAIN.

ANOTHER WEEK OF SPECIAL PRAYER.—The Committee of the Evangelical Alliance have issued a circular inviting the Christian world to repeat and perpetuate the observance of the annual Week of Prayer, at the beginning of the new year, and suggesting topics for exhortations and prayers on the successive days of 1862. “Who can estimate,” say the committee, “the spiritual blessings bestowed, in answer to the petitions sent up, since the watchword from Louisiana first roused us to prayer? May we not gratefully connect with those petitions the effusion of the Spirit on so many parts of the world, the great number of converts gathered to Christ, and the quickened spiritual life of the Church?” The committee urge that the present state of the world supplies matter for fervent intercession, and call special attention to the “unhappy differences among Christians, and the various assaults of infidelity upon our Bible, our Sabbath, and our Christianity.” The circular concludes with an earnest appeal, which we hope will meet with an adequate and devout response.

NEW BISHOPS.—At the request of the King of the Sandwich Islands, the Archbishop of Canterbury is about to consecrate a bishop, to superintend the Church of England mission in those islands. The Rev. T. Nettleship Staley, M.A., has been nominated to the bishopric, the seat of which will be Honolulu. The Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts have granted £300 a year in aid of the mission, to be applied to the support of three clergymen, and the Episcopal Church in America will also send three clergymen, to act under the direction of the bishop. The Rev. J. Travers Lewis, LLD., of Trinity College, Dublin, has been elected bishop of the new eastern diocese in Canada, to which the Bishop of Toronto has given the designation of “Ontario.” Dr. Baring, Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol, has been appointed to the see of Durham, vacant by the death of Dr. Villiers.

THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH IN IRELAND.—At the general assembly, which took place at Belfast, in the month of July, the Rev. John Macnaughtan was unanimously elected Moderator, in succession to the Rev. Dr. Dill. The late revivals in the north of Ireland have not been without permanent results; for we learn from the reports of Synods, that four new congregations have been originated in Belfast, in addition to one begun last year, and that new churches are in progress in Dublin, while one, in Cork, has just been completed. In the language of one of the reports, there had been, during the previous year, “an increased attendance at

public worship, in the Sunday-school, and in the prayer-meeting; greater zeal on the part of both ministers and people, a closer study of the Word of God, an increase in family and private prayer, and a diminution of Sabbath-breaking and other similar sins. Vast numbers had had the gospel preached to them. Fully 80,000 people had been addressed at open-air meetings, and more than forty ministers had been engaged in that noble work.”

GENERAL BAPTIST ASSOCIATION.—At the annual meeting of this association, held at Leicestershire, the following resolution was passed unanimously:—“That a closer union of the Evangelical Baptists of this country is most desirable, and that this association will rejoice in the constant exhibition of the union that already exists, and also in extending this union as far as it is practicable, for the honour of our one Lord, and the greater efficiency of combined operation.”

WESLEYAN CONFERENCE.—At the conference which has just terminated at Newcastle-on-Tyne, the Rev. J. Rattenbury was elected president for the ensuing year. The number of members of the society was stated to be 319,780. On trial, 23,271. Increase, 9,469. The total cost of the erections for the year (including chapels, school-houses, ministers' houses, &c.), was £96,844, more than in any other year, except the one immediately preceding, when the amount was £105,940.

CHURCH AND CHAPEL BUILDING.—Some remarkable instances of Christian liberality have lately attracted notice. It is announced, that Mr. J. W. Brooke, of Sibton, has rebuilt, at his own cost, a church in Suffolk. A gentleman at Louth has offered £1,000 for a new church in that borough; Mr. O. E. Cope has given a similar sum to a new district church at Romford; and at Norwich, an anonymous contributor has handed £500 to the building fund of a church, just consecrated in the suburb of Heigham, in that city. At the late Wesleyan Conference, a letter was read from Mr. Thomas Hazlehurst, of Runcorn, offering a new chapel of the value of £900 to the Conference, free of debt. This, it is stated, is the fourth chapel presented by Mr. Hazlehurst.

PRIMITIVE METHODIST CONFERENCE.—At the forty-second annual conference, recently held at Derby, a considerable increase in the number of chapels was reported, the Connexional chapels numbering now 2,410, and the other places of worship, 3,343. The increase of members for the previous year was 3,278, the total number being 135,392. The number of scholars is 180,064, of travelling preachers 729, and of local preachers 11,887.

Our Missionary Corner.

CHINA.

A JOURNAL which has for its object the PROGRESS OF TRUTH cannot be indifferent to the important work of missionary labours, both at home and abroad. To testify our good wishes to all engaged in this Christian work, we shall bring occasionally one or more of the leading points in missionary operations under the notice of our readers.

At the present time China, in a pre-eminent degree, demands our attention. It is scarcely possible for us as Christian men to estimate too highly the wonderful manner in which God is preparing the heathen world for the reception of the Gospel. Nor can we be insensible of the great fact proclaimed to all Christian nations, that the God of Redemption, whom they nationally serve, is also the God of Providence, by whom their kings reign and their senators decree wisdom; and that he controlleth the affairs of the earth according to his own perfect wisdom.

Let us glance for a moment to the past and the future of the empire of China in connection with missionary exertions. At the close of the year 1839, the trade of Great Britain with China ceased, and the last servant of the company of merchants trading with China was constrained to quit the country.

On the 5th of January, 1840, an edict was issued by the Emperor of China interdicting all commerce and all intercourse with England, and that, not for a season, but for ever. By this decree our countrymen were separated from one-tenth part of the habitable globe, and severed from all intercourse with one-third of the human race. At a little later period the animosity had arisen to so great a degree that Englishmen were not only expelled from the country, but rewards were offered for the bodies of our countrymen, either dead or alive. M. Schoffler, a missionary in China, was publicly executed, by order of the Grand Mandarin, May 4, 1851, for preaching Christianity; such preaching being a violation of the law of China.

In this forbidden land missionary labours appeared to be for ever banished; but Jehovah was still the governor of his own world, and speedily made himself manifest by his marvellous deeds.

The fifth part of a century has not elapsed, and behold how vast the change! The Emperor of these dominions withdraws his prohibitory decree. By an edict the Emperor of China restores all the rights, customs, and privileges of commerce. The Emperor also cedes to his enemies a portion of his territory, and makes atonement for the injury inflicted, and renders honour to men designated hitherto as barbarians, and by his own act gives publicity to these concessions in the capital of his own dominions. Above all, the Emperor enters into a solemn treaty with the four great powers, namely, England, France, Russia, and America, in which he recognises the purity of the Christian faith. In the treaty the Emperor expressly declares that “the Christian religion inculcates the practice of virtue, and teaches man to do as he would be done by;” that it “teaches men to do good;” that its

“object is to lead men to virtue;” and that the “doctrines of Christianity promote the establishment of peace and good order among mankind;” and that the Chinese Government, believing that the teachers of these doctrines—the Christian missionaries—are good and holy men, who seek not temporal advantages for themselves, permits them freely to propagate the doctrines of Christianity among its subjects, and allows any person in China to embrace Christianity if he chooses. The Emperor also grants to the missionaries permission to pass everywhere throughout the country, and by the same treaty the Chinese Government engages that no person in China professing the Christian faith shall suffer injury in person, or damage to his estate, on account of his religious profession; and, moreover, the missionaries are to be free from all molestation and hindrance, and they are permitted to establish schools, and to erect places for Christian worship. Thus has God, in his Providence, prepared the way for the extension of his kingdom upon earth.

To this favourable state of affairs are to be added other circumstances combining to render important aids to the missionary cause, and to render the present time the time for energy and action on the part of all Christian men.

The idolatry of China has received a bold assault by the rebel movement. The images of the Chinese gods have been broken to pieces, or treated with every species of ridicule and contempt—these acts tending to efface from the mind of the Chinese the feelings of awe and of reverence which formerly were cherished.

Where the rebel power prevails, image-worship is prohibited; and the people are now disposed to welcome a nobler kind of worship. The force of prejudice has been broken down, through the exertions and humane labours of the Medical Missionary Society, who, in addition to the publications which they issue, have in one year, as we learn from their report, attended upwards of 18,000 patients, who became so many advocates, proclaiming the skill and the kindness of missionary men. In the civil policy of China a most singular circumstance prevails, and that pre-eminently favourable for the spread of Christianity in that country: there is no State Religion, as in some other heathen nations, to oppose the reception of the Gospel. There exists also another favouring cause, in the clanship that prevails among the people of China. So powerful is their adherence to their recognised chief, that we may hope to see a repetition of scenes occurring in the days of our Saxon forefathers: when the chief renounced heathenism and embraced Christianity, his followers imitated his pious example.

At the outset of Christianity the difficulty of access was the stronghold of heathenism; and for two hundred years after the tenants of towns and cities had escaped from idolatrous customs, the tenants of villages retained their heathenism; and thus the same word which signified a villager denoted also a heathen. No such barrier exists in China, vast as are her territories; for there is scarcely a town or even a village in China which does not enjoy the advantage arising from an arm of the sea, or of a navigable river, or of some one of their numerous canals. Thus the vast water communication that exists in China facilitates access, and promises to aid the man of God in the abolition of Paganism.

Did our space permit, we might enlarge upon other powerful auxiliaries to the cause of Truth, as the almost universality of one language through the various provinces of China. In this our island home, and its kindred isles, six languages, and twice as many dialects, must be understood before any missionary could labour with freedom and effect amongst us. How tremendous are the impediments to missionary exertions arising from the diversity of tongues! This evil, we are told, exists in an unusually slight degree in the departments of China Proper. The colloquial language is difficult to acquire; but happily many facilities now exist by which these difficulties are more easily overcome. The nature of the climate is also better understood, as well as the discipline essential to health, and both tend to prolong the lives of those whom Christendom sends forth as Christian soldiers in this holy war. Our language to these warriors is, “Go forth and war against all the unfruitful works of darkness, having for your armour, Truth, Righteousness, and Faith.”

Thus, at a time when all hope of Christian usefulness in China was destroyed, God has opened, in an unusual manner, this vast field for missionary enterprise; and in a Godly sense of the term, we exhort good men “to go up and possess the land.” We call upon the Christian men and women of England, and of Scotland, and our brethren across the vast waters, to profit by the opportunity which the Spiritual Head of the Church now grants to the sons of men, and we hope that the day-dawn is nigh which shall exhibit to the Christian world these vast millions of the heathen family casting their idols to the moles and to the bats, and worshipping the true God in sincerity of heart, in humility of soul, in holiness of life, and in all the purity of the Christian faith.

IDIOLATRY IN CHINA.—The following is a translation of an advertisement in a Chinese newspaper:—Achem Tea Chinchin, sculptor, respectfully acquaints masters of ships, trading from Canton to India, that they may be furnished with figure heads, of any size, according to order. He also recommends, for private venture, the following idols, brass, gold, and silver:—The Hawk of Vishnoo, which has reliefs of his incarnation in a fish, boar, lion, and turtle; an Egyptian apis; a golden calf; a bull, as worshipped by the pious followers of Zoroaster; two silver Mammosites with golden earrings; a ram, an alligator, a crab, a laughing hyena, with a variety of household gods, on a small scale, calculated for family worship. Eighteen months' credit will be given, or a discount of fifteen per cent. for prompt payment of the sum affixed to each article. Direct, China Street, Canton, under the Marble Rhinoceros and Gilt Hydra.

Weekly Calendar
OF REMARKABLE EVENTS ASSOCIATED WITH THE
CHRISTIAN CHURCH.

SEPTEMBER.

SEPTEMBER derives its name from its position in the Roman calendar as the seventh month—the year commencing in March. The word is compounded of *Septem*, seven, and *imber*, a shower of rain; as the wet season commonly sets in about this period. Several of the Roman Emperors attempted to alter the name of the month, and issued decrees accordingly; it was called Germanicus, by Domitian; Antoninus, in honour of Antonius Pius; Herculeus, by Commodus; but the old significant name, so wisely chosen, survived all the decrees of the Emperors, and we retain it in our calendar. The ancient Saxons called the month *gerst-monat*, or barley-month; it was afterwards changed to *harsfert-monat*, or harvest-month; afterwards—on the introduction of Christianity—to *halig-monat*, or holy month, in reference to certain religious ceremonies celebrated at that time of the year.

SEPTEMBER 1.

CREATION OF THE WORLD.—According to some of the old rabbinical writers the work of creation was begun on the first of September, five thousand five hundred and eight years, three months, and twenty-five days before the birth of our Saviour. What importance is to be attached to this statement we leave our readers to decide. There are a very large number—some say, one hundred and forty, different dates assigned to the Creation; the Septuagint, the Samaritan Pentateuch, the Talmud, Josephus, to say nothing of modern writers, disagree as to the era of the creation. We are not inclined to enter on the controversy, and are well content to adopt the chronology of Usher, which certainly agrees with the modern Hebrew text. As to the time of the year, that would be still more difficult to ascertain than the year itself; and only the explorers of rabbinical traditions would venture on the inquiry; it is enough for us to know—and Reason and Religion are satisfied to know—that, “In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth.”

ST. GILES.—This Saint, whose name has been given to several Christian churches, and which belongs to one of the poorest and most degraded neighbourhoods in London, is said to have been born at Athens, from whence he came to France in 715. He is reputed to have been so charitable, that he literally sold all that he had to feed the poor. He lived for a long time in seclusion, but was ultimately sought out, and promoted to ecclesiastical authority. But it was during his privacy that he—according to the monkish historians—worked the most miracles, and did the most good. He became the patron of cripples, of lepers, of mendicants of all kinds; consequently refuge-houses, and hospitals, as well as churches, were called by his name. No doubt there is much that is altogether fabulous related of this saint, but there is a lesson to be learned from his practical Christianity, which should not be despised. “Blessed is he that considereth the poor; the Lord will deliver him in time of trouble.”

WILLIAM PENN SAILED FOR AMERICA.—William Penn was the only child of Admiral Penn, a commander in the English Navy, and was born in 1644. At an early age, his mind became deeply imbued with the importance of religion. At Oxford, he listened to the preaching of John Goe, and was fined for nonconformity. His studies at Lincoln only confirmed his views of the evil of this present life, and the necessity of pure and undefiled religion to prepare us for the next. While in Ireland, he became an avowed Quaker, a sect, at that time, held in great contempt, and subject to much persecutions. His father was exceedingly enraged against him for this step, and subsequently turned him out of doors; the affectionate care of his mother, however, preserved him from absolute want. He became preacher and author, both by his voice and writings, advocating the tenets of the Society of Friends. For seven months he was imprisoned in the Tower, and there he composed his celebrated work, “No Cross, No Crown.” He was afterwards committed to Newgate for conducting an out-door service. On the death of his father, William Penn inherited a considerable property, together with a claim on government to the amount of sixteen thousand pounds. With the twofold motive of settling this claim, and of obtaining an asylum for his brethren, the Quakers, he applied to King Charles II. for grant of land in the American Colonies. This application was successful, and a province was appropriated to Penn, by royal charter, and the king’s proclamation. It was granted by the name of Pennsylvania, not by the wish of its owner, who feared that it might be regarded as vanity, but by special direction of the king. Everything being finally arranged, Penn, and quite a large number of emigrants, chiefly Quakers, set sail early in the morning of the first of September, 1682, and arrived at New Calais on the seventh of October. The settlers, of every kind, received the new proprietor with great joy, for the fame of his excellent and noble character had preceded him. Shortly after his arrival, he entered into his memorable treaty with the Indians, the only treaty between this people and the English that was not ratified by an oath, and that was never broken. On such a scene as this the mind rests with pleasure, refreshed by the affectionate candour of Penn and the Quakers. “Blessed are the peace-makers, for they shall be called the children of God.”

SEPTEMBER 2.

ALICE LISLE.—On this day, 1685, Mrs. Alice Lisle, or, as she was generally called, Lady Alice Lisle, was beheaded at Winchester, for harbouring a presbyterian minister

named Hicks. She was the widow of a lawyer who had distinguished himself under Cromwell, and who had been murdered at Lausanne. Though her husband was on the other side, she had always shown active kindness to the Royalists during the civil war, and on that account, at her husband’s death, his estate had been granted to her. During the rebellion of Monmouth, her son had served in the king’s army against the invader; yet, this poor old lady—infirm, deaf, lethargic—was accused of giving a single night’s shelter to a fugitive preacher of the gospel, and was arraigned for treason before Lord Chief Justice Jeffreys, on the “bloody assize.” The conduct of this merciless man, during the trial, was unexampled, even by himself, for its barbarity; he terrified the witnesses, abused the jury, thundered against them in his fiercest style when they endeavoured to acquit the prisoner, and declared that were he on the jury he would bring her in guilty if she were his own mother. At length the jury gave way, and brought in a verdict of guilty. The next morning Jeffreys pronounced sentence upon her, amid a storm of vituperation against the presbyterians, to whom he supposed Mrs. Lisle belonged. He ordered her—according to the rigour of the old law of treason—to be burnt alive that very afternoon. This cruel sentence roused the neighbourhood; the clergy, the gentry, the statuhest royalists remonstrated with Jeffreys; but in vain. The clergy sent a special deputation to the king (James II.) pleading for her life; but the monarch, hard-hearted as his minister, would grant only one favour, namely, that she should be beheaded instead of burnt. This sentence was enforced at Winchester. Thus perished Mrs. Lisle, by one of the most diabolical judicial murders on record—her only crime that of affording a night’s shelter to a Christian minister. Within three years the tyrant who approved this sentence, and the judge who pronounced it, were driven from power—the king to die in exile, the judge to perish miserably in a prison cell: is it not written, “Though hand join in hand, the wicked shall not go unpunished?”

SEPTEMBER 3.

MASSACRE OF THE JEWS.—This day is memorable for one of the most cruel and outrageous massacres of the Jews recorded in modern history. On the occasion of the coronation of Richard I. (1189), some of his wealthy Hebrew subjects proposed to make him a valuable present—a gift being always acceptable to a needy Plautgenet. They approached Westminster with this object in view; but their motive being mistaken, or wilfully misrepresented, a cry was raised, that the unbelievers had attempted to enter a Christian church. Popular fury was excited; the unhappy Jews were beaten down and murdered; the alarm spread all over the city; the houses of the Jews were broken open and plundered by the rabble; hundreds of Israelites were cruelly tortured and put to death. These scenes of violence were repeated in various parts of England—probably the most barbarous scene of all occurring at York. There about 500 Jews, being besieged in the castle, died by their own hands rather than fall victims to the fury of the mob. From this period the Jews were subjected, for many centuries, to very cruel treatment in England; they were accused of the most absurd offences, and punished with the grossest barbarity. The worth of a “Jew’s eye” became terribly significant; they were compelled to wear a badge of servitude; they were denied the rights of citizenship; in 1287 they were banished from England; in 1492, from Spain and Portugal; in 1494, from France. After having been banished England for 365 years they were re-admitted by Oliver Cromwell, in 1652. The statutes directed against the Jews have, since that date, been gradually repealed; not, however, without strong opposition by many who conscientiously regard this ancient people as an accursed race. On this very third of September, so lately as 1852, there was a violent outburst against the Jews in Stockholm. We should always, however, remember that the Jews were God’s chosen people; that for them there are yet great things in store; “for if the casting away of them be the reconciling of the world, what shall the receiving of them be, but life from the dead?”

It was Oliver Cromwell who first relieved the Jews from the disabilities under which they laboured, and permitted their return to England. And this third of September—so memorable to the Jews—was equally memorable to him. It was—if we may use the expression—his fortunate day. On this day, in 1650, he defeated the Scots at Dunbar, with great slaughter; 3,000 were slain, and 10,000 taken prisoners. On the anniversary of this victory, in 1651, he totally defeated Charles II., at Worcester; but it was on the anniversary of these battles, in 1658, that Cromwell breathed his last—“for we must needs die, and be like water spilt upon the ground, that cannot be gathered up again.”

SEPTEMBER 4.

PIZARRO LANDED IN PERU, 1532.—This Spanish adventurer declared that his sole object in undertaking the enterprise was the propagation of the Christian faith! This monstrous assertion he endeavoured to substantiate by a course of the most unblushing profession of religious zeal, accompanied by acts of cruel barbarity that would degrade a pagan. He committed every kind of enormity, rendered himself odious by treachery and violence, and did it all under the cloak of religion—in the name of Christ! Before his meeting with the Inca, or Peruvian monarch, at Caxamirca, mass was performed with great solemnity, and the soldiers sang, “Rise, O Lord, and judge thine own cause.” When the Inca appeared, surrounded by every kind of magnificence—a crown of gold upon his head, and a collar of emeralds round his neck—Pizarro’s chaplain came forward, with a crucifix in his hand, and told him that he came by

the order of his commander to explain to him the doctrines of the true faith. In order to do this, he began by expounding the mysterious doctrines of the Trinity, gave an account of the Creation, the Fall, the coming of Christ, the mission of the apostles; from this he passed on to notice that St. Peter was the chief of the apostles, that the Popes were the successors of St. Peter, like him, endowed with authority in things temporal and spiritual; and lastly, he explained that the Pope had commanded the King of Spain to conquer and convert the Peruvians, and that what was expected of the Inca was that he would embrace Christianity, and acknowledge himself a vassal of the King of Spain. The Inca understood but little of what the chaplain advanced, but he understood enough to know that he was called upon to surrender his crown, and this he indignantly refused to do. He demanded by what authority the request was made, and they told him, by that of the Book—the Scriptures. He asked to look at it, but the language was a mystery to him, and he cast the volume from him. The monk lifted up the book, and sped down the centre of the square, crying, “The Word of God is mocked at: to arms!” The soldiers, headed by Pizarro, rushed on the defenceless Peruvians, and the massacre that followed was terrible. The Inca was thrown into prison, his immense treasures seized, he himself sentenced to be burnt alive. How different is this from the quiet, peaceful picture of Penn and the Indians! Both Penn and Pizarro professed to be Christian men, to be animated by a zeal for God—to be anxious for the conversion of the Indians—but, “By their fruits ye shall know them” is the Scriptural and only safe test of religious profession.

SEPTEMBER 5.

BISHOP BONNER.—The death of the notorious Bishop Bonner took place this day, 1569. He was the chief agent in that persecution, the memory of which still curdles the blood with horror. When Philip of Spain came to England, as the husband of Queen Mary, he brought with him, if not the Inquisition in its bodily form, the spirit of the Inquisition. The statutes, directed against the Protestants, were revived; the clergymen who had married were insulted, and driven from their livings; many of them were publicly whipped, and Bonner made a procession, accompanied by eight bishops, and one hundred and sixty priests, through London, and had a series of public thanksgivings for the restoration of Romanism. The persecution then began—Smithfield attained its terrible notoriety: five bishops, twenty-one clergymen, eight gentlemen, one hundred husbandmen, servants, and labourers, eighty-four mechanics, forty-five women, two boys, ten babes at the breast, shared a common fate in the martyr’s fire! Of these, two hundred were brought to the stake by Bonner, who is known to have whipped and tortured many with his own hands. On the accession of Elizabeth he was committed to prison, where he died. With the frightful persecution of Queen Mary’s reign the name of Bonner is thus closely identified; he was its chief agent and principal mover, and he it was who was the means of adding to the catalogue of martyrs the names of so many devoted Christians, “of whom the world was not worthy.”

SEPTEMBER 6.

SAILING OF THE MAYFLOWER.—The “Mayflower,” with its company—consisting of 101 passengers (the Pilgrim Fathers), sailed from England to America (1620); having been obliged to put back twice on account of the leaky condition of the “Speedwell,” which was to sail with her. The Puritans, who had been driven out of England by persecution in the early part of the reign of James I., had found a refuge in Holland: here they found that the Dutch language had not the charm for them of the English tongue; and that the manners of the Dutch were still less congenial than their language. They consequently resolved to emigrate to the New World; but in this they had a higher motive than that of escaping trouble and temptation. They had “an inward zeal and great hopes of laying some foundation for the kingdom of Christ in the remote ends of the earth, though they should be but as stepping-stones to others.” So, joining their Puritan friends in England, the Pilgrim Fathers sailed for America; and after a long voyage, landed in the new country. Such was the beginning of the great republic of America: a few poor men and women sought a refuge, and founded a nation. “Who hath despised the day of small things?”

AN INSURRECTION AT ZURICH IN SWITZERLAND, 1839.—In consequence of the civic government having enacted a new law, enforcing a system of education independent of the clergy, differing from the old catechism; and having called from Germany, to fill the theological chair of the University, Professor Strauss, whose theological doctrines had occasioned much offence, several thousand peasants assembled, and marched into the city; a tumult took place—a few lives were lost—the obnoxious measures were then withdrawn, and the city became tranquil.

SEPTEMBER 7.

SAINT EUNURCHUS.—This day has been long dedicated to the memory of Eunurchus, or Evertius, who was the Bishop of Orleans in France, at the close of the fourth century. “It would appear,” says the Chavis Calendario, “by the legends of this saint, that from his first appearance at Orleans (to which place he had been expressly sent from Rome), until the day of his decease, a continued series of miracles marked his life. The most remarkable is the perching of a dove upon his head, when he was addressing a tumultuous multitude who had assembled for the purpose of selecting a bishop. That the choice should fall upon an individual so distinguished cannot excite surprise—though it is not improbable that the dove, which is of a nature particularly docile, might have been taught her lesson by the monks.”

THE QUIVER.

RELIGION IN THE HOME.

HOME! an English Home! It is a word of sacred charm. There is perhaps no other word in the language which awakens so many pleasant memories. It glides into the heart very gently, and yet, when there, takes full possession of sympathy and affection. But is there not to very many a touch of sorrow in the word—a shameful, yearning sense of vacancy and incompleteness? Is there not in many a heart an unspoken and perhaps an almost unconscious wish that home were either more or less? more satisfying and more safe? or less capable of stirring affections which it cannot command, and suggesting an ideal, the reality of which is never attained? Let any thoughtful, loving man inquire thoughtfully and lovingly into the reason of this, and he will find that there is just one regal thing in this world, and that, wherever the rule of this royal thing is not acknowledged, there will be corresponding lack of order, completeness, rest. He will find that home does not attain its highest meaning, does not possess its own fulness without religion. *Religion is the sole power of fulfilment* in regard to the very idea and purpose of home. A house may be full of persons who are very dear to each other, very kind to each other; full of precious things—affections, hopes, sorrows, histories, living interests; but if God is not there as the ruler and father of the house, the original and true idea of home will not be realised; vacancy and need will still be at the heart of all. Good things will grow feebly and uncertainly, like flowers in winter, trying to peep out into the sunshine, and yet shrinking from the blasts. Evil things will grow with strange persistency, notwithstanding protests of the affections and efforts of the will. Mysterious gulfs will open at times where it was thought strong foundations had been laid. Little things will produce great distresses. Great things, when attained, will shrink to littleness. Flickerings of uncertainty and fear will run along the days. Joys will not satisfy. Sorrows will surprise. In the very heart of that home there will be a "sickness," arising from need unsatisfied and "hope deferred." It will be as when a man of ingenuity tries in vain to put together the separated parts of a complicated piece of mechanism. He tries it this way and that, puts the pieces into every conceivable mode of arrangement, then at last stops, and says, "There must be a piece wanting!" Home without Divine presence is at best a moral structure with the central element wanting. The other elements may be arranged and re-arranged; they will never exactly fit, nor be "compact together" until it is obtained. We have heard of haunted houses. That house will be haunted with the ghost of an unrealised idea. It will seem to its most thoughtful inmates at best but "the shadow of some good thing to come," and the longing for the substance will be the more intense because the shadow, as a providential prophecy, is always there. In not a few of "the homes of the people" there is going on, by means of those quick spiritual signs which One above can read, what we may call a dialogue of souls, composed chiefly of unspoken questionings, which, if articulate, might be something like the following:—"How is it that, with all our efforts and sacrifices, we do not seem to be coming any nearer the realisation of the great idea which we appear to possess in common? How is it that we cannot be to each other what we wish, that we cannot do for each other what we try, even when it seems quite within the range of possibility? Why is there such a sorrow in our affection? such a trembling in our joys? so great a fear of change, and so profound a sense of incompleteness in connection with the very best we can do and be?" And what is the answer to such mute yet eager questionings? And who can speak that answer? That One above who hears the dialogue must take part in it; and all must listen while he speaks, and tells of another fatherhood under which the parents must become little children, of another brotherhood which, when attained, will make the circle complete. When the members of such a household, who have been looking so much to each other, shall agree to give one earnest look above, and say, "Our Father, which art in heaven!" "our elder Brother and Advocate with the Father!" then will come back, sweet as music, into the heart of that house these fulfilling words, from

the everlasting Father, "Ye shall be my sons and daughters;" from the eternal Son, "Behold my mother, and sister, and brother!" Then the one thing that was lacking will be present. The missing element will be in its place, and all the other elements will be assembled around it. It is a haunted house no more. The ghost has been chased away. The house is wholesome. Mornings are welcome. Nights are restful. The discipline of toil links itself closely with the dispensation of recompense; and all day long, amid busy "goings out and comings in," will be heard the low, sweet murmurings of the life and happiness which have been found. There will not be perfection even then. Probably, at first, owing to the immense elevation of the standard of true home life, there will be a deeper sense of imperfection than there was before. Christian homes are far from being perfect. But this immense attainment has been made; some view, at last, has been gotten of the *true* ideal after which the natural instincts and affections were only blindly striving, and some well-grounded hope of being able now, through Divine help, to change the ideal into the real, day by day, and ever more and more. The aching sorrow has passed away now from the heart of that home. The long-sought secret is revealed. Soul whispers to soul, "Emmanuel—God with us!" Home is home at last.

There is another thought. As soon as religion thus becomes a power of fulfilment, it develops itself also as *a principle of harmony*. We have just said that Christian homes are not perfect. In fact, the inmates of such homes never know how much is amiss in each and all until religion has entered as a fulfilling power. There was before a more vast and painful sense of some unknown deficiency; but now there is a more practical and far more fruitful sense of what is really wrong; and connected therewith there are wise and well-directed efforts to rectify and to supply. Now will begin the work of serious and high reformation. There will be the purification of motive, the elevation of aim, the exercise of deeper self-denial, the breathing of intense loves, and a common consciousness through the house that higher elements of life are at work, and that all possible endeavours are *worthily* expended with a view to the realisation of the common end. Now we say that religion is the only principle of harmony in the endeavour after this highest and best home life. Not only does it begin it by supplying the missing element which unites and quickens all the rest; but it conducts its progress as a regulative force; bending, drawing, moulding, transforming, guarding, guiding everything, with the view of advancement from the first perfection of the ideal to the higher and satisfying perfection of the real. Will the reader observe exactly what it is we are saying here? We say that religion is a perfect principle of harmony for the Christian home; but this is not to say that the principle bears all its proper fruits, and that every such home is a scene of unbroken harmony. That will come only when the families of the wise and good shall be gathered into one, and the house with many mansions shall be the home. If we should draw an Elysian picture of peacefulness, and say, "Behold the description of what you will find in every house where true religion is!" you would only smile, or sigh; and the world (not sighing) would smile its smile of dark incredulity, or merry scorn; for both Church and world would know quite well that the picture was not a copy of anything the painter had often, or perhaps ever seen. Some Christian homes, indeed, are very peaceful; and one enters them with the same kind of soothed and comforted feeling with which a traveller, after a toilsome walk over the breezy hills, comes down on a little placid lake, hardly ruffled by the breeze, and fringed with freshest green. Others, again, are more troubled. But we must not hastily conclude that the uniformly placid house is really farther advanced in the harmonies of Christian living, than some others which are less serene. It may be so; but it may also be quite the reverse. Sometimes the jarrings are brought out just by the endeavours after the higher harmonies. The falls are incurred in the attempts to climb. Failures are the more apparent, if the efforts are high. A visible and constant serenity in a family is a beautiful thing (and no one will regard these remarks as intended to apologise for evil tempers, or to palliate any selfish, wilful ways by which the general peace of a household is interrupted), a very beautiful thing; but it may be quite as largely

the result of circumstances as the fruit of grace. A family may be placid by temperament, or from easy circumstances, or from good health, or from want of any high ambition, intellectual or other. A simple devoutness is all that is proposed, and it is attained amid the shining of a quiet beauty from day to day. Another family (that over the way) may be hinted at as not quite so well regulated, as much behind in the graces and harmonies of the religious life. And yet there is a deeper and more felt application of the regulating and harmonising powers of divine grace in this case than in the former. Then "why," you ask, "the occasional strain? Why those shadows flitting amid the sunshine? Why the hasty word—the clouded brow—the thoughtless demand from one—the sigh of disappointment from another?" These things may be, because in this family there is really much more to be regulated. There is more intellect to be used, more will to be directed, more passion to be subdued, stronger conflicts with outward circumstances, greater variety in temperament, and, withal, a much higher ideal towards which they are all, more or less consciously, working their way through these occurring and incidental imperfections. An outside judgment, in such a case, is almost sure to be wrong. How much the harmonising power of piety is felt and yielded to, can be ascertained only by an estimate so careful and considerate, that no one out of the house can make it. A stranger happening to come into a certain house in Bethany, just at the moment when Martha—overburdened with her cares, grieved and almost angry with her sister Mary—said, "Lord, dost thou not care that my sister hath left me to serve alone? bid her, therefore, that she help me," would not have had a very favourable idea of the peacefulness of that house. And yet are we not right in thinking of it as probably, at that time, the very happiest home in the world? The members of that family were not all formed after one type. Busy Martha must be working. Thoughtful Mary must be listening. Lazarus must live in his own way—not in the ways of his sisters, exactly. Yet they could all live together lovingly in *His* presence, who beautified and refreshed their home by every visit He made to it, and struck chords of harmony in their home life, which their own unskillful fingers could never have touched. So it often is still. We have no wish to deny the existence of these occasional jarrings and discords, in the pursuit of the fuller harmony. Indeed, we must see that even where that harmony is largely obtained and enjoyed, there are still breaks in the strain, pauses in the progress, and flashes of escaping fire, it may be, at the very time when a deeper spiritual affinity is reached and realised by these struggling souls. We really can have no interest, as Christians, in looking at this matter, nor in representing it to others, in any light but one severely true. "Hush! hush!" say some. "Do not speak or write of the imperfections in the families of the good. They are very sad. You cannot say that they have no existence, but seem as if they had none. Draw pictures of Paradise regained, and put them forth to the people!" But does any one suppose that keen-eyed and thoughtful people of the world are for a moment deluded by such seeming? No, no. Good can never come of a thoughtless charity. The families of Israel are not perfect; but they are in *sight* of perfection. They are in *pursuit* of perfection. They are *attaining* it by degrees, and the blessing which adds no sorrow is wonderfully helping their endeavours, and preparing harvest fulness of success and joy, with which to crown them in a better world than this.

Now, in virtue of such a state of things, such experiences and such hopes, may we not well suppose A Father—head of one of "the homes of the people," holding colloquy with an objector who is anxious to reduce all homes and all characters to one common level, and who, with that view, has been looking into the good man's house with the eye of the critic, and pointing at certain things with the finger of the censor? May we not suppose the good man meeting him with open face, and holding fair and free discourse with him in some such fashion as this? "Come and let us reason together on this matter. We think, we believe, that through the coming of this divine thing, religion, into our house, we have now a completeness in our idea which we never had before. We at least know now what we ought to be, and to live for, as individuals, and as one of 'the families of Israel.' We also believe that we are conscious

of a great power of help and harmony coming to us through all our endeavours to live a life of spiritual obedience to God. You have been looking at some of the little troubles on the surface; but there are depths of conscious peace which only we have sounded. None but ourselves can know how much of new moral power, and love, and sweet refreshment 'the glorious Gospel of the blessed God' has brought into our house — what thrillings of higher sympathy it has awakened, and what secret seekings of heart to heart, and what unity of purpose in regard to life's highest aims, and what tenderness and brightness in our common hope. And those imperfections of which you speak, and which we ourselves sorely lament—we believe we are getting away from them by degrees. They drop from us as we look up, and travel on together towards the 'large and wealthy place!' — And now about yourself. What is your ideal, and your endeavour? Are you doing any better? Have you got a nobler fulfilment of the natural aspirations and questionings of the heart? a better plan of life, and more success in pursuing it, than has chanced to me and mine? For the sake of all the great interests at stake—both yours and mine—I think you ought to tell me truly how these things are. For either you or me to scoff or sneer, can be nothing to the point. We are brethren in calamity—sinners and sufferers together; and if you and yours, without religion, are really better than I and mine with it, then you ought to pity and help us, by showing us carefully the more excellent way!"

If we do not here introduce any answer to such discourse, it is simply because we believe that no answer of any force for the unchristian cause can be given. We believe, and are sure, that when the whole case is brought out to view, or as much into view as is possible, it will still be found that the truest, closest, dearest, deepest harmonies in all the social life of man are sounding *only* in the Christian home; and that those imperfections of which some make so much, and of which no one ought to make too little, are, after all, but like the flitting shadows of a sunny day, but like the chafing of the stream as it rushes against the rocky barrier on its passage to the peaceful plains which it will fertilise, or to the depths of ocean where it will rest.

We have tried to write in fairness and moderation—in the spirit of that holy truth which we seek to spread. And if what we have claimed in this article as the function and effect of religion in the house be properly and truly claimed, then we are justified in saying that a fuller blessing for England could hardly be imagined than "the advancement of religion in the homes of the people." From homes so purified and refreshed must come forth men and women organically capacitated for life's highest duties, and for standing well in all its relations. If "the nurture" of the house is in any measure complete, we need not fear for the subsequent safety of those so trained. The battle of more open life will be sure to go well. The principles inculcated on Christian youth as they "sit in the house" in life's early morn, are the identical principles which will guide and strengthen them as they "walk by the way" through its busier scenes, and under its weightier responsibilities. They are inculcated and adopted for all places, all relations, all weathers, all worlds. The wisdom, the righteousness, the love, which make a little heaven of the home, will make a larger heaven of the Church, and will kindle such a light on the face of the nation as will be seen to the ends of the earth. Some of the most perplexing of our social problems would be thus resolved at once. Crime would rapidly diminish; education would be easy; amusements would be safe; the day of rest would be a day of gladness; our institutions would be strong; grace would flow from the nation's lips, and "glory would dwell in our land."

CONTROVERSY.

THE "short method" with the deist and the infidel, which was so popular in the last century, was not attended with any brilliant success. The believers and the unbelievers were divided decisively into two hostile camps; and the battle was so waged that it became almost a matter of soldierly honour on either side to stand by the colours to the last. We may safely say, that the cause of Him who came "to bear witness to the truth" suffers grievous wrong, when error is so dealt with as to rouse in its champions anything like a sense of manly obligation to stick to what is so abused and despised. The battle was fought sternly on both sides; but the growing allegiance of men's hearts to the truth in England, is due, under God's grace, less to the victories of disputant theologians than to the patient, faithful, laborious work of those lovers of the truth who could demonstrate it to be a power by the witness of their works and lives. We live now in a wiser, though perhaps a sadder age. There is a larger disposition among the men of most assured belief to consider with compassion the difficulties, social and moral, out of which much of the disbelief arises in every age. This is a blessed change, and promises the most blessed results. They henceforth will win the noblest name among the defenders of the faith who are able most largely, not to

convict, but to help the unbelief of their fellow-men. Conviction is, on the whole, tolerably easy work. Help costs much more. The one ministers to pride and sense of power, the other humbles our pride and reveals our weakness, while it casts us on the help of Him through whom alone can any true benefaction come to a human heart, or to the great human world. And it is God's method with all of us. He convinces of sin that he may deliver from it; his law is but the agent of his grace; to help men to believe is a Godlike effort. The incarnation is God's great help against the unbelief which was everywhere crushing the pagan heart. Man could not believe in, and could not know, the Father. The Father sent the Son to declare Him, and not to say only, but to show that he was a Father reconciling the world unto himself, helping it out of its dark captivity into the light and the liberty of his home. We say again, that to help the unbelief of our fellow-men is a Godlike work. But he who will address himself to it, must prepare himself to search, earnestly and lovingly, into the root of their difficulties—must go down with them into the depths out of which they spring—must be able to believe that men who seek no other guide than human reason may be full of doubt and difficulty, even when striving resolutely after clearer intelligence about God and his ways; and must, further, be sure that very much of the malignant bitterness with which the unbeliever so often assails what are dearer to us than dear life, the foundations of belief, is due to our unsympathetic and arrogant methods in controversy with him. These are the feelings and convictions with which those who would be helpful in this way to their fellow-men must charge themselves, that they may, like Christ, and by Christ's help, become helpers of their unbelief.

We are not without an ambition to have a share in this great enterprise. We are sending forth this Journal in the hope that it may be found everywhere a welcome visitor in the homes of those to whose doubts, difficulties, ignorance, sorrows, and sins, we would willingly bring help in the name of God. And we pray them to believe from the first, that we have no venomous shaft in our QUIVER, which, while it pierces what we hold to be error, might leave a rankling wound to fester in their hearts. We do not want only, or chiefly, to demonstrate that they are wrong, but rather to help them to the right. Truth, and not argument, will finally cast out error; and that heart alone is fortified which is occupied with the Divine love. We would speak humbly and lovingly, as those who believe that they have found a foundation—who have a Rock to rest upon—and who, seeing multitudes around them struggling, choking, in the quagmire of doubt and despondency, stretch forth a hand in sympathy and love, to lift them, if they will take it, to our side. We hope that these sheets will find their way extensively to the poor man's home, and we would ever bear in mind the many struggles and sufferings which oppress him there. No man should dare to write a word in this direction, to denounce an error, or to chastise a sin, without reminding himself how many an error, how many a vice, gets rooted in a young mind and heart, amid scenes and influences from which, in God's goodness, multitudes of us are kept free. There are sights and sounds around myriads born in the bosom of this Christian land, which, from their earliest years, root in them a deep antipathy to all which to us is honoured as a father's blessing, and dear as a mother's love. They are literally nursed in hate to God's word and ordinances; the only litany they ever hear, an imprecation; the only benediction that ever falls on them, a curse; while all the stress of their daily associations tends to widen and deepen the schism between them and the truth as it is in Jesus. Doubt is cherished and petted as the badge of independence; and abuse of all that men revere and love is considered a sign of a certain elevation and manliness of nature. The tares are so thickly sown, that the wheat is choked in the seed-leaf, and a harvest-springs and ripens, which, if it is heaven's sorrow, is our burning shame. How hard is it for multitudes of the men and women whom our missionaries meet with, to attach any clear meaning to what they are talking about when they speak of Jesus, redemption, and heaven! There is an amount of gross, dense ignorance, about the nature of spiritual things, and the meaning of spiritual terms, which is a great dark blot on the glory of a Christian nation, and out of this dense moral darkness, and the habits it associates with itself, unbelief, formal and aggressive, is ever rising up to assail us. It becomes us, therefore, to study closely these social and moral conditions which lend such malignant bitterness to the assault of the enemies of the faith, that a touch of compassion may tremble through the tones of our argument, and reach the unbeliever, not through his ear only, but through his heart. And this method is the reverse of indifferentism. He was THE TRUTH who dealt most tenderly with the errors and unbeliefs of men. A sympathetic consideration of the difficulties which beset both mind and heart in quest of truth, in such a world as this, would be well-nigh as mischievous as its opposite, if it were to lead to any lowering of our estimate of the truth which is able to satisfy and edify a human soul. It is bread man wants—the living bread—the bread of God: he who

seeks to pass on him a substitute, offers to him the most deadly wrong. A little knowledge, a little natural religion, a little philosophic insight into things around, are excellent gifts; but they are none of them the true bread for which man is pining; they are but the condiments, while the substantial food is omitted at the feast. The only food which can satisfy the craving soul of man is the bread which came down from heaven. "Except ye eat the flesh of the Son of Man, and drink his blood," said the Saviour, "ye have no life in you." A saying incomprehensible to the Jew and the infidel, but rich in meaning and in comfort to the humble believer.

A sceptic may parade a hundred flimsy and threadbare arguments against Christianity, or ask a string of empty questions about difficulties in the Word of God, without touching on any point about which he seriously cares—without opening any subject which can bring real help to his understanding or to his heart. To give such a man an answer which simply silences but cannot satisfy, or to fling at him a sarcasm which will cut his pride to the quick, is to offer the stone or the scorpion, of which the Saviour speaks, instead of the living bread—the bread which nourishes our own lives and hearts. Deep down in the nature of that doubter—that disputer against the truth of God—there is that need of God's truth, of God himself, which, if it be fairly addressed, will give back an echo. The man does not find his own sophisms—his own secular theories—satisfy his heart. There is a witness there for God, and full reliance may be placed upon an appeal to it, if mind can be brought into direct contact with mind, spirit with spirit, heart with heart. This is the region of man's nature which the controversialist ignores, and in which lie all his most mighty motive powers. Controversy seems to keep all its noblest things in reserve—in the rear. It fights the battle with skirmishers, and will win with them if it can. These may be the true tactics of the battles of earth, but not of heaven. The best which we have, the most spiritual and heavenly truth we know, is what men ask from us; and till we have met with this—the man whom we are seeking to convert from the error of his ways—we are fighting the air; our arguments build nothing up, and our blows cut nothing down.

It is not always a wise method to pin an opponent to the conclusions which may belong, logically, to his premises. It may be a very fair and wise way of leading a cultivated intellect to question the truth of its positions, if they can be shown logically to involve contradictions or absurdities. But an uncultivated mind, whose beliefs are more, perhaps, matter of prejudice than reason, is very apt, when pressed in this way, to say, "Very well, then, I take the conclusions too." Many an unbeliever has been driven into deeper depths of unbelief by the pitiless logic of his opponent; and in dealing with the unbeliefs which are prevalent in what are called the lower spheres of society, it is of inestimable importance that this should be borne in mind. Charity is the one dress of truth, in which all men recognise and welcome her; and we have already intimated that charity, in this connection, by no means implies a compromise with error. The Christian must declare the whole counsel of God, and he cannot, if he would, give up one tithe of those priceless truths on which his best hopes are built. Paul, that eminent controversialist, left us the best rule of controversy when he said, "I determined to know nothing among you, save Jesus Christ, and him crucified." The best method of attacking error, as of every other form of ungodliness, is to preach the Gospel.

L A W.

LET US understand the meaning of this superb and majestic word LAW.

"Law," says Mr. Justice Blackstone, "in its most general and comprehensive sense, signifies rule in action, and is applied to all kinds of action, whether animate or inanimate, rational or irrational;" thus we say the laws of motion, of gravitation, of optics, or mechanics, as well as the law of nature and of nations. Thus when the Supreme Being formed the universe, and created matter out of nothing, he impressed certain principles upon that matter from which it can never depart, and without which it would cease to be. When he put that matter into motion he established certain laws of motion to which all movable bodies must conform. If we advance from inactive matter to vegetable life, we shall find them still governed by laws, more numerous indeed, but equally fixed and invariable. This then is the general significance of law—**A RULE OF ACTION DICTATED BY SOME SUPERIOR BEING.**

A CHEMICAL LAW.

The law which determines the manner in which atoms shall combine with each other is worthy of notice. For instance, water is composed of oxygen and hydrogen, and there are always eight times the weight of oxygen to one of hydrogen; and the oxygen and the hydrogen will not combine in any other proportions. But when oxygen and sulphur unite to form hydrosulphuric acid,

then 8 parts of oxygen require 16 parts of sulphur, or they will not unite. But if sulphur and hydrogen unite, it takes 16 parts of sulphur to combine with one of hydrogen. So 14 grains of nitrogen will unite with 8, or 16, or 24, or 32, or 40 grains of oxygen, but in no other proportions. One grain of hydrogen will not unite with 9, or with 7 grains of oxygen, but only with eight. These are the laws of chemical combinations; but in mechanical admixtures you may mingle bodies together in almost any proportion you please, as a pound of sugar, or of salt, with a gallon, or with a hog's head of water. Will a wise man say that this chemical law is the work of chance?

A CURIOUS BOTANICAL LAW.

"Did you ever observe," asks an American naturalist, "the wonderful arrangement of the leaves of trees, by which their attachment to different sides of the tree can be expressed arithmetically? Thus, if you mark the point at which one leaf starts out from the trunk or branch of certain kinds of trees, you will see that the next leaf above it is exactly on the opposite side; so that the third one is over the first, the fourth over the second, and so on; each two leaves being equal to one twine round the tree as you ascend. And here another most curious fact is observed, that these several numbers form an ascending series, in which the denominator of the preceding fraction is the numerator of the succeeding one; and the denominator of the succeeding one is the sum of the two preceding denominators: thus, starting with $\frac{1}{1}$ and $\frac{1}{2}$, we then have $\frac{2}{3}$, $\frac{3}{5}$, $\frac{5}{8}$, $\frac{8}{13}$, and so on. Here the denominator of the $\frac{2}{3}$ is the numerator of the $\frac{3}{5}$, and the denominator of the $\frac{3}{5}$ is the numerator of the $\frac{5}{8}$. Thus, the succeeding denominator is equal to the sum of the two preceding denominators—as, for example, $\frac{1}{1}$, $\frac{1}{2}$, $\frac{2}{3}$; $2 + 3 = 5$; $\frac{2}{3}$, $\frac{3}{5}$; $3 + 5 = 8$; $\frac{3}{5}$, $\frac{5}{8}$; $5 + 8 = 13$; $\frac{5}{8}$, $\frac{8}{13}$; $8 + 13 = 21$.

"This exemplifies a law in botany. It applies to the rose-bud, the oak-leaf, the pine-cone; and though we can conceive of other methods of arranging the leaves on plants and trees, yet such other methods are nowhere to be found in nature."

THE LAW OF FLUIDS.

"It is the law of fluids that they shall contract, or be reduced in bulk, as they grow cold. A gallon of water becomes less and less in size as it grows colder, until just before it reaches the temperature of 32 degrees—in other words, the freezing point—when it suddenly expands. It expands just at the moment when it is to be turned into ice. Now, this sudden expansion is not a violation of the law of contraction, but it is a new law applicable to a new state of facts, and established for the wisest of purposes.

"Thus, when water is above the temperature of 32 degrees, the law of fluids applies to it; but when it sinks to 32°, then the law of congelation applies to it."

Can any truly philosophic mind examine facts like these, and not admit that the laws of Nature, as they are called, have indeed been dictated by a SUPERIOR BEING?

WHAT DIOGENES CAN DO WITHOUT.

THERE is a well-known story told that when upon some occasion Diogenes, the cynic, was invited to dine at the table of some great and princely personage, he went; but, after sitting some time at the table, he looked upon his right, then upon his left hand, and before him, and over the whole table; and then he rose from his place, and exclaiming, "What a number of things there are in the world Diogenes can do without!" he walked away from the entertainment. Perhaps the action was not to be commended on the score of good behaviour or grace. The actor and speaker was not a man who regarded much the ways of courts or courtiers; but, without imitating his courtesy, millions of people might copy his action, and society would gain greatly, and health would gain, and wealth would be gained, if they said at many a dining table, and in many a bar-parlour and commercial room, "What a number of things there are in the world Diogenes can do without!" It perhaps is not too much to say that the largest part of all the miseries beneath which society at present groans arises from every man and woman attempting to work the problem, "How much can we do with?" And it soon appears that the appetite is quite infinite in that direction; in some directions, indeed, it seems all-important to our social welfare that we put an inexorable barrier upon the supply and the demand. Not stopping just now to inquire whether a man can do without a long list of things we have catalogued, and which we have assuredly learned to dispense with ourselves, what does the reader think of public-houses, and shades, and wine vaults; and, in fact, what does he think of beers and ales, and wines and spirits? Can Diogenes do without these?

There is that blazing gin-palace at the foot of the street, always full, crowded in the day with men and women, ragged and slatternly, and at night noisy, but brilliant with ornament, and light, and splendour. Is it very necessary to the neighbourhood? I perceive Mr. Swindledash, the landlord, is getting very wealthy, but his customers are getting very poor. Is that interesting sign of "The Beggar's Arms"

very beautiful, as it is certainly attractive to the neighbourhood? Is it, too, one of our great national institutions? Is it impossible to give it up? Is it one of the things Diogenes cannot do without?

Sometimes I stay in a pleasant little village, for which Nature has done much in the way of wood and water, earth and sky, and for which man has done much, too, in putting up and licensing the well-known village inn, with its creaking old signboard, "The Weasel." I do not know how my poor neighbours manage to find the pennies to spend there, for money with all of them is very hard to be come at; but I suppose they get it, or else "The Weasel" would not be able to get them. There are strange doings inside that "Weasel," and none of them, that I ever heard of, very creditable. If "The Beggar's Arms" in the city is a national institution, why, "The Weasel" is certainly our principal village institution. I cannot but wonder if it is one of the things Diogenes could do without.

What a terrible thought it is that now, and for many years past, our nation has been upon the verge of ruin by its intemperance: this is the true east wind which blights all its prospects. But it is idle to generalise. All generalisation is idle. Sums total never touch the conscience; and all the homiletics about Bedlams, gaols, and workhouses, are delivered in vain. But when the preacher, policeman-like, lays a hand, perhaps rather rough, on the shoulder, and says, "Thou art the man! Look at this; thou hast thrown thy year's rent into the sea; thou hast lost this opportunity of a rise in life; thou hast thrown away the good-will and the stock of that shop! There is a great stagnant lake forming—a vast mangrove swamp, with detestable reptile creations in it; it is rotting away all life around it, and poisoning the air of the heavens above it, and thou art voluntarily, cheerfully a part of it; thou art doing thy share towards the general unthrift, idleness, even pauperism—that fearful national mangrove swamp—which threatens to destroy us as a nation!"—the parable becomes more particular and pertinent in its application. In the midst of reflections, and responsibilities, and prospects like these, Diogenes must become strong-minded—nay, perhaps he must even be less attentive to courtesy than at other times he could wish. Diogenes remembers that he needs to keep his senses clear and unclouded, lest he should be borne thither too; he remembers the benumbing, the torpor, the moral influence of those things on which he looks. He rightly conceives the danger; he determines that he will not be absorbed; his wealth, his health, his honour and reputation, shall not go to swell by the great region of ruin and wretchedness, the stagnant lake of cheerless poverty and shame; and he wisely determines that the things which cause such woes are the *things Diogenes shall do without*.

Perhaps you tell me Diogenes was a surly, disagreeable fellow, very uncomfortable and unsociable; you tell me further that you are persuaded he would never have stood treat to a pot of porter, or have charged for healths in glasses round. I think it very likely you are right. I think it very likely, looking at a pot of porter, Diogenes would have said—"Why, that spent every day will be a farm in a life-time; it will be a newspaper a day—a book a week; it will be the price of a coat a year and more; it will be, rightly managed, passage-money to New Zealand. A glass of wine! why, that repeated every day, that will be a life insurance; that will be the price of Tom's education; it will be just the price of his articles; it will do a thousand things. Why should I throw my money away in this unnatural excitement? Why should I buy wood and put it in my parlour grate and set fire to it in summer time, just for the pleasure of seeing it burn? It shall not be! This is one of the *things Diogenes can do without*."

And it is frivolous to say that Diogenes ought to be sufficiently strong-minded to be able to look over such trifles, and to conform, in fact, to them. It is not trifling, whatever may be the physiological influence of a grain of arsenic, or a grain of opium, or a glass of wine; habit, at any rate, is not trifling—especially the habit which craves for more, the appetite which cries "Give, give!"—these are not trifling. If there was any danger of Diogenes becoming drunk, he was very wise in starting up at once and determining to do without. So long as danger exists, caution is wisdom; and the greater the danger, so much wiser is the extreme of caution. The Christian who, believing that practices of diet become principles of morals, and that eating or drinking, even, are to be engaged in for the glory of God, has translated for him into the grace and beauty of his religion the ascetic and cynical churl of Athens, and he reflects that, inasmuch as danger is here, "*these are the things Diogenes can do BETTER without*."

OLD AND BLIND.

I AM old and blind!
Men point at me as smitten with God's frown;
Afflicted and deserted of my kind;
Yet I am not cast down.

I am weak, yet strong;
I murmur not that I no longer see;
Poor, old, and helpless, I the more belong,
Father Supreme, to Thee.

O merciful one!
When men are farthest, then Thou art most near;
When friends pass by, my weakness shun,
Thy chariot I hear.

Thy glorious face
Is leaning toward me; and its holy light
Shines upon my lonely dwelling-place,
And there is no more night.

On my bended knee
I recognise Thy purpose, clearly shown;
My vision Thou hast dimm'd that I may see
Thyself—thyself alone.

I have sought to fear;
This darkness is the shadow of Thy wing;
Beneath it I am almost sacred; here
Can come no evil thing.

Oh! I seem to stand
Trembling, where foot of mortal ne'er hath been,
Wrapp'd in the radiance of thy sinless land,
Which eye hath never seen.

Visions come and go;
Shapes of resplendent beauty round me throng;
From angel lips I seem to hear the flow
Of soft and holy song.

It is nothing now,
When heaven is opening to my sightless eyes—
When airs from Paradise refresh my brow,
The earth in darkness lies.

In a purer clime
My being fills with rapture—waves of thought
Roll in upon my spirit—strains sublime
Break over me unsought.

Give me now my lyre!
I feel the stirrings of a gift divine,
Within my bosom glows unearthly fire,
Lit by no skill of mine.

Youths' Department.

TELL THE TRUTH.—II.

"WELL, friend Walter, what is the order of the day?"
“If agreeable to you, father, we are going, after the morning's work is over, to have a ramble.”

“A ramble, indeed; and pray, Mr. Walter, to what place are you good people bending your steps?”

“I do not know.”

“How do you get back?”

“I cannot tell.”

“When do you return?”

“I am unable to say, sir.”

“Then I am able to say this for you—if ignorance adds to enjoyment, you must be in a very joyful state. But as your worthy mother does not want to insert an advertisement for the recovery of her lost sheep, I think the more prudent course will be for me to be one of the ramblers with you.”

“That's just what we were going to ask, papa!”

“Well, good folks, as people will get hungry, and as Nature abhors a vacuum, we must settle the commissariat department: there must be a basket for the wanderers straying, and a dinner for the wanderers returned. Will it be convenient, mamma, for us vagrants to dine at seven to-day?”

“Quite, if you desire it.”

“Then be it so. We are to pick up the best appetite we can for seven o'clock. Well, affairs are marvellously balanced in this world. Multitudes pick up an appetite who cannot find the dinner, and vast numbers find a dinner who never can pick up an appetite. We will be ready for you.”

“Papa,” cried Willie, “as we yesterday dined at four, and to-day perform the same duty at seven, our dinner becomes what the almanack calls a 'movable feast.' Walter, only think we are going to do what people did years ago, 'get our bread by a sliding scale.'”

“No, no, Willie; as it's settled to be at seven, if you please, it is a fixed duty.”

“Yes,” exclaimed Minnie, “and something more may be said; for we are going to show our regard for literature.”

“In what way, young lady?”

“Our sayings and our doings will show that we have a partiality for 'the Idler,' 'the Tatler,' and 'the Rambler,' and we always have an affection for 'the Guardian.'”

“Bravo! Well said, Bright eyes.”

“So much for the pleasure part of the day; but duty comes before pleasure, or rather, they travel together; for, as a sensible sailor expresses it, 'the pleasures of life will always be found to lie close alongside of her duties.' What is the subject for this morning, Maude?”

“We are still to be in excellent society, papa; our subject yesterday was unfinished, therefore to-day we go on with truth.”

“Not to-day only, but through life, my child. Let us ask mamma to give us her sentiments on this subject.”

“I was thinking of a case that occurred in French history, which displays

A NOBLE REGARD FOR TRUTH.

In the time of Edward the Third of England, the King of France—who, by-the-by, is called by some persons John the First, and by others John the Second—

“This arose, my dear, from John the First only living eight days.”

This King John stipulated to pay one million and a half of money for his ransom, and his sons were hostages in England for the payment of the money. One of them, namely, the Duke of Anjou, broke his parole and returned to France. John, his father, well styled John the Good, regarded this act on the part of his son as a breach of faith and a violation of truth. King John therefore came to England, and voluntarily became a prisoner in his son's place, saying, “I am constrained to do it by my word.” On his arrival in England, Edward assigned him the palace of John of Gaunt, in the Strand, commonly called the Savoy, and here King John died, a prisoner in a foreign land, on account of his adherence to truth.

"I remember well the anecdote you have kindly told us, and I wish the writers of history would imitate John the Good, and respect the truth. Take that one case as an example: one writer calls him John the First, another John the Second; a third assigns one reason for the king's return, and a fourth a different reason. Writers differ as to the place where the treaty was made, and as to the place of his decease—one naming the Tower, and another fixing upon the Savoy. Historians also differ in dates—one fixes upon 1363 as the year of King John's death, another prefers 1364, and a third settles it at 1364.

"Dates in early times, like spelling, appear to have been in sad confusion. As regards spelling, Queen Elizabeth is said to have spelt her own name in four different ways, on the same sheet of paper. The most remarkable instance of variety occurs in the ancient family of 'the Mainwarsings.' A writer assures us that this name is found in the old records of the family spelt in sixteen different ways. In the absence of rules, spelling appears to have been regulated by sound, and consequently was uncertain and perplexing.

"Now, Walter, we must not lose sight of our subject; what remarks do you offer?"

"I wish we had in England the French custom of saying, 'Mr. So-and-so is not visible,' when it was inconvenient to receive visitors, in place of our English mode of saying, 'Mr. So-and-so is not at home.'"

A lady was sadly rebuked by her servant in a case of this kind. A visitor called, and the lady being engaged, desired her servant to say that she was not at home. The servant obeyed, and, being a Roman Catholic, she afterwards said to her lady mistress, "Pray, ma'am, when I go to my priest on Sunday, shall I confess that lie as yours, ma'am, or as mine?"

"It were to be wished," said the mother, "that no such denial prevailed; yet if you desire your servant to say you are engaged, two out of every three persons who come to your door, in place of appreciating your adherence to truth, go away with their pride wounded, and are offended that you, although busy, were not at home to them."

"In cases like these, the wise rule must prevail—'Take not too low a standard for your morality.' If we please God by truth, we can afford to pay the penalty the world may assign."

"Do you remember, sir, that Dr. Johnson enumerates among the evils of war the violation of truth?"

"Yes; in the 'Idler' he says, 'Among the calamities of war may be justly numbered the diminution of truth, by the falsehoods which interest dictates and credulity encourages.'"

"Talking of truth, father, I think the spirit as well as the letter ought to be preserved, for it is possible to be guilty of a falsehood while uttering the truth."

"Willie, I cannot see how that can be; I don't understand you."

"I am sorry for it, Minnie, but I am not required to find you understanding."

"Very true, my son, you certainly are not expected to supply any one with understanding, and we are too considerate to ask for knee-buckles from a Highland gentleman, or to expect our neighbour to supply us with water when the poor man has barely sufficient for his own use."

"Do you not know that the rules of good breeding should never be violated, and that politeness is no other than kindness in little things? If you are discussing a subject with any one, and cannot come to the same conclusion, then good sense says, you must 'agree to differ.' If you happen to be superior in abilities to your opponent, you can afford some indulgence; and if you happen to be inferior, then it ill becomes you to be hasty. A sentence uttered in a hasty moment may inflict months, nay, years of pain."

"I meant no harm when I said it."

"I think so too, my dear boy, and therefore you shall have the benefit of the Irish verdict, 'Not guilty, but better not do it again.' In chess, I should say, my dear Willie, that was a false move."

"I think it was, papa, for I got checked directly; so, if you please, I will take back my move, and try and play the game better."

"That's the proper course, Willie; never be ashamed to say, 'I have made a mistake,' when your conscience tells you that you are in the wrong. Now go on with your illustrations."

At this moment the father was called out of the room, and Willie, rushing to Walter, cried out, "O Walter, did I not get pummelled for that unlucky speech of mine? Doesn't that precious dear old daddy of ours pounce upon poor fellow, if he happens to make a slip?" Well, I know it's as it should be, and papa is right after all. So I shall mend my manners, and turn member of parliament, and make a speech. Then, turning to Minnie, and making a grave bow, "I beg to say I meant no offence, and I withdraw the expression as inapplicable, assuring the honourable member that I am duly sensible of my own very moderate understanding, and that I cherish a very high degree of personal esteem for the honourable member, and a feeling of admiration for the honourable member's powers of comprehension. Hurrah! After that glorious speech, I think I ought to be returned in my next election, without opposition. But Maude, you forgot to cry, 'Hear, hear!'"

"Did I, Mr. Orator? I admire the young member's speech, notwithstanding; but I hope your eloquence is at an end, for here comes papa."

"Willie, now for your paradox, that a man may speak the truth, and yet violate the spirit."

"I read of some men who swore to their prince never to shed a drop of his blood; yet, when this same prince incurred their displeasure, the men would not, because of their oath, shed his blood, but they smothered him in a vessel filled with the dust of ashes."

Maude, turning to her father, said, "How many kinds of TRUTH are there?"

"I suppose there are three—Natural Truth; Moral Truth; Evangelical Truth."

"Natural Truth refers to the works of Nature."

"Evangelical Truth is another word for the Gospel."

"Moral Truth is that which we are trying to illustrate."

"Truth in every form is ever to be prized. We ought to be sincere in seeking it; eager to maintain it; ever to delight in it; and faithfully to obey it. We must remember that speech was bestowed on us to lead to knowledge, and not to deceive—to make known our thoughts, and not to conceal them."

Dr. Johnson had so great a veneration for truth, that his friends used to say, "He always speaks as if he were upon oath;" and he has furnished us with a pleasing example of an adherence to truth in one of his sketches. "I do not tell you," said the honest fruit-woman, "that the cabbage is good; but I tell you it is worth the threepence I ask."

"To some men, truth possesses no charms: her claims are forgotten; and if they ever utter truth, it would appear to be the result of accident."

"A reckless mode of speech leads sometimes to a fearful inattention to truth."

"A traveller returning from Florida, wishing us to understand that alligators were not rare animals, and frogs were by no means scarce in that country, declared that 'the frogs were forty bushels to the acre; and as to alligators, there were enough to make a fence for the whole estate.'

"A gentleman of recent times was enlarging upon the good qualities of a favourite greyhound. His friend, after listening to the many virtues of the animal, asked, 'Is he swift?' 'Swift!' was the reply; 'swift! Now what I am going to tell you is a fact—there is no romance about it. You ask me, is he swift? Now, listen to me. I assure you that a *flash of lightning is nothing to him!*'"

"I presume," said Walter, "if any one were to charge this *flash of lightning* orator with falsehood, he would defend himself as being a vivid speaker."

"This rash mode of speaking," said the mother, "is by no means rare. We had once a man-servant who adopted this enlarged style of speech. 'Patrick, did you drive out that strange cat?' 'I did, ma'am.' 'Was it not very large?' 'Large, ma'am! I never saw such a brute in my born days. 'Pon my honour, ma'am, it was as big as a calf!'

"Happily, other men are less fertile in their imaginations, and adhere closer to facts."

THE MATTER OF FACT SEAMAN.

A shipwrecked sailor was giving an account to a lady of a terrible storm, in which his vessel was lost. After detailing the horrors of the scene, and his own escape, the sympathising lady, full of sorrow at the sad recital, exclaimed, "My poor man, how did you feel at that dreadful moment?" "Wet, ma'am—very wet," was the reply.

"I remember," said Walter, "hearing of a laughable mode by which truth was observed."

THE PROMISE KEPT.

A man-of-war coming into harbour, the sailors were allowed to go on shore, but some of them roving too far and carousing too freely, they were permitted the second time to go only upon the promise not to pass a certain milestone. There happened to be a public-house, a favourite resort of sailors, about three quarters of a mile beyond the prescribed distance, and at this spot they assembled. As ill fortune would have it, the admiral drove by, and, hearing the voices of his men, stopped and entered the house, and in anger accused the sailors for breaking their promise not to pass the mile-stone. "No, your honour," was the reply; "it's all right; we have kept our promise. Just please, your honour, to step this way." The admiral did so, and saw that the men, to get at the public-house, and yet to keep to the promise not to pass the mile-stone, had actually taken up the mile-stone and carried it with them, and had deposited it a few yards beyond the house.

Maude remarked, "Men have been sometimes accused of want of truth, simply from the want of knowledge on the part of those with whom they conversed. Mungo Park, the traveller, was for years exposed to the grave charge of disregarding truth in his narrative. Time, however, has vindicated his reputation, by bringing facts to light which confirm his statements."

"We are told also that the native of a hot country visited Europe, and on his return described to his countrymen the singular fact, that he had been to a country in which the water was often perfectly white. As these men could form no conception of snow, the poor traveller lost caste among them, from his supposed disregard to truth."

"Another, who had also visited England, told his countrymen that he had seen men walking on the surface of the water. Now, it so happens, among heathen nations two feet walking on water is the emblem for something impossible. As his hearers could not comprehend the nature of ice, they solved the difficulty by believing nothing that the traveller stated, and rebuked him for his depraved conduct."

"A countryman, arriving in London when gas was first introduced in our streets, amazed at what he saw, hastened, on his return, to assure his friends and his neighbours that the streets in London were lighted by fire coming out of a post. The rustics shot their heads."

"Now, then, if you please, good people, be like sharpshooters; fire another 'round, and then we must retire. Come, Walter, give us your remark."

"I should say that truth is independent of the speaker—if what is said be true, it must be true, whoever utters it. Truth, therefore, may be compared to an arrow from a cross-bow, which has equal force, whether shot by a vigorous man or by a feeble child."

"What say you, my good mother?"

"I differ from you, for I consider that truth increases its effect from the character of the speaker. Do you not call to mind the lines

"Truth from his lips prevailed with double sway;

And fools who came to scoff remained to pray?"

Let us ask your father: what say you, papa?"

"Truth, like perfection, admits of no degrees; a thing cannot be most perfect, and truth cannot be less than truth, or more than truth. It may derive its influence from the credit yielded to the speaker."

"I remember," said Maude, "a pretty Eastern tale, which not only exhibits the power of truth, but also its beneficial results. Truth, like piety, may be said to enjoy a present blessing as well as a future reward. The simple story is quickly told, and I shall style it—

THE REWARD OF TRUTH.

Beautifully has Abd-el-Kadir impressed us with the love of truth. After stating the vision which made him entreat of his mother permission to go to Baghdad, and devote himself to God, he thus proceeds:

"I informed her of what I had seen, and she wept; then taking out forty dinars, she told me that was all my inheritance; she made me swear, when she gave it to me, *never to tell a lie*, and afterwards bade me farewell, exclaiming—

"Go, my son, I consign thee to God; we shall not meet until the day of judgment."

"I went on well, till I came near Hamandhai, when our kafillah was plundered by sixty horsemen. One fellow asked me what I had got.

"Forty dinars," said I, "are sewed under my garments."

"The fellow laughed, thinking, no doubt, I was joking."

"What have you got?" said another.

"I gave him the same answer."

"When they were dividing the spoil, I was called to an eminence where the chief stood."

"What property have you got, my little fellow?" said he.

"I have told two of your people, already, I replied; I have forty dinars sewed in my garments!"

"He ordered them to be ripped open, and found my money."

"And how came you," said he in surprise, "to declare so openly what had been so carefully concealed?"

"Because I will not be false to my mother, to whom I have promised *I never will tell a lie!*"

"Child," said the robber, "hast thou such sense of duty to thy mother, at thy years, and am I insensible, at my age, of the duty I owe to God? Give me thy hand, innocent boy," he continued, "that I may swear repentance upon it."

"He did so. His followers were all alike struck with the scene."

"You have been our leader in guilt," said they to their chief; "be the same in the path of virtue."

"And they instantly, at his order, made restitution of their spoil, and vowed repentance on his hand."

"That is beautiful," cried Minnie.

"Do you not remember the pious old man who called upon papa last year, and papa said, 'that ere long, he would exchange the silver crown of a hoary head for the golden crown of immortality?'"

"Yes, we all remember him."

"I heard him say, *in* keeping the commands, as well as *after* keeping them, there is a reward. This appears to hold good with respect to truth. I can mention an instance in which a loss for truth sake ended in gain."

THE TRUTH-SPEAKING COUNTRYMAN AND THE TRUTH-LOVING QUAKER.

A quaker, passing through a market, stopped at a stall, and inquired the price of a particular kind of fruit.

"I have some," said the honest countryman, "but they will not suit you; they are decayed, and their flavour is gone."

"Thank thee, friend; I will go to the next stand."

"Hast thou any good fruit to-day?" said he to the dealer, naming the kind required.

"Here are some of the finest, not in size, but in quality. They are, I own, small; but you will find them rich of the kind."

"Then thou canst recommend them?"

"Oh! certainly, sir."

"Very well, I will take some."

He carried them home, and they proved not only unsound, but tasteless.

The next morning the buyer of the fruit again repaired to the same place. The man who sold him the fruit the preceding day asked if he would like some more.

"Nay, friend, thou hast deceived me once, and now, although thou may speak the truth, still I cannot trust thee; but thy neighbour chose to deal uprightly with me, and from henceforth I shall be his patron. Thou wouldst do well to remember this, and learn by experience that a falsehood is a base thing in the beginning, and a very unprofitable one in the end."

"Now, Willie, what does your excellency say?"

"I am going to preach a sermon, as my portion in this discussion."

"Are you, my friend? Then let me first quote Shakespeare:

"A little more than a little is much too much!"

"Then, if you please, papa, I propose a very short sermon, with a very long application; the sermon to be delivered by me, and the application to be made by us all."

"Read the 5th chapter of the Acts; that is my sermon. Never forget the awful lesson it teaches; that is the application."

"Now, father, what is your observation?"

"Let us all, at all times, and in all places, adhere to truth; for no one can foresee the extent to which a false assertion may spread, nor the pain it may cause, nor the amount of injury and injustice it may entail. 'Lies,' saith the Chinese proverb, 'have no legs to stand upon; but they have wings, and fly a great way.' Therefore, let us all be of one mind, and let our watchword be, 'Truth for ever!'"

The Half-hour Bible Class.

II.—THE GOSPEL OF ST. LUKE.

WE are to take this our Second Lesson from one of the Four Gospels. These Gospels, you know, are the written account of the Saviour's life—the purest, the noblest, and the most active life, ever spent on earth. Here we have his discourses, his conversations, and his miracles, clearly recorded; as also the facts connected with that mysterious death which he died for us, to save us from our sins, and restore us to the favour of God. We have FOUR of these Gospels, because no one single mind could reflect or express all the features of the Saviour's life and character. Each Evangelist took up that with which he himself was most impressed. All were not affected alike. That which struck one might not strike another; but each gave his own impression; and by taking all the four together, we get a very complete and interesting life of Jesus. As we study this life, we shall find that it places before us the most exalted, the most lovely, the most perfect character, ever held up to contemplation; and it is to be hoped, that as we look upon it, we shall every day strive to become more like it. There is nothing on earth so lovely as a youth who is Christ-like in life and character;—no one whose influence is so deeply or widely felt;—no one who has it in his power to do more good, or diffuse more happiness all around him. Remember this.

Now for our lesson. Let us turn to the Gospel according to St. Luke (chap. i. 1—4), and read:—

"Forasmuch as many have taken in hand to set forth in order a declaration of those things which are most surely believed among us,

"Even as they delivered them unto us, which from the beginning were eyewitnesses, and ministers of the word;

"It seemed good to me also, having had perfect understanding of all things from the very first, to write unto thee in order, most excellent Theophilus,

"That thou mightest know the certainty of those things wherein thou hast been instructed."

Now can you say why it is that we have Four separate Gospels?

"Because no one individual mind could reflect or express all that was to be found in the life and character of Christ."

If you look at the beginning of each of these four narratives, you will see that one is called the Gospel according to St. Matthew, another the Gospel according to St. Mark; the third, according to St. Luke; and the fourth, according to St. John; now what is meant by this title?

"It means that each Evangelist writes that part of the life and character of Christ which most struck his own mind."

Then the Gospel according to St. Luke would be the same thing as saying that this narrative reveals to us how the Evangelist Luke viewed this wonderful life. Is that what you mean?

"Yes: and so it would be as regards all the other three Evangelists."

But why should these simple narratives be called GOSPELS? What is the meaning of the word Gospel?

"It means good news, or glad tidings."

Very well. Why then should these narratives be called GOSPELS, or GOOD NEWS?

"Because they record the life of Him who brought these glad tidings from heaven to earth."

Are not the facts in the life of Christ the foundation of all the truths which we are taught in the Christian Testament?

"Yes: and if Christ had not come into the world, and here lived and acted, there could not have been any such book as the Testament."

You know that Christ was the world's Great Teacher, and that when he left the world, he appointed a certain number of his followers to go into all nations, and teach his doctrines. Now, did these Apostles ever teach any doctrine, or truth, which Christ himself had not taught?

You are not quite prepared, I see, to answer that question. Now, it is a remarkable fact, that while the Apostles were sent out to teach the world, and while in their teaching they more fully unfolded the sayings and discourses of Jesus, they never uttered one single new truth. Just as all that you see, and admire, and enjoy, in the full-blown flower, was once wrapped up in a little seed; so, in the words of Jesus, as in so many seeds, were contained all that the Apostles taught or wrote.

"But did not Christ promise to give his Spirit to these Apostles, to lead them into all truth?"

He certainly did. But when it is said that the Spirit should lead them into all truth, it is not said that he would reveal to them any new or unknown truth, but only let them to perceive and understand, explain and apply the truth which Christ had taught them. If you compare the Epistles with these Four Gospels, you will find no spiritual truth in the one which is not in the other.

Having answered your question, let us now inquire a little more into the design and destination of these Four Gospels.

To whom was the Gospel according to St. Matthew addressed? Was it to Jews or Gentiles?

"To Jews; for to them was Christ first and specially sent."

Were the Jews very fond of anything that spoke to the outward sense? Was there anything for which they were always asking?

"When the Saviour spoke to them they were ever saying, 'What sign shewest thou that we may believe?'

Quite correct. Now does Matthew meet this peculiarity in the character of his countrymen? Whether does he dwell more upon the words or the works of Christ?

"More upon his works—his miracles, as things which could be seen."

Does Matthew bring out more the human nature or the Divine nature of the Saviour?

"Both; but more of his human nature."

His Gospel being addressed to Jews, he presents Christ as a worker, going about doing good, and thus always offering something to the eye—some sign for which they asked, and which, when given, did by no means lead them to embrace Christ as their Saviour. This increased their guilt. And it will add unspeakably to our sin, if, after all that we have heard and learned of this loving Redeemer, we still reject him, and obey not his Gospel.

As it regards the other three Gospels:—that by Mark was addressed to the Romans, a busy, enterprising, warlike people; and hence it represents Christ as at once dashing into the most active scenes of his life; that by Luke is addressed to the Gentile nations, and breathes the purest love and the most unbounded generosity; that by John is addressed to the philosophic Greeks, who were inquiring into the nature of the gods and the reality of things, and reveals the Divine nature of Christ in all its perfection of life, knowledge, and activity. If you bear these simple facts in mind, they will help you to understand these narratives better when you read them.

One of these narratives was written by Luke, who, as we learn from the Epistle to the Colossians, was by profession a physician, and a man greatly beloved by the Apostles and early Church. Now what induced him to write a life of Christ? Does he not tell us in the very first verse that many had already taken in hand to do this very thing? What need was there, then, for his adding to the number of these narratives?

"Perhaps these other narratives, being short, were in some respects imperfect, and, therefore, Luke was not disposed to accept any of them as expressing fully the life of Jesus."

That is very likely. Then he speaks of certain things which were most surely believed by himself and by others then living. To what things does he refer?

"Things in the life, character, and ministry of Christ, of which others had heard; but of which Luke had, as he tells us in the third verse, a perfect understanding from the very first."

Very well; where did Luke get his materials out of which to write his life of Christ?

"In the second verse he tells us that the facts were delivered to him by those who from the beginning had been eye-witnesses of Christ's life, and ministers of his word."

Well, then, let us see how this happened. If we turn to the Acts of the Apostles, and trace the journeys of St. Paul, we find that not very long after entering on his apostolic labours, he chose Luke for his companion and fellow-labourer; and from the time of the sailing of Paul from Troas, Luke speaks of himself as one of Paul's party. Thus in Acts xvi. 11, he says, "Loosing from Troas, we came with a straight course to Samothracia, and the next day to Neapolis;" and so again in Chapter xx. 6, he writes, "We sailed away from Philippi after the days of unleavened bread, and came with them to Troas in five days, where we abode seven days." Now if Luke became the companion of Paul in his travels and labours, Paul would, no doubt, take the earliest opportunity of introducing his friend and fellow-worker to the Apostles and other leading members of the primitive Church. From them, as the immediate followers of Christ, and as eye-witnesses of the Saviour's life, Luke obtained a large portion of those materials out of which he composed his narrative.

Having thus seen how Luke came to the possession of the materials out of which he wrote this history, by what power or principle was he guided in making his selection?

"All Scripture being given by inspiration of God, the Spirit of Inspiration must have directed him as to what to choose, and what to reject."

There are some beautiful, precious sayings of our Lord recorded by Luke, which are not found in any other of the Evangelists—such as the parable of the Good Samaritan, and the imitable parable of the Prodigal Son, which is a little Gospel of itself. Where and how did he get these?

"They might have been revealed to him, or placed before his mind in a more perfect form than that in which they had been related to him."

Then you make a difference between Revelation and Inspiration. In what does that difference consist?

"To inspire is not to reveal; for the Evangelists have recorded many things which they knew, and which were well known to others, and yet they were all inspired."

Very well; but this does not explain the difference for which we are now seeking. Revelation points to something which could not have been otherwise known than by immediate communication from God; while Inspiration refers rather to the infallible guiding of the writer or speaker.

With his mind fully informed, and under infallible direction, St. Luke sits down to write his history of the Saviour's life. Now to whom does he address it, or for whom is it in the first instance designed?

"He himself says in the third verse, that it was written unto one Theophilus."

And who was this Theophilus? Was he a Jew or a Gentile? And was he a man of any rank or influence?

"It appears from the title, 'most excellent Theophilus,' here given to him by the Evangelist, that he was a man of distinction, and perhaps filled some important public office; but it does not appear whether he was a Jew or a Gentile."

No, except we judge from his name, which is composed of two Greek words; and the probability is, that he was a Greek by birth, and, therefore, a Gentile by nation, but a convert to Christianity.

But why does our Evangelist think of writing a life of Christ, and sending it to a comparatively private and unknown individual?

"Perhaps Theophilus was a friend of Luke's, and had requested of him such an account of the Saviour's life."

Nothing more likely. They might have been fellow-students at the same schools, have formed an intimate and early acquaintance, and their acquaintance have ripened into the closest and most endeared friendship.

Then what could be the motive, or the end, on the part of Theophilus, in requesting such a record from the pen of his friend Luke? Is there any reason to believe that he ever saw Christ; ever listened to his ministry; or ever beheld his miracles?

"It appears from the fourth verse, that he had been already instructed in some things connected with the life and doings of Christ, whose fame had spread far beyond Judea."

That is right. If Theophilus never saw Christ, nor heard his voice, nor saw his works, he had yet heard enough of him to excite his interest, and when he came into contact and communion with his beloved friend Luke, he, no doubt, made many inquiries into the life and character of Jesus, and, in meeting these inquiries, our Evangelist took the opportunity of very fully informing the mind of Theophilus; and to this fact he may refer when he speaks of him as being instructed in certain things concerning Jesus.

We have said that these Evangelists have given us the record of the purest, most exalted, and most active life ever spent on earth. Now, can you refer to any passage which would go to establish the absolute purity of Christ's human nature?

"In the thirty-fifth verse of this very chapter we read:—'The Holy Ghost shall come upon thee, and the power of the Highest shall overshadow thee: therefore also that holy thing which shall be born of thee shall be called the Son of God.'

Very good. The "HOLY THING" here spoken of could be nothing else than the human nature of Christ.

But where have we any proof that the life of the Saviour was spotless and unblemished?

"In the First Epistle of Peter, ii. 22, we read, 'Who did no sin, neither was guile found in his mouth.'

That is it. But, you say, "if Christ was pure and spotless, how is it possible for us to be like Him?"

A very proper question; and I will try to answer it fairly. You know that if a man wishes to excel in anything, he must put before himself a very high standard of perfection. For example:—if he be a painter, he must study the first masters, and take their best works for his copy; or if he be a sculptor, he must select the most perfect models, and never rest satisfied till he can, in some degree, equal them. You remember, when you were at school and learning to write, how the master put before you some beautiful copper-plate copy lines, in which every letter was most perfectly formed, and told you to make your writing as much like the copy as it was in your power. So it is with the life and character of Christ. He is before us, a perfect model; and we are not to be satisfied with anything short of a perfect likeness to Him. If this is not reached on earth, it will be reached in heaven. Meanwhile, press after it as something worth gaining; make His life a study; and, at the same time, ask for His Spirit to help you in your efforts to be conformed to it, till your whole nature is transformed into Christ's likeness.

To be Christ-like is to be great, noble, blessed. We can rise no higher;—we can aim at nothing greater.

* * * Manuscripts forwarded for the consideration of the Editor should be written on one side of the paper only, and should be addressed to "JOHN CASSELL, La Belle Sauvage Yard, London, E.C." with the endorsement "QUIVER" in the corner of the envelope or cover. The name and address of the writer should be appended to each manuscript. Readers of THE QUIVER of every denomination are invited to send for the Editor's perusal any biographical sketches, or narratives, or anecdotes of real life, well authenticated, which they may have the opportunity of furnishing, and which they may consider suitable for publication in its pages.

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LIMITATION OF HUMAN KNOWLEDGE.

THE knowledge of our own ignorance is needful to man, and the more so in relation to Divine things. The wisest philosophers have been the most modest, and have freely acknowledged the fact that they were but humble learners, trying to read the two great books of God—his works and his word. Such were Bacon, Sir Isaac Newton, and Bishop Butler. We can observe the order of Nature; we can also observe what passes within our own minds; but even in these how little is the whole of what we know! How small is the part which is brought within the range of our observation! How great is the extent of what is beyond our grasp altogether! What is passing in the mind of another is known only by what the other himself discloses. How then can man arrive at a knowledge of the mind and purpose of God? Must he not, in an humble and child-like spirit, accept the teaching which God is pleased to give him, and study the books in which God has chosen to tell us, concerning himself, all that it is fit for us to know in this life? Man is the minister and interpreter of Nature, and by observation, by the aid of reason and experience, he can and should acquire useful knowledge. If he read this book aright, it will lead him to the knowledge of the wisdom and power of God—that there is an intelligent author of Nature; and this will lead him further to see that God is the moral governor of the world. If, in the same spirit, and with the same desire to discover truth, he seek it in the revealed word of God, he will find the great plan of salvation—the knowledge of Him, whom to know is life eternal.

So far as a man proceeds in this way to gain knowledge, he may hope to gain it for good. He gets it from the sources which God has opened; and if the search be honestly conducted, it will be successful. Before the time of Lord Bacon, men wasted their strength in the war of mere opinion—in speculations drawn from their brain, which proved, in the end, to be but cobwebs. But when attention was directed to Nature itself—to observation and a just experience—to facts as they were found to exist, and these were submitted to sober reason and cautious reflection, knowledge made progress, and by slow but sure steps has moved forward. So with the reformation of religion. The reformer turned aside from the dogmas of man to the revealed word of God. "What findest thou in Nature?" was the question in philosophy. "What readest thou in Revelation?" was the question in religion. These are the leading questions in each department. By this safe and modest method we may gain so much as it is fit for us to know in this our present life.

Looking thus to the world without us, to what passes within us, and to what God has written for our learning, we have the means of cultivating the faculties which God has given us, and of making preparation for our future life. The doubts of the sceptic and the dogmas of the bigot grow in the soil of speculation; which also gives birth as well to the pantheism as to the atheism, which alike exclude the living and true God from his own universe. Man has limited powers, and he must be content with what God has given him, and seek, by careful diligence, to improve what has been intrusted to him. It is well to observe that, in the parable of the talents, the owner of the one pound is singled out as the defaulter. How common is it for those who have not large gifts of intellect, station, or wealth, to suppose that they

are not responsible for the use of the smaller gifts which have been appointed as their portion! Instead of making a right use of the little, they court the great. And so, if man neglect to avail himself of the means of knowledge which God has placed within his reach, and waste his opportunities in speculation outside his lawful limits, he will find, at the last, that his labour has been unprofitable.

The very small part of the earth with which we can become familiar makes us feel how ignorant we are, and must be, of many things, not only in other countries, but also in our own. How difficult to get a true history! We are hemmed in by time and space, and do not feel quite sure when we cannot ourselves observe. What a lesson ought this to teach man! Look at the millions of worlds which a telescope opens out to the eye; look at what the microscope reveals in a drop of water; look back to the deposits of a few centuries, and then say whether it be not the true wisdom of man to be the modest and humble learner, thankful for the portion of truth which God has put within his reach?

The limits of our knowledge, in things human, ought to teach us a lesson as to things Divine. This has been well shown by Bacon, by Butler, and by the admirable work of Bishop Berkeley, entitled, "The Minute Philosopher." Ignorance is often presumptuous; but true learning makes a man modest, when he is taught of God. When the word of God is studied in the same spirit in which his works are observed, each throws a light on the other; and they who seek for the truths of science and religion, with the love of truth and with a desire to know and honour the God of truth, will find them in their proper places. It is one of the matters for which we ought to be very thankful to God, that in our country our wisest men are our best men; the most diligent in science are the most faithful witnesses to the truth of God in his word. They know the Scriptures and the power of God.

It is one of the many proofs of the Divine source of the Bible, that it is by the study of it the philosopher is saved from the pantheism or the atheism in which systems of rationalism would land him after a voyage of speculation. How much, then, is it our wisdom, in this time of "the increase of knowledge," to look diligently to the Divine guidance which God has graciously given to us—the "light shining in a dark place, until the day dawn and the day-star arise." There are secret things which it is not fit that we should know, else God would have given the means of our knowing them; either we have not the faculties, or the knowledge itself would not help us in this our discipline for a better world. The German and the Frenchman says we are a very practical people; and true it is, we do not relish the dreamy abstractions, or the sentimentality by which men sometimes hide God from his creatures when they should be led to his footstool. The business of life has a direct connection with the destiny of man in eternity. Here is his place, not of rest, but of discipline, and this discipline involves duty and dependence, leaning on God, and learning from him in the docile spirit and tractable disposition of a child. May this bow, drawn at a venture, not miss the mark! its aim is the good of man and the glory of God.

ONE.

To many readers there will seem nothing in the heading to this article beyond the letters, or the fact that it expresses a unit. But with some of us it has a richer signification. Perhaps, before we have concluded our thoughts upon it, the same impression may be yours. You speak of *one* person. But is it not often one, compared with whom the millions beside are but common dust? One home! There is no other. One stream! There is none like it among all the waters of the world. One land! It is *par excellence* and undividedly one, to all your affections and yearnings.

Death touches one! Seldom does he fall more than one at a stroke; but before the solitary bier and the one new grave, we are more profoundly impressed than before any other scene. A fresh sense of solemnity in the fact of death arouses us. The abrupt cleaving away of one whom we held by so many strong ties, awakens us to feel that One above is the sole and inscrutable Disposer. The revelations of an immortality, vague and well nigh powerless in the bustle of daily care, assume the form of powerful convictions, and bestir us at least to a purpose of immediate preparation. And how do these feelings deepen under the bereaving stroke when it comes near! when we speak of the dead as one in whom centres a wealth of fond affection! One, a root of ourselves, as a severed parent; one, a flowering of ourselves, as an idolised child; one, a part of ourselves, as a cherished companion. *It is only one!*—but what a void and an abyss does the single absence leave in the soul! Surely there is something far from trivial in this word.

There is only one life of probation, and then comes an unchanging eternity. The Scriptures ask, "What is your life?" They answer, "It is even a vapour, that appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away." Do we ask in what it consists? They tell us, "Not in

the abundance of the things a man possesses." In this life they place but one element—"to be spiritually minded is life." They urge to an attainment of this spiritual mindedness by the admonition, "The time is short," and also by the fact that "Ye are not redeemed with corruptible things, as silver and gold, but with the precious blood of Christ."

One life, and that life a state of trial, in which we make or undo ourselves for ever! How very difficult it is to realise it! The years to come seem an exhaustless fountain. We frittered away our time and strength. Far off in childhood, and as distant in age, seems the evil day; yet it comes on. As a strong man armed to run a race, it pursues us. We *know* this; alas! we do not expect it. But no; this is true of the world—not of believers. And yet we all need the caution, lest we gird the world too close—lest we get our minds entangled in its pleasures, or business, or party errors.

Precious, and above all price, ought this one life to be to us. If we had but a single blank book in which to pen our thoughts, and could never obtain another, careful indeed we should be that every page found a carefully-studied and carefully-written record. Life is the one blank volume which God gives us to write out the record of our earthly existence. Each day a leaf, each hour a line; and the words once entered are imperishable. By them we shall at last be judged.

One life! The fact demands of us dispatch, and yet that we hasten with a serious and measured speed. The years are silently drifting from us. As they go by, they bid us spring to diligence, and thrust into our languidness the spurs of sharp intent, and rise with an earnest and alert wakefulness, to give the hours to come, and now upon us, a better and purer fruitage; that at last this one life may be crowned with honour, and glory, and immortality, at the appearing of Jesus Christ.

AN ALLEGORY.

METHOUGHT I stood upon the lofty summit of a majestic rock, in the centre of a lovely island, contemplating in wrapt admiration the fair landscape stretched below. Forests, rivers, lakes and plains, cultivated fields, hamlets and cities were spread in diversified beauty at my feet. I could perceive—distinctly enough at times, though oft it was obscured by the dense vapours which, rising from the earth beneath, gathered round the mountain's brow—a bold and verdant shore, on which the most conspicuous object seemed, from the distance where I stood, to be a snow-white Pharos or beacon, with its bright and steady light. Whilst I gazed, wondering what these things might signify, there came a venerable figure, an aged man, whose hoary locks and snow-white beard might have rivalled in purity the plumage of the swan.

"Young man," he said, "dost thou desire to see more clearly the mysteries of yonder far-off shore?"

"Yes," I replied, eagerly; "I gladly would be better acquainted with that land, from whence, as I have heard my father say, our family originally came."

"I can," he answered, "grant thee a clearer view," and, as he spoke, he placed in my hand a long tube, not unlike a telescope. "With this," he continued, "thou mayst gratify thy wish."

Though nothing doubting that the old man was fully capable of performing his promise, I felt a strange unwillingness to make use of the means he had placed at my disposal for obtaining a nearer view of the country I so longed to see; and a friend of mine, who accompanied me—but whom I rather feared than loved or admired, yet to whose opinion, from the fact of his being so much older than myself, and consequently better acquainted with the ways of the world, I generally deferred, oftentimes against my better judgment—he ridiculed the old man's offer, and counselled me to reject it; averring that no glass that ever had been or could be made, could possibly afford a nearer or better view of the far-off land than the admirable machinery of the naked human eye. As usual, I felt more than half inclined to follow my friend's advice—he is no friend of mine now; long since, I discovered how false he is, and discarded him for ever—but there was something in the glance of the old man's eye, as he gazed steadily into mine, which troubled me, and made me feel ashamed of my irresolution. So, instead of returning the glass, as I had been advised to do, I kept playing with it, turning it round and round in my hand, and finally, as I pulled it out of the case which enveloped it, certain golden letters that were inscribed upon it arrested my attention. I examined them earnestly, but they conveyed no meaning to my mind. "Sir," I said, "do these golden letters represent the name by which you are known among your friends?"

"No," he replied; "that which thou seest inscribed upon the tube is not my name, but my motto—my Master's watchword." Here my friend became exceedingly impatient, and strongly urged me to return with him forthwith to the town where we had taken up our abode. For once I asserted my independence, and refused to accompany him. Burning with indignation, and overwhelming me with reproaches, he descended the hill-side alone, and was quickly lost to view in the gathering mists at its base. Though oftentimes I have encountered him since, and many an angry word has passed, and many a stormy scene has taken place between us, we have never met as friends. "No," continued the old man—as my former companion disappeared, "the letters thou seest—G RACE—are not my name; Christian

am I called: they represent the name of the glass thou holdest in thy hand; they are my Master's pass-word, and I have adopted them for my motto; as thou also, I trust, wilt shortly likewise do. But haste thee, young man, whilst it is yet light; haste thee, before the gathering shades of evening render thine efforts vain, to use the gift my Master has sent thee, knowing thy great desire."

Thus urged, I hesitatingly applied the glass to my eye; at first I could perceive nothing plainly, and I told the old man that I could see more clearly with my naked eye. He smiled:

"That is because thou hast not properly adjusted it. The focus is too close to thee, and the eye, unable to endure the intensity of the reflected light, is dazzled, and can discern nothing distinctly. Take this book: consult its pages, wherein thou wilt find set down the correct gauge."

I re-adjusted the glass accordingly, but not yet rightly, for the distant shore, though clearly perceptible, seemed further off from me than ever. Again I complained to my companion, who replied:—

"Young man, thou hast now fallen into the opposite error. The focus is now removed as far from thee as it was at first too near; consequently, the power of the converging rays is reversed, and the object thou desirest to behold appears further from thee instead of nearer; but see, the guide-book directs thee to choose the medium point, marked FAITH, between the two extremes. Look once more."

I complied; and, were my days prolonged to the age of Methuselah, I could not describe the glories of the scene then opened to my view; and on reference to my guide-book, I found it recorded in its pages that these glories were such as mortal eye had never fully seen, or ear had heard, or the most vivid imagination of man ever conceived in his sublimest moments of inspiration. My companion assured me, and I readily believed him, that bright and glorious as the vision appeared to my enraptured eye, it fell far short of the reality.

"Thou seest now," he said, "through glass darkly; but the time shall come when thou shalt see and know all things clearly, even as thou art thyself seen and known."

"Oh," I exclaimed, rapturously, "I see, I see! kind old man, may I keep this glass?"

"Certainly," he replied, "for my master sent it as a gift to thee. But thou must do more, if thou wouldest walk on yonder far-off shore."

"I would, indeed I would," I eagerly exclaimed; "show me the way, that I may this very hour commence my journey."

"Good!" he replied. "I like thine enthusiasm; but be not over confident; much rugged country wilst thou have to cross, as well as yonder mighty deep, ere thou canst reach that glorious land. Many and perilous adventures must thou encounter, perchance, ere thou canst set thy feet upon that shore."

"I care not!" I cried, eagerly; "I care not for perils, or for toil, when I see my reward—a reward unhesitated for, unexpected, undeserved!"

"True," he replied; "but think not, young man, that thine own unaided power can suffice to bring thee thither. No! too many have undertaken the journey, rejoicing in the strength of their youth, with hopes more ardent, were it possible, than thine, and never reached that favoured land, but were lost in the snare which beset their path, devoured by furious beasts on the way, or lured by false friends from the one narrow path which leads to the desired land. Young man, distrust thyself. The fire of enthusiasm which now lights up thine eye will not alone suffice. Carefully must thou walk, and at every step consult the guide-book I have given thee. Here, from the summit of this lofty mountain, the road seems plain enough; but once fairly entered on it, thou mayst not, perchance, discern it so clearly. The various hills and valleys across which it takes its course may hide the beacon for a moment from thy sight. Be not, then, discouraged; refer to the guide-book, constantly consult its pages. Every mark that shall direct thee on thy journey is there set down; every hidden snare, every covert peril is therein plainly indicated, as well as the means by which thou mayst avoid them."

"Yes," I exclaimed, "it shall never leave my hand. I will cling to it as my life; and no enticement, no persuasion, shall induce me to take a step without carefully consulting it."

"Be not too confident in thy zeal," answered my companion. "Ere thou settest forth I will, from this lofty height, tender thee a few words of seasonable advice, and show thee in very truth the only road which can lead thee to that land thou desirest to reach."

"But one road!" I exclaimed in great surprise. "Why, old man, I can perceive numberless paths. Besides," I continued, quoting a proverb, "do not all roads lead to Rome?"

"It may be so," he replied, seriously, "may, it is so, to Rome, but not to Canaan. There is but one road, and that the straight and narrow way. Oh, young man, keep to it faithfully, or woe is thee. But, see! yonder are two fair youths who have just entered upon the journey. Let us observe their progress; my heart bleeds for them, so young—so fair—so eager—so full of hope! Oh, that they may never swerve from the right direction, but happily reach the object of their desire! See!" and his tones were full of a grave interest, which, spite of my intense desire to descend from the summit of the rock, forced me to observe the objects which had riveted his attention.

Two fair youths they were indeed, in the beautiful spring-time of their lives. Very different were they in personal appearance; the one was of a fair complexion, and apparently of a bright, happy disposition, for he laughed and caroled joyously as he proceeded on his way, stooping now and then to pluck the flowers which grew in bountiful profusion by the road side, and weaving them into gorgeous

garlands and wreaths, which he hung upon the boughs of the trees that overshadowed the path. Healing herbs, too, of rare medicinal virtue, he gathered from time to time, and carefully and tenderly he applied them to the wounds of any weary traveller he encountered, who required such attention at his hands; then I observed that the blessings with which they rewarded his acts of mercy seemed to gather round his brow, where they formed a halo of shining glory that was lovely to behold. Ofttimes, too, would he recline beneath the shady bower of the far-off land had graciously caused to be planted by the wayside, and carefully con his guide-book; then, his strength renewed by the grateful rest, would he speed upon his way with redoubled alacrity and vigour, singing as he went. Once or twice I perceived that when he had descended into some of the deep dark valleys through which the road occasionally wound its course, he hesitated, and seemed for a while uncertain which direction to take; his hesitation, however, was but momentary, for, on such occasions, he would kindle a lamp with which he was provided, and by the light it afforded him, consult his unerring guide-book, and searching for the landmarks there described, soon regain the right track.

The companion, meanwhile, with whom he had commenced his journey, had long since separated from him; he was of a dark, gloomy, melancholic temperament, and during the whole time I watched him, I never saw a smile upon his lips; he passed on his course, unheeding the flowers which bloomed under his feet, plucking only nettles and thistles, which wounded and tore his hands; and when some unhappy mendicant solicited his aid, he would gruffly reply that he had not time to tarry with him, that he should barely reach the ferry before sundown, and gloomily continue on his way. I observed that he strongly disapproved of his former companion's cheerfulness, which he seemed to regard as a crime, and that when he entered a resting-place on his journey, instead of imparting—when he studied his guide-book—a knowledge of its valuable contents to such other travellers as chanced to be present, as was the custom of the other youth, his former companion, he selfishly reserved all the information he acquired for himself. His guide-book, it is true, was never out of his hand; but—although he was apparently so intent upon his perusal that he looked not to his feet, and frequently stumbled over stones and fell into ruts on the way, to his manifest hurt—I could not but perceive that his thoughts were all the time elsewhere, for he turned over the pages hastily, comparing passages in different sections of the work, which had no reference to each other. Taken separately and in their respective places, they all conveyed valuable information and instruction; but forced into unnatural relation with each other, their meaning became confused, and instead of enlightening his mind and removing his doubts, served but further to embarrass and distract him. On the margins of his book, too, I discerned notes in pencil, made by some other hand than that of the original compiler of the work, and these notes, I grieved to see, the youth consulted more carefully than the printed instructions. Again, when he entered the dark valley, instead of lighting the lamp which he also carried, he would persist, amid the almost midnight darkness, in poring over the pages of his book, or rather the pencil marks on the margins, and in consequence of this obstinacy, mistook the landmarks and wandered from the track, so that I lost sight of him for awhile behind a high mountain, whose steep sides he ought to have ascended.

The other traveller meanwhile, still joyful and unwearied, had reached the ferry which should bear him to the far-off land. Joyfully he hailed the approach of the ferry-boat, gazing lovingly all the while upon the bright beacon-light on the opposite shore which then appeared so clear and distinct, that the youth's heart fairly leaped within him for very joy and thankfulness, and he lost all remaining dread of the stormy ocean he had to cross. After entering the boat he was speedily landed on the long-desired shore, where I saw him gladly greeted by the servants of the king, who carried him away at once in triumph to present him to their master.

The second youth had by that time reached the coast, but at a different point; a ferry-boat was waiting for him also, but night had set in, profound darkness shrouded the scene, and I never saw him arrive on the far-off shore.

"Alas! alas!" sighed old Christian, "unhappy youth, I feared it would be so. Young man," he continued, turning to me as he spoke, "profit by what thou hast seen when thou in thy turn shall have commenced that journey!" Thus speaking he vanished from my sight, and I awoke, and lo! it was a dream—a dream pregnant with great truths. So plain are they that I attempt no explanation, but prayerfully leave them to the consideration of all who peruse my allegory.

THE FIFTH COMMANDMENT.—An old schoolmaster said one day to a minister who had come to examine his school, "I believe the children know the Catechism word for word." "But do they understand it? that is the question," said the minister. The schoolmaster only bowed respectfully, and the examination began. A little boy had repeated the fifth commandment, "Honour thy father and thy mother," and he was desired to explain it. Instead of trying to do so, the little boy, with his face covered with blushes, said, almost in a whisper, "Yesterday, I showed some strange gentlemen over the mountain. The sharp stones cut my feet, and the gentlemen saw they were bleeding, and they gave me some money to buy me shoes. I gave it to my mother, for she had no shoes either, and I thought I could go barefoot better than she could."

Our Pulpit.

THE THOUGHTS OF THE HEART.

"For as he thinketh in his heart, so is he."—Prov. xxiii. 7. THIS text states a general truth in relation to the character of man. It sets aside all the artificial distinctions of society, all that the world has set up, and which grows out of circumstances and station, and makes each man his own moral historian. It passes by everything external, and entering within, it seizes upon the thoughts of his heart, and from a careful analysis of these, infallibly determines his true character as it appears in the sight of God.

So our blessed Lord taught that the heart is the great fountain. Matt. xii. 35, "A good man out of the good treasure of the heart bringeth forth good things: and an evil man out of the evil treasure bringeth forth evil things;" and Matt. v. 28, "Whosoever looketh on a woman to lust after her, hath committed adultery with her already in his heart." So also the apostle Peter, Acts viii. 22, "Repent, therefore, of this thy wickedness, and pray God, if perhaps the thought of thy heart may be forgiven thee."

Then it is true as the text teaches—THAT THE CHARACTER OF A MAN WILL BE DETERMINED BY THE THOUGHTS OF HIS HEART—"As he thinketh in his heart, so is he."

There are three things which this text does not mean, and it is very important that we should all understand what they are.

I.—IT DOES NOT MEAN THAT A MAN IS WHAT HE IMAGINES HIMSELF TO BE.

If a man were always what he imagines himself to be, what a grand race of men we should have! How easy to be eloquent, and popular, and influential. This, indeed, would be the royal road to learning and wisdom. How certainly would the ambitious and aspiring be fitted for the offices and stations they seek! Instead of the great men in little circles being little men in great circles, all would be great men if it were true that we are what we imagine ourselves to be.

II.—IT DOES NOT MEAN THAT A MAN IS WHAT HE WANTS OTHERS TO BELIEVE HIM TO BE.

We have an illustration of this in the context. In verse 6th we are admonished, "Eat thou not the bread of him that hath an evil eye, neither desire thou his dainty meats." The latter part of the 7th verse explains the reason, "Eat and drink, saith he to thee, but his heart is not with thee." He appears to be kind and hospitable, and wants to have you to believe him to be so—but he has an evil eye—that is, an envious, a covetous, a selfish eye—and thus covers up his designs upon you by his proffered hospitality; or by bringing you under the influence of his drink, he may the more easily accomplish his wicked plan. When Dionysius, the tyrant, stripped the statue of Jupiter of a robe of massive gold, and substituted a cloak of wool, he did not state that his avarice coveted and stole the gold; but he apologised for this act of sacrilege by pleading his great concern for the best welfare of the gods, saying, "Gold is too cold in winter, and too heavy in summer; it behoves us to take care of Jupiter."

The true motive which gives character and force to our action, like the spring of a clock, is concealed, whilst only the hands appear; or, like the real pipes of many organs, which are really concealed, whilst the gilded pretext is pompously placed in the front for show.

III.—IT DOES NOT MEAN THAT A MAN IS ALWAYS WHAT HIS BOOK, OR PUBLISHED SENTIMENTS, OR HIS PROFESSION, SHOW HIM TO BE.

That an author's work is the true mirror of his mind, is a position not always verified, and which often leads to false conclusions. If his satanic majesty were to write a book, in all probability it would be in praise of virtue; because the good would purchase it for use, and the bad for ostentation. The fact is, that wicked men do not advocate evil because it is evil, but they call the evil good, and the good evil. Falsehood assumes the appearance of truth. It is said that Falsehood and Truth once went forth to walk in company, and passing along the banks of a cooling stream, Falsehood proposed that they should take a bath. Truth, acquiescing, stripped and plunged in; but Falsehood, dropping her own garments, seized those of Truth, and putting them on, fled away. Truth, on coming to the shore, perceived the trick and the injustice, and was sad. She took up the garments left by Falsehood, and carefully examining them, threw them away; and, rather than wear the appearance of Falsehood, she has gone naked ever since.

The design of the author is the true sentiment he would inculcate. An author or speaker is often like a man rowing in a boat, who looks one way, but at the same time pulls in the opposite direction.

IV.—THE TEXT DOES MEAN THAT THE CHERISHED THOUGHTS OF A MAN DETERMINE HIS TRUE CHARACTER.

1. It is the nature of the mind to govern. It is this that distinguishes a man from a beast. He has an intellect capable of understanding his duty. He thinks, and

acts in accordance with his thoughts. Whilst the beast follows his instincts, man obeys his thoughts. That which distinguishes one man from another is the current of his thoughts. He is political or poetical—he is historical or mechanical, according to the habitual tenor of his thoughts.

2. It is the nature of the affections to govern the thoughts. We all practically know that we will what we love. Yes, the will of a man goes where he loves. We desire what we love—and our desires control the thoughts, and thus make them our servants. Hence the habitual thoughts come from the workings of the heart towards the things we love. It is not more certain that the river will tell the character of the soil through which it flows, than it is that the habitual thoughts of a man tell what his heart loves. It is not more certain that the magnetic needle points to the pole, than that the thoughts point to the magnetic pole of the heart. A few illustrations must settle this. The man whose thoughts are habitually lascivious must be a lascivious man, as certainly as the man whose whole mind is given to schemes of personal ambition is an ambitious man. So also the person who harbours malice, and revenges every real or imagined injury which he receives, is a revengeful man. We all know that he who employs all his thought about money, planning out new schemes for gain, who is constantly hoarding, and who derives his chief pleasure from the contemplation of his treasures, is an avaricious man. And the man who is devoted to pleasure, and who occupies all his thoughts about the manner in which he can secure the largest amount, is properly called a man of pleasure. So also the person whose thoughts are on Christ, who loves to dwell upon him, and is ready to do for him all that lies in his power—whose thoughts of Christ are cherished as those which insure happiness—certainly this man is a Christian.

We know that the governing motive of a man settles his character; but the thoughts point out with infallible certainty what that motive is, and this proves that the habitual and cherished thoughts determine the character of every man.

First. We learn from this subject that every man is constantly and resistlessly working out his own character by his cherished thoughts. Every thought makes its mark on the mind, and it is a permanent mark. As the painter by every— even the slightest— touch of his brush advances the portrait towards its completion, and as the sculptor by every blow of his mallet and the use of his chisel brings out the bold and permanent features, so our every thought advances our true and permanent character to its completion.

Secondly. We learn that the manifestation of our thoughts will certainly disclose our true character. Here we have the power of concealing our thoughts. They are only to be known by our communicating them, or as they are probably inferred from our actions. Still, the artful and intriguing man may so cover up his thoughts as to defy all attempts to fathom them. But at the last great day God will take off the cover, and will make bare all our thoughts; and when these are uncovered, and others shall see the actual thoughts of our whole life, then all will perfectly know our true character.

Thirdly. Learn the importance of guarding, of taking care of our thoughts. We are too apt to imagine that we are accountable only for words spoken, and for actions done. But the thought must precede the word and the action; and, for the thought, there would be no wrong word or wrong action. The man, then, who guards his thoughts, puts a most vigilant sentinel in the place where the danger is the most imminent. Take care of your thoughts, else there may be found but little difference between the character of your thoughts and the character of the actions of other men, whose conduct you condemn. If all your thoughts are right, all your actions will be right—for the thought is the parent to the deed.

THE CHANNINGS:—A TALE.

CHAPTER III.

CONSTANCE CHANNING.

How true is the old proverb—“Man proposes and God disposes.” God’s ways are not as our ways. His dealings with us are often mysterious, and only the eye of Faith can detect his hand in all the varied dispensations of Providence. But we are sure of this, that he maketh all things work together for good to them that love him; that, however grievous the chastening may appear, it yieldeth the peaceable fruits of righteousness; that in due time our tears are wiped away, our mourning turned to singing, and we are made to exchange the “spirit of heaviness” for “the garments of praise.”

It was on these truths that the Channing family reposed, when the long-suspended blow fell and swept away their worldly prosperity. Mrs. Channing had faithfully instructed her children in the sacred Scriptures; she had presented to them the great truths of the Bible, in all their beautiful simplicity; she had relied on the precious promises of God, that his word should not return unto him void; she had made her children the subject of many prayers and tears, and her heart was full of confidence that God would lead them in the way of righteousness. She was not impatient;

not discouraged because no immediate result followed her labours; not cast down because her children were not all that she desired to see them. She knew how to wait. It was her duty, her happy privilege to sow the good seed: it was God only who could give the increase. But her faith in God was great, even in the hour of trial and difficulty, when she knew that her children would be exposed to new temptations and new dangers. God would take care of them. She was sure of that, as she remembered the words of the apostle—“Humble yourselves therefore under the mighty hand of God, that he may exalt you in due time; casting all your care upon him, for he careth for you.”

But to return to our story.

I am not sure that we can quite picture to ourselves the life that had been Mr. Channing’s. Of gentle birth, and reared to no profession, the inheritance which ought to have come to him was looked upon as a sufficient independence. That it would come to him, had never been doubted by himself or by others; and it was only at the very moment when he thought he was going to take possession of it, that some enemy set up a claim and threw it into Chancery. You may cavil at the word “enemy,” but it could certainly not be looked upon as the act of a friend. By every right, by every justice, it belonged to James Channing; but he who put in his claim, taking advantage of a quibble of law, was a rich man and a mighty one. I should not like to get possession of another person’s money in such manner. I should have the good, old-fashioned, wholesome fear upon me, that it would bring no good either to me or mine.

James Channing never supposed that the money would be his some time. Meanwhile he sought and obtained employment to occupy his days, and bring “grist to the mill,” until the patrimony should come. Hoping, hoping, hoping on; hoping and disappointment, hoping and disappointment—there was nothing else for years and years; and you know who has said, that “Hope deferred maketh the heart sick.” There have been many such cases in the world, but I question, I say, if we can quite realise them. However, the end was come—the certainty of disappointment; and Mr. Channing was already beginning to be thankful that the suspense, at any rate, was over.

He was the head of an office—or it may be more correct to say the head of the Helstonleigh branch of it, for the establishment was a London one—a large, important concern, comprising various departments of insurance. Hamish was in the same office; and since Mr. Channing’s rheumatism had become chronic, it was Hamish who chiefly transacted the business at the office, generally bringing home the books when he left, and going over them in the evening with Mr. Channing. Thus the business was as effectually transacted, and Mr. Channing retained his salary. The directors were contented that it should be so, for Mr. Channing possessed their thorough respect and esteem.

After the ill-news was communicated to them, the boys left the parlour, and assembled in a group in the study, at the back, to talk it over. Constance was with them, but they would not admit Annabel. A shady, pleasant, untidy room was that study, opening to a cool, shady garden. It had oil-cloth on the floor instead of carpeting, and books and playthings were strewn about it.

“What an awful shame it is there should be so much injustice in the world!” spoke passionate Tom, flinging his “Euripides” on the table.

“But for one thing, I should be rather glad the worry’s over,” cried Hamish. “We know the worst now—that we have only ourselves to trust to.”

“Our hands and brains, as Tom said,” remarked Charley. “What is the ‘one thing’ that you mean, Hamish?”

Hamish laid hold of Charley by the waist, lifted him up, and let him drop again. “It is what does not concern little boys to know: and I don’t see why you should be in here with us, young sir, any more than Annabel.”

“A presentiment that this would be the ending has been upon me some time,” broke in the gentle voice of Constance. “In my own mind I have kept laying out plans for us all. You see, it is not as if we should enjoy the full income that we have hitherto done.”

“What’s that, Constance?” asked Tom, hotly. “The decision does not touch papa’s salary; and you heard him say that the costs were to be paid out of the estate: a pretty thing it would be if any big-wigged lord chancellor could take away the money that a man works hard for!”

“Hasty, as usual, Tom,” she smiled. “You know—we all know—that, counting fully upon this money, papa is behind in his payments. They must be paid off now in the best way that may be: and it will take so much from his income. It will make no difference to you, Tom: all you can do is to try on heartily for the seniorship and the exhibition.”

“Oh, won’t it make a difference to me, though!” retorted Tom. “And suppose I don’t gain it, Constance?”

“Then you will have to work all the harder, Tom, in some other walk of life. Failing the exhibition, of course there will be no chance of your getting to the university; and you must give up hopes of entering the Church. The worst off—the one upon whom this disappointment must fall the hardest—will be Arthur.”

Arthur Channing—astride on the arm of the old-fashioned sofa—lifted his large, deep blue eyes to Constance, with a flash of intelligence: it seemed to say, that she only spoke of what he already knew. He had been silent hitherto; he was of a silent nature: a quiet, loving, tender nature: while the rest spoke, he was content to think.

“Ay, that it will!” exclaimed Hamish; “what will become of your articles now, Arthur?”

It should be explained that Arthur had entered the office of Mr. Galloway, who was a proctor, and also was steward

to the Dean and Chapter. Arthur was only a subordinate in it, a paid clerk—and upon very short pay, too; but it was intended that he should enter upon his articles as soon as this money should be theirs, to enable Mr. Channing to pay for them. Hamish might well ask what would become of his articles now?

“I can’t see a single step before me,” cried Arthur, “save that I must stay on as I am, a paid clerk.”

“What rubbish, Arthur!” flashed Tom—who possessed a considerable share of temper when it was touched. “As if you, Arthur Channing, could remain a paid clerk at Galloway’s! Why, you’d be on a level with Jenkins—old Jenkins’s son. Roland Yorke would look down on you then; worse than he does now. And that need not be!”

The sensitive crimson dyed the fair open brow of Arthur. Of all the failings that he found it most difficult to subdue in his own heart, pride bore the greatest share. From the moment the ill-news had come to his father, the boy felt that he should have to do fierce battle with his pride; that there was ever-recurring mortification laid up in store for it. “But I can battle with it,” he bravely whispered to himself: “and I will do it, God helping me.”

“I may whistle for my new cricket-bat and stumps now,” grumbled Tom.

“And I wonder when I shall get my new clothes?” added Charley.

“How selfish we all are!” broke forth Arthur.

“Selfish?” chafed Tom.

“Yes, selfish. Here we are, croaking over our petty disappointments, and forgetting the worse share that falls upon papa. Failing this money, how will he get to the German baths?”

A pause of consternation. In their own grievances the boys had lost sight of the hope which had recently been shared by them all. An eminent physician, passing through Helstonleigh, had seen Mr. Channing, and given his opinion that if he would visit certain medicinal spas in Germany, health might be restored to him. When the cause should be terminated in their favour, Mr. Channing had intended to set out. But now it was given against him; and hope of setting out was gone.

“I wish I could carry him on my back to Germany, and work to keep him while he stayed there!” impulsively spoke Tom. “Wretchedly selfish we have been, to dwell on our disappointments, by the side of papa’s. I wish I was older!”

Constance was standing against the window. She was of middle height, thoroughly lady-like and graceful; her features fair and beautiful, and her dark blue eyes and smooth white brow wonderfully like Arthur’s. She wore a muslin dress with a delicate pink sprig upon it, the lace of its open sleeves falling on her pretty white hands, which were playing unconsciously with a sprig of jessamine, while she listened to her brothers, as each spoke.

“Tom,” she interposed, in answer to the last remark, “it is of no use wishing for impossibilities. We must look steadfastly at things as they exist, and see what is the best that can be made of them. All that you and Charles can do is to work well on at your studies—Annabel the same; and it is to be hoped this blow will take some of her flightiness out of her. Hamish, and Arthur, and I, must try and help more actively.”

“You!” echoed Arthur. “Why, what can you do, Constance?”

A soft blush rose to her cheeks. “I tell you that I have seemed to anticipate this,” she said, “and my mind has busied itself with plans and projects. I shall look out for a situation as daily governess.”

A groan of anger burst from Tom. His quick temper, and Arthur’s pride, alike rose up and resented the words—“A daily governess! It’s only another name for servant. Fine, that would be, for Miss Channing!”

Constance laughed. “Oh, Tom! there are worse misfortunes at sea. I would go out wholly, but that papa would not like to spare me, and I must take Annabel for music and other things in an evening. Don’t look cross. It is an excellent thought; and I shan’t mind it.” “What will mamma say?” asked Tom, ironically. “You just ask her!”

“Mamma knows,” replied Constance. “Mamma has had her fears about the termination of the law-suit, like I have. Ah! while you boys were laughing and joking, and pursuing your sports, or your studies of a night, I and mamma would be talking over the shadowed future. I told mamma that if the time and the necessity came for my turning my education and talents to account, I should do it with a willing heart; and mamma, being rather more sensible than her impetuous son Tom, cordially approved.”

Tom made a paper bullet and flung it at Constance, his honest eyes half laughing.

“So should I approve,” said Hamish. “It is a case, taking into consideration my father’s state, in which all of us should help who are able. Of course, were you boys grown up and getting money, Constance should be exempt from aiding and abetting; but as it is, it is different. There will be no disgrace in her becoming a governess, and Helstonleigh will never think it. She is a lady always; and so she would be if she were to turn to and wash up dishes. The only doubt is—”

He stopped, and looked hesitatingly at Constance; and, as if penetrating his meaning, her eyes fell before his.

“—Whether Yorke will like it,” went on Hamish, as if he had made no halt in his sentence. And the pretty blush in Constance Channing’s face deepened to a hot, glowing crimson; and Tom made a whole heap of bullets at once, and showered them on to her.

“So, Hamish—be quiet, Tom!—you may inquire all over Helstonleigh to-morrow, whether anybody wants a gover-

ness; a well-trained young lady of twenty-one, who can play, and sing, and paint, and speak really good English, and decent French, and has a smattering of German, rattled on Constance, as if to cover her blushes. "I shall ask forty guineas a-year. Do you think I shall get it?"

"I think you ought to ask eighty," said Arthur.

"So I would, if I were thirty-one instead of twenty-one," said Constance. "Oh dear! here am I, laughing and joking over it, but it is a serious thing to undertake—the instruction of the young. I hope I shall be enabled to do my duty in it. What's that?"

It was a merry, mocking laugh, which came from the outside of the window, and then a head of auburn hair, all wild and entangled, was pushed up, and in burst Annabel, her saucy dark eyes dancing with delight.

"You locked me out, but I have been outside the window and heard it all," cried she, dancing before them in the most provoking manner. "Arthur can only be a paid clerk, and Constance is going to be a governess and get forty guineas a-year, and if Tom doesn't gain his exhibition he must turn bell-ringer to the college, for papa can't pay for him at the university now!"

"What do you deserve, you wicked little picture of deceit?" demanded Hamish. "Do you forget the old story of the listener who lost his ears?"

"I always do listen whenever I can, and I always will," avowed Annabel. "I have warned you so a hundred times over, and I now warn you again, I wish Tom *would* turn bell-ringer! I'd make him ring a peal that should astonish Helstoneleigh the day Constance goes out as governess. Shan't I have a fine time of it! It's lessons for me now, morning, noon, and night—she's always worrying me; but, once let us get her back turned, and I shall have whole holiday! She may think I'll do my lessons with her at night; but I won't!"

The boys began to chase her round the table. She was nearly a match for all four—a troublesome, indulged, sunny-hearted child, who delighted in committing faults, that she might have the pleasure of avowing them. She got out into the garden, first knocking over Constance's paint-box, and some of them went after her.

At that moment Mr. Yorke came in. You have seen him once before, in his place in Helstoneleigh Cathedral: a tall, slender man, with pale, well-formed features, and an attractive smile. His dark eyes rested on Constance as he entered, and once more the brilliant colour lighted up her face. When prospects should be a little better—that is, when Mr. Yorke should get a sufficient living bestowed upon him—Constance was to become his wife. His stipend from the minor canonry was at present but trifling.

"Judith met me in the hall as I was going into the parlour, and told me I had better come here," he observed. "She said bad news had arrived for Mr. Channing."

"Yes," answered Hamish. "The law-suit is lost."

"Lost!" echoed Mr. Yorke.

"Irrevocably. We were discussing ways and means amongst ourselves," smiled Hamish, "for of course this changes prospects materially."

"And Constance is going out as a governess, if she can get anybody to take her, and Arthur is to plod on with Joe Jenkins, and Tom means to apply for the post of bell-ringer to the cathedral," interposed the incorrigible Annabel, who had once more darted in, and heard the last words. "Can you recommend Constance to a place, Mr. Yorke?"

He treated the information lightly; he laughed at and with Annabel; but Constance noticed that a flush crossed his brow, and that he quitted the subject.

"Has the inked surplice been found out, Tom—I mean the culprit?"

"Not yet, Mr. Yorke."

"Charles, you can tell me who it was, I hear."

There was a startled glance for a moment in Charles's eye, as he looked up at Mr. Yorke, and an unconscious meaning in his tone.

"Why, do you know who it was, sir?"

"Not I," said Mr. Yorke. "I know that, whoever it may have been, he deserves a sound flogging if he did it wilfully."

"Then, sir, why did you suppose I knew?"

"I met Hurst just now, and he stopped me, with the news that he was sure Charley Channing could put his hand upon the offender, if he chose to do it. It was not yourself, was it, Charley?"

Mr. Yorke laughed as he asked the question. Charley laughed also, but in a constrained manner. Meanwhile the others, to whom the topic had been as Sanscrit, inquired an explanation, which Mr. Yorke gave, so far as his cognisance went.

"What a shame to spoil a surprise! Have you cause to suspect any particular boy, Charley?" demanded Hamish.

"Don't ask him in my presence," interrupted Tom, in the same hurried manner that he had used in the cloisters. "I should be compelled in honour to inform the master, and Charley would get his life thrashed out of him by the school."

"Don't you ask me, either, Mr. Yorke," said Charles; and the tone of his voice, still unconsciously to himself, bore a strangely serious earnestness.

"Why not?" returned Mr. Yorke. "I am not a senior of the college school, and under obedience to its head master."

"If you are all to stop in this room, I and Tom shall never get our lessons done," was all the reply made by Charles, as he drew a chair to the table and opened his exercise books.

"And I never could afford that," cried Tom, following his example, and looking out the books he required. "It won't do to let Huntley and Yorke get ahead of me."

"Trying for the seniorship as strenuously as ever, Tom?" asked Mr. Yorke.

"Of course I am," replied Tom Channing, lifting his eyes in slight surprise; "and I hope I shall get it."

"Which of the three stands the best chance?"

"Well," said Tom, "it will be about a neck-and-neck race between us. My name stands first on the rolls of the school; therefore, were our merits equal, in strict justice it ought to be given to me. But the master could pass me over if he pleased, and fix upon either of the other two."

"Which of those two stands first on the rolls?"

"Harry Huntley. Yorke is the last. But that does not count for much, you know, Mr. Yorke, as we all entered together. They enrolled us according as our initial letter stood in the alphabet."

"It will turn wholly upon your scholastic merits, then? I hear—but Helstoneleigh is famous for its gossip—that in past times it has frequently gone by favour."

"So it has," said Tom Channing, throwing back his head with a whole world of indignation in the action. "Eligible boys have been passed over, and the most incapable dolt set up above them; all because his friends were in a good position, and hand-in-glove with the head master. I don't mean Pye, you know: before he came. It's said the last case was so flagrant that it got to the ears of the dean, and he interfered and forbade favour for the future. At any rate, there's an impression running through the school that merits and conduct, taken together, will be allowed fair play."

"Conduct?" echoed Arthur Channing.

Tom nodded:—"Conduct is to be brought in this time. One day, when the first desk got into a row with the head master, through some mischief we had gone into out of school, he asked us if we were aware that our conduct, as it might be good or ill, might gain or lose us the seniorship. Yorke, who is bold enough, you know, for ten, remarked that that was a new dodge, and the master overheard the words, and said, Yes, he was happy to say there were many new 'dodges' he had seen fit to introduce, which he trusted might tend to make the school different from what it had been. Of course we had the laugh at Yorke; but the master took no more notice. Since then, I assure you, Mr. Yorke, our behaviour has been a pattern for young ladies—mine, and Huntley's, and Yorke's; for we don't care to lose a chance."

Tom Channing nodded sagaciously as he concluded, and they left the room free for him and Charles.

CHAPTER IV.

NO HOLIDAY TO-DAY.

"Now, Constance, that we have a moment alone, what is this about you?" began Mr. Yorke, as they stood together in the garden.

"Annabel said the truth—that I do think of going out as daily governess," she replied, bending over a carnation to hide the blush which rose in her cheeks, a very rival to the blushing flower. "It is a great misfortune that has fallen upon us—at least we can only look at it in that light at present, and will, beyond doubt, be productive of some embarrassment. Do you not see, William, that it is incumbent upon us all to endeavour to lighten this embarrassment, those of us who can? I must assume my share."

Mr. Yorke was silent. Constance took it for granted that he was displeased. He was of a very good family, and she supposed he disliked the step she was about to take—that he deemed it would be derogatory to his future wife.

"Have you fully made up your mind?" he at length asked.

"Yes. I have talked it over with mamma—for indeed she and I both seem to have anticipated this—and she thinks with me, that it is what I ought to do. William, how could I reconcile it to my conscience not to help?" she continued. "Think of papa! think of his strait! It appears to be plain duty thrown in my path."

"By yourself, Constance?"

"No, by my Father in heaven," she whispered, lifting for a moment her large blue eyes. "O William, William, do not be displeased with me! do not forbid it! It is honourable to work—it is right to do what we can. Strive to see it in the right light."

"Let that carnation alone, Constance; give your attention to me. What if I do forbid it?"

She walked a little forward, quitting the carnation bed, and halted under the shade of the dark cedar tree, her heart and her colour alike fading. Mr. Yorke followed, and stood before her.

"William, I must do my duty. There is no other way open to me, by which I can earn something to help in this time of need, save that of becoming a governess. Many a lady, better born than I, has done it before me."

"A daily governess, I think you said?"

"Papa could not spare me to go out entirely, Annabel could not spare me, and—"

"I would not spare you," he struck in, filling up her pause. "Was that what you were about to say, Constance?"

The rosy hue stole over her face again, and a sweet smile to her lips: "O William, if you will but sanction it! I shall go about it then with the lightest heart!"

He looked at her with an expression she did not understand, and shook his head. Constance thought it a negative shake, and her hopes fell again. "You did not answer my question," said Mr. Yorke. "What if I forbid it?"

"But it seems to be my duty," she urged from between her pale and parted lips.

"Constance, that is no answer."

"Oh do not, do not! William, do not you throw this temptation before me—the choosing between yourself and the plain duty that lies before me."

"The temptation, as you call it, must be for a later consideration. Why will you not reply to me? What would be your course if I forbade it?"

"I do not know: God only knows," she added, "and I must seek His guidance, His help, His favour, before everything else. But, O William, if you gave me up—"

She could not continue. She turned away to hide her view of it; it was wet with tears.

"Nay, but I did not mean to carry it so far as to cause you real grief, my dearest," he said in a changed tone, bending down to her; "though you brought it on yourself," he added, laughing, as he made his peace.

"How did I bring it on myself?"

"By doubting me. I saw you doubted me at the first, when Annabel spoke of it in the study. Constance, if you, possessed as you are of suitable acquirements, refused, from any notion of false pride, to exert them for your family in a time of need, I should say you were little fitted for the wife of one whose whole duty must be to do his Master's work."

"You will sanction the measure then?" she rejoined, her countenance lighting up.

"How could you doubt me? I wish I could make a home at once to bring you to; but as you must remain in this a little longer, it is only fair that you should contribute to its maintenance. We all have to bend to circumstances. I shall not love my wife the less, that she has had the courage to turn her talents to account. What could you be thinking of, child?"

"Forgive me, William," she softly pleaded. "But you looked so grave and were so silent."

Mr. Yorke smiled. "The truth is, Constance, I was turning about in my mind whether I could not help to place you, and pondering the advantages and disadvantages of a situation I know of. Lady Augusta is looking out for a daily governess."

"Is she?" exclaimed Constance. "I wonder—whether—I should suit her?"

Constance spoke hesitatingly. The thought which had flashed over her own mind was, whether Lady Augusta Yorke could afford to pay her suitable remuneration. Probably the same doubt had made one of the "disadvantages" hinted at by Mr. Yorke.

"I called there yesterday, and interrupted a 'scene' between Lady Augusta and Miss Caroline," he said; "unseemly anger on my lady's part, and rebellion on Carry's forming, as usual, its chief features."

"But Lady Augusta is so indulgent to her children!" interrupted Constance.

"Perniciously indulgent, generally; and when the effects break out in insolence and disobedience, then there ensues a scene. If you go there, you will witness them occasionally, and I assure you they are not edifying. You must endeavour to train the girls to something better than they have been trained to yet, Constance."

"If I do go."

"I knew how long it would last, Lady Augusta's instructing them herself," resumed Mr. Yorke. "It is not a month since the governess left."

"Why does she wish to take a daily governess, instead of one in the house?"

"Why Lady Augusta does a thing is scarcely ever to be accounted for, by herself or by anybody else!" replied Mr. Yorke. "Some convenience, or inconvenience, she mentioned to me, about the sleeping arrangements. Shall I ascertain particulars for you, Constance; touching salary and other matters?"

"If you please. Papa is somewhat fastidious; but he could not object to my going there; and its being so very near our own house would be a great point of—"

"Constance!" interrupted a voice at this juncture, "is Mr. Yorke there?"

"He is here, mamma," replied Constance, walking forward to Mrs. Channing, Mr. Yorke attending her.

"I thought I heard you come in," she said, as Mr. Yorke took her hand. "Mr. Channing will be pleased to see you, if you will come in and chat with him. The children have told you the tidings. It is a great detriment to their prospects."

"But they seem determined to bear it bravely," he answered, in a hearty tone. "You may be proud to have such children, Mrs. Channing."

"Not proud," she softly said, "thankful!"

"True. I am obliged to you for correcting me," was the clergyman's ingenuous answer, as he walked, with Mrs. Channing, across the hall. Constance halted, for Judith came out of the kitchen, and spoke in a whisper.

"And what's the right and the wrong of it, Miss Constance? Is the money gone?"

"Gone entirely, Judith; gone for good."

"For good!" grunted Judith; "I should say for ill. Why do the Queen let there be a Lord Chancellor?"

"It is not the Lord Chancellor's fault, Judith. He only administers the law."

"Why couldn't he just as well have given it for your papa, as against him?"

"I suppose he considers that the law is on the other side," signed Constance.

"I wish I was at his side, and had got a barrel of tar at one hand of me, and a bag of feathers at the other," spoke Judith, impetuously; "maybe, he'd get a taste of 'em!"

"Oh, Judith, couldn't you go up to London and do it?"

I'd find the money," shrieked out Annabel, with laughter, as she descended the stairs in her favourite fashion—sliding down the balustrades. Judith, with a pettish movement, returned to the kitchen; and the next to appear from above—though not by the mode that Annabel had chosen—was Hamish. He had changed his dress, and had a pair of new white gloves in his hand.

"Are you going out to-night, Hamish?"

There was a stress on the word "to-night," and Hamish marked it. "I promised, you know, Constance. And my staying away would do no good; it could not make things better. Fare you well, my pretty sister. Tell mamma I shall be home by eleven."

"It'll be a sad cut down for 'em all," muttered Judith, gazing at Hamish round the kitchen door-post. "Where he'll find money for his white gloves and things now, is beyond my telling, the darling boy! If I could but get to that Lord Chancellor!"

Had you possessed the privilege of living in Helstonleigh at the time of which this story treats—and I can assure you you might live in many a less privileged city—it is possible that, on the morning following the above events, your peaceful slumbers might have been rudely broken by a noise, loud enough to waken the seven sleepers of Ephesus.

Before seven o'clock, the whole school, choristers and king's scholars, assembled in the cloisters. But, instead of entering the school-room for early school, they formed themselves into a dense mass (if you ever saw schoolboys march otherwise, I have not), and, treading on each other's heels, proceeded through the town to the lodgings of the judges, in pursuance of a time-honoured custom. There the head-boy sent in his name to the very chamber of the lord chief justice, who happened this time to have come the Helstonleigh circuit. "Mr. Gaunt, senior of the college school"—craving holiday for himself, and the whole fry who had attended him.

"College boys!" cried his lordship, winking and blinking, like other less majestic mortals do when awoke suddenly out of their morning sleep.

"Yes, my lord," replied the servant. "All the school's come up; such a lot of 'em! It's the holiday they are asking for."

"Oh, ah, I recollect," cried his lordship—for it was not the first time he had been to Helstonleigh. "Give one of my cards to the senior boy, Roberts. My compliments to the head-master, and I beg he will grant the boys a holiday."

Roberts did as he was bid—he also had been to Helstonleigh before with his master—and delivered the card and message to Gaunt. The consequence of which was, the school tore through the streets in triumph, shouting "holiday!" to be heard a mile off, and bringing people hot, and in white garments, from their beds to the windows. The least they feared was, that the town had taken fire.

Back to the house of the head-master for the pantomime to be played through. This usually was (for the master, as wise on the subject as they were, would be that morning in bed) to send the master's servant into his room with the card and the message; upon which the permission for the holiday would come out, and the boys disperse, exercising their legs and lungs. No such luck, however, on this morning. The servant met them at the door, and grinned dreadfully at the lot.

"Won't you catch it, gentlemen! The head-master's gone into school, and is waiting for you; marking you all late, of course."

"Gone into school!" repeated Gaunt, haughtily, resenting the familiarity, as well as the information. "What do you mean?"

"Why, I just mean that, sir"—and Gaunt felt uncommonly inclined to knock him down; but the man had a propensity for grinning, and was sure to exercise it on all possible occasions—"there's some row up, and you are not to have holiday; the master said last night I was to call him this morning as usual."

Away slunk the boys to the college school-room, their buoyant spirits sunk down to dust and ashes—as may be figuratively said. They could not understand it; they had not the most distant idea what their offence could have been. Gaunt entered, and the rest trooped in after him. The head-master sat at his desk in stern state; the other masters were in their places.

"What is the meaning of this insubordination?" the master sharply demanded, addressing Gaunt. "You are three quarters of an hour behind your time."

"We have been up to the judges, as usual, for holiday, sir," replied Gaunt, in a tone of depreciation. "His lordship sends his card and compliments to you, and—"

"Holiday!" interrupted the master. "Holiday!" he repeated, with emphasis, as if disbelieving his own ears. "Do you deem that the school deserves it? A pretty senior you must be, if you do."

"What has the school done, sir?" respectfully asked Gaunt.

"Your memory must be conveniently short," chafed the master. "Have you forgotten the inked surplice?"

Gaunt paused. "But that was not the act of the whole school, sir. It was probably the act of only one."

"But, so long as that one does not confess the whole school must bear it," returned the master, looking round on the assembly. "Boys, understand me. It is not for the fault itself; that may have been, as I said yesterday, the result of accident; but it is the concealment of the fault that makes me angry. Will you confess now? he who did it?"

No; the appeal brought forth no further result than the other one had done. The master continued:

"You may think—I speak now to the guilty boy, and

let him take these words to himself—that you were quite alone when you did it; that no eye was watching. But let me remind you that the eye of God was upon you; and that what you refuse to tell, He can bring to light, if it shall so please Him, in His own wonderful way, His own good time. There will be no holiday to-day. Prayers."

The boys fell into their places, and stood with hanging heads, something like rebellion working in every breast. At breakfast time they were dismissed, and gathered in the cloisters to give vent to their sentiments.

"Isn't it a stunning shame?" cried hot Tom Channing. "The school ought not to suffer for the fault of one boy. The master has no right—"

"The fault lies in the boy, not in the master," interrupted Gaunt; "a sneak! a coward! If he has got a spark of manly honour in him, he'll speak up now."

"As it has come to this, I say Charley Channing should be made to declare what he knows," said one; "he saw it done!"

"Who says he did?" quickly asked Tom Channing.

"Somebody said so; and that he was afraid to tell."

Gaunt lifted his finger, and made a sign to Charles. "Now, boy"—as the latter obeyed—"you will answer me, remember. The master has called the seniors to his aid, and I order you to speak. Did you see this mischief done?"

"No, I did not!" fearlessly replied little Channing.

"Is that true?" roared Hurst.

"True!" retorted Charles; "when did you ever know me to tell a lie? That fault can't be charged upon a Channing. I did not see the mischief done: I did not know it was done, until the master spoke to us about it in the school-room, yesterday, after college."

"If he doesn't know, he suspects," persisted Hurst.

"Come, Miss Channing."

"We don't declare things upon suspicion, do we, Mr. Gaunt?" appealed Charles. "I may suspect one, Hurst may suspect another; Bywater said he suspected two; the whole school may be suspicious, one of another. Where's the use of that?"

"It is of no use," decided Gaunt; "you say you did not see the surplice damaged?"

"I did not; upon my word of honour."

"That's enough," said Gaunt. "Depend upon it the fellow, while he was at it, took precious good precautions against being seen. When he gets found out he had better not come within reach of the seniors; I warn him of that: they might not leave him a head on his shoulders, or a tooth in his mouth."

"Suppose it should turn out to have been a senior, Mr. Gaunt?" spoke Bywater.

"Suppose you should turn out to be a big donkey?" retorted the senior boy.

(To be continued.)

A LITTLE GIRL'S RESOLUTIONS.

Oh, yes, I will try, for the whole of to-day,
To do what they bid me, and mind what they say;
And, even before they can say what they want,
I'll be willing to do it, and not say "I can't."

If any one teases, I will not be cross,
Nor for something to do need I be at a loss:
I can work in my garden, and play with my brother,
And go little errands to help my dear mother.

I will not be idle at lessons or work,
Nor distract busy people with questions and talk;
To be earnest in business, merry at play,
Is the way to go happily through the whole day.

Now, if I can keep resolutions like these,
It will make me more happy and good, and will please
Not my parents alone, but that Father above,
Who delighteth in goodness, and kindness, and love.

WHAT HAVE WE TO DO WITH THE LAW OF GOD?—Some white men from a Christian land engaged natives in New Zealand to go with them on a journey, to carry their luggage. The Sabbath overtook them on the road. The men wished to go on, but the natives, who had been under the pious instruction of missionaries, said, "No, no, it is the Sabbath; we must rest." The travellers, however, went on, and left their attendants behind, who in good time arrived safely with the goods; but the men refused to pay them, because they would not travel on the Sabbath. "What are we to do with the law of God?" asked the natives. "What have we to do with the law of God? What is that to us?" cried the men angrily. "You have much to do with that law," answered one of the natives firmly. "Were it not for the law of God, we should have robbed you, taken all you had, and set you adrift; perhaps we might have murdered you. You have that much to do with the law of God."

A HAPPY FRAME OF MIND.—A man of understanding is of an excellent spirit," in the Hebrew, a *cool* spirit. Injuries do not fret him into a flame, neither does any occurrence heat him into any height of joy, grief, or anger. Who more temperate in these things than Moses? But set this holy man to pray, and he is all life and zeal. Indeed, it is one excellency of this fervency of spirit, that it allays all sinful impatience. David's fervency in prayer for his child when alive made him bear the tidings of his death so patiently. We hear not an angry word that Hannah replies to her scolding companion, Peninnah, and why? Because she had found the art of easing her troubled heart in prayer. Why need she contend with her adversary, who could be wrestling with God to espouse her quarrel?

Progress of the Truth.

SWITZERLAND.

NEW TRANSLATION OF THE BIBLE.—We understand that it has been determined to execute a new version of the Scriptures for the use of the German-speaking Protestants in the eastern provinces of Switzerland. This important work may be regarded as an indication of the improved spirit which has been awakened among the pastors and churches of the districts in question, and is the result of repeated proposals and deliberations. It appears that three different translations are, or have been used during the last three centuries. First came what is known as the Zurich version, which was, after a time, to a great extent superseded by that of Luther; but both have in several places given way to the translation of Piscator. In some cases Luther's Bible has been introduced in a revised form. The consequence has been considerable confusion, and it has been felt necessary to attempt the production of a translation which shall be up to the standard of modern scholarship, and which may be generally adopted as the recognised edition. We notice in connection with this subject the announcement of a work, entitled "Specimens of a Revision of the Lutheran Translation of the Bible," edited by a commission appointed by the Evangelical Conference of Switzerland. It contains portions of Genesis, the Psalms, Isaiah, and Matthew, and the whole of the Epistle to the Galatians.

THE ASSOCIATION OF SWISS PASTORS recently met at Berne, and 335 members were present. The proceedings were opened in the large public hall of the city, by the Rev. Mr. Güder, with a prayer and an address. The business related in a considerable measure to questions connected with scientific theology; thus the first subject, and one which was introduced by the Rev. Mr. Müller, was the influence of their individual theological opinions upon the practical activity of the clergy.

BOZEN.—A journal published at this place gives an amusing illustration of the strong feeling which exists there on religious matters. It is to be observed that the journal in question has been wont to express itself with marked moderation in reference to the disputes prevalent in the Tyrol. However, it says, "We find it impossible to supply our readers with information respecting the marriages and deaths which have taken place during the last month, because the minister of our church, who regards the *Bozen Journal* as an intolerant opposition paper, refuses to communicate the necessary facts."

AUSTRIA.

NEW PROTESTANT JOURNAL.—The *Allgemeine Kirchen Zeitung* says, "We hail with pleasure the appearance of a new Protestant journal at Vienna, called the 'Evangelical Sunday Messenger,' the editor of which proposes to labour for the revival of a true life according to the Gospel, for the imparting of religious instruction, and for Christian edification. Whatever relates to the Church, the school, and the family, will be included in the domain of this periodical, the prosperity of which we desire with all our heart; and we hope that it will be attended with the blessing of the Holy Spirit."

THE ATTITUDE OF THE STATE towards the Protestants of Austria is declared by the German press to be much more favourable, and the following facts, among others, are appealed to as evidence:—First, it is announced that the imperial Minister of State has given in his approval of the regulations of an Austrian branch of the great Gustavus Adolphus Society, one effect of which will be that the Austrian representatives of this institution will be allowed to attend at the General Assembly which will shortly take place at Hanover. A second fact is, that the Emperor has issued a declaration whereby he sanctions the revised regulations of the imperial Evangelical Theological Academy at Vienna, so far as the conferring of honours is concerned. These statutes were drawn up by the governing body of the academy, and have been revised by the Vienna superintendents of both the Augsburg and of the Helvetic confessions. By this decision the institution has restored to it a position and privileges which it held several years ago. A third fact, and one respecting which there will be some difference of opinion, is thus stated:—"The budget of the Austrian Empire, so far as it relates to religious communities, contains a new chapter, which deserves to be mentioned. A sum of 41,000 florins has been set apart for the Protestant churches, a sum which is, of course, very inadequate considering the importance of these churches, but one which consecrates a principle, and will no doubt be increased in proportion as sound views of toleration shall prevail in the legislation of the empire and in the habits of the nation."

ITALY.

TURIN.—The following is a fuller account of the baptism of a young Israelite at Turin:—The Rev. Signor Lauria, of the English Church, lately administered the rite of baptism to a young Israelite from Leghorn. The ceremony took place in the Waldensian chapel. The convert was Signor E. Arias, a young man who, after some months' incessant study and constant meditation, had arrived at the full assurance that Jesus of Nazareth, who was crucified 1800 years ago at Jerusalem, is truly the Messiah who was to come to be "a light to lighten the Gentiles, and the glory of his people Israel." As a demonstration and signal of his faith, and as a sign of the inexpressible benefits which accrue to as many as sincerely profess it, he desired to

receive the external symbol of our spiritual regeneration. The religious ceremony, which had brought to the chapel several of the acquaintances and friends of the new convert, was greatly to the edification of all who were present, and the replies which were made to the questions proposed as to the nature and ground of his belief bare witness to his profound convictions. To the name of Emanuele he added that of Paolo.

LEGHORN.—We observe that a new chapel for Protestant worship has been opened at Leghorn. It has been built by the Waldenses, who obtained permission from the Government for that purpose. The inauguration took place on the 19th of July, and the services were conducted by eight ordained ministers. As was to be expected, this unprecedented event attracted to the spot a large number of rejoicing Christian people. They would not forget that, until a very recent period, it was utterly impossible to preach the Gospel in Leghorn at all to the Italian people. They would remember, too, the difficulties and obstacles encountered by the pioneers of the blessed work, who, two short years before, were well-nigh heart-broken by the ignorant superstition of the people, by their stolid indifference, and by the bitter opposition of the clergy. Now they could look upon a house of prayer, solemnly set apart for God; and now they could feel that their liberties were respected. In addition to which, it would not be forgotten that the grace of God had followed his Word, and converts won to the Gospel of Christ. Among the recent examples has been mentioned that of an Israelite, a resident at Leghorn, and bearing an excellent character, who has believed in Christ, has been to Turin to receive baptism, and who is now an acknowledged member of the Protestant Church.

THE "BUONA NOVELLA" has some remarks on the subject of Protestant soldiers and the religious services of the Roman Catholics, a question which, in France especially, has often caused annoyance. It says, "We are informed that some of the superior officers constrain their subordinates of the Protestant faith to be present at religious exercises which are repugnant to their consciences, and we believe it will be useful to remind both the one and the other what are the orders of the Government in this matter." It then proceeds to give some extracts from the "Regulations of Military Discipline," of October 30th, 1859, based upon a ministerial decision or instruction of 1854. The 19th section runs thus:—"The said commandants shall provide for all non-Catholic soldiers the means of attending the exercises prescribed by the denomination to which they belong, and in the places where such exercises are performed, so far, at least, as the service permits. Non-Catholics shall be dispensed from attending at exercises purely Catholic, except for defence and other military duties which are commanded by the service."

ILLUSTRATIONS OF CLERICAL BIGOTRY, and the intolerance of the followers of the clergy, continue to be numerous. We give them rather as examples and proofs of the growth of a spirit of inquiry, and as showing, beyond question, that the Gospel is producing an impression in Italy. At Pontedera, the corporation of the place, in accordance with the circular of the minister, Minghetti, in reference to burying grounds, provided for the honourable interment of such Protestants as might die there. For this purpose a cemetery was constructed in close proximity to that of the parish. Very soon, however, certain persons, under the influence of the clerical party, went by night and threw down the cemetery wall, and perpetrated other acts unworthy of a civilised people. At Brissogues (Aosta) a novel method of annoying the little Protestant community has been had recourse to. A profane and reckless person is hired, and well supplied with drink. He is then placed in a house adjoining the one where the Protestants meet, and instructed to make the most unendurable uproar, for which he is well furnished with the necessary appliances. The consequence has been that the service has been interrupted; and, finding it impossible to proceed, minister and people have had to separate. Complaint is useless, because, it is said, the noisy person is in his own house, and with closed doors, and cannot therefore be interfered with. At Florence recourse has been had to the most absurd slanders and inventions, calculated to act upon the imaginations and superstitious feelings of the common people. At Brescia we hear of the meanest subterfuges had recourse to by a priest and his allies to get possession of a copy of the New Testament, in which, unhappily, they succeeded. It is, however, cause for congratulation that the circulation of the Scripture goes on in spite of all, and that in every direction, surely, however slowly, the hallowed effects of the preaching of Christ and him crucified, are being felt. We can never be sufficiently thankful, either for the liberty which is enjoyed in Italy, or for the Christian zeal which takes advantage of it for the good of souls.

BELGIUM.

THE SYNODICAL ASSEMBLY of the Belgian Evangelical Society has held its annual meetings at Brussels. We believe all passed off happily. The meetings continued for four days, and in the last two the tricentenary of the Evangelical Churches of Belgium was commemorated. Their confession of faith was first published in 1561. Further details will be given when they reach us.

GREAT BRITAIN.

ISLAND AND COAST MISSION WORK IN IRELAND.—At the last monthly meeting of the Open-Air Mission, held at the Office, 1, Robert Street, Adelphi, London, the proceedings derived peculiar interest from the presence of the Rev.

A. C. Thistleton, who gave an account of two-and-a-half years' work in the wild and remote parish of Carrickfergan, in Donegal. He found the people lamentably ignorant, not only of the truths of the Gospel, but of the arts of life. He had to dress as a "navvy," and assist in making a road. As the Protestant population was only about one to every hundred Romanists, he appealed to the priest to allow some of his people to help. The priest kindly did so, but on other occasions Mr. Thistleton had encountered much opposition, and his life had been threatened by the Roman Catholic clergy. Still he persevered. The road was a step in civilisation. Then he tried flower shows, and offered prizes, but in many cases he had to sow the seed and till the ground. However, year by year the flower shows improve. Meanwhile, he did not neglect his most important work. He held cottage meetings, from cottage to cottage, in the moonlight nights, with an average attendance of sixty, and generally some cows, donkeys, and hens also under the same roof. These meetings had been followed by family prayer in many families. He taught the children until he had seen whom he could select for teachers, and thus established a regular Sunday-school. In crossing to the dark island of Arranmore, in which there is not a native Protestant among 1,300 souls, he used to sing to the Roman Catholic boatmen, and thus conveyed Gospel truth to their hearts. This zealous servant of God asks to be remembered in the prayers of Christians. His narrative shows, for our encouragement, how much may be done by one faithful man, but it shows even more clearly how much yet remains to be done in some parts of these islands. We are glad to find that this excellent mission is prosecuting its work with vigour.

BIBLE CHRISTIANS.—At the forty-third annual conference of this society, recently held, it appeared that there were 196 itinerant preachers, 1,540 local preachers, 643 chapels, 333 other preaching places, 22,535 members, with 1,075 on trial, being an increase, to some extent, of itinerant preachers, 59 local preachers, 30 chapels, and 141 members.

UNITED METHODIST FREE CHURCHES.—At the Annual Assembly recently held in Leeds, the Rev. S. S. Barton was elected president, and the Rev. J. Colman, secretary. An interesting statement was made respecting the new mission to Eastern Africa; and the small cost of the mission—£50 to £60 a-year for a single man, and about £30 a-year more for a married one—attracted remark. The general state of affairs showed the body to be in a prosperous state.

WESLEYAN REFORM UNION CONFERENCE.—The annual meeting of this body has been held in London. There are now 12,592 members, or an increase of some hundreds over those of the previous year.

OPEN-AIR MEETINGS IN SCOTLAND.—During the past month, open-air religious meetings have been held in nearly every county and every important town in Scotland, with the exception of Glasgow. Richard Weaver, after addressing several meetings in Edinburgh, went to the north, preaching where he found opportunity, and Lord Radstock addressed a religious meeting for the first time at Aberdeen, on the 14th of August. The Gospel has been faithfully preached to the fishermen during their annual assembling at Dunbar and Wick; and at Dunbar, Newhaven, and other fishing villages, there has been a marked religious awakening among the population.

DR. FORBES WINSLOW PREACHING IN A THEATRE.—We read that during three successive Sundays in last month, Dr. Forbes Winslow engaged the Rotunda Theatre, Blackfriars Road, London, where he preached Christ crucified to dense crowds of attentive hearers.

EVANGELISATION OF IRELAND.—During several months past negotiations have been going on for the purpose of effecting a union between the Irish Evangelical Society and the Irish Congregational Home Mission, a strong existing that the work of evangelisation would be more efficiently carried on by one than by two societies. At a recent special meeting of the Irish Evangelical Society, the resolutions of a previous conference of the two societies were formally adopted, and the proposed union is now accomplished. The new society is called "The Irish Evangelical Society and Congregational Home Mission." The government of the society will be legislative, by means of a general committee to meet quarterly in Ireland and England alternately, and administrative by means of monthly committees, with district executives, the secretary to live in Dublin, and the treasurer in London.

Our Missionary Corner.

DIALOGUE BETWEEN A MERCHANT AND HIS FRIEND.

M. A worthy man in my neighbourhood has recently urged me to contribute for the support of foreign missions. My answer to his request was, "I really, sir, know little or nothing about missionary operations;" to which he replied, "That I can imagine; but your want of knowledge may show your indifference to holy duties, but will not justify the withholding of your support; you will pardon me, but I am, like yourself, a man of business, and I speak plainly." "Well," I responded, "I like earnestness, and I admire candour; it saves time, and comes to the point. Here is my answer—I am not convinced that it is my duty, and therefore, much as I admire your zeal for the cause, I shall not enlist among its supporters; but this, in fairness, I promise to do: I will talk over the matter gravely with a man conversant with the subject, and if his arguments produce conviction on my mind, your cause shall have the benefit of that conviction." With this understanding we parted; and,

in the fulfilment of the promise given, I have called upon you. As a city merchant, my engagements are so numerous that I have no time to attend public meetings, and no leisure to study reports. I feel that it is not acting justly to a great cause to reject its claims without any inquiry, and it is not according to my mode of doing business to support any undertaking that does not command itself to my judgment. Will you let me ask you two questions—perhaps three?

F. Most readily; and twice three, if you think fit.

M. Tell me, as briefly as you can, the reasons that overcame the objections you formerly cherished against missions.

F. I scarcely know why, but there was a time when I felt strongly prejudiced against all foreign missions. I thought there was enough to do at home, without sending forth men and money to almost unknown regions. However, happily, I afterwards discovered that my stock of piety, with which I was well pleased, was not the kind, or the amount, that would do me suit and service on a future day. To use a mercantile phrase, I took stock, and, instead of finding myself well to do, I came to the conclusion that I was just worth nothing;—in plain English, I found I was in error. Goodness, not my own, led to a wiser state of mind, and then I began to reason thus:—"I have prospered in business, and prosperity entails its obligations. God has done much for me. What have I done for God?" My business habits said, "Act discreetly." My conscience said, "Act piously." So I set to work in earnest, and, among other duties, I thought of missionary operations. I began with my old argument, "Charity begins at home," but I was obliged to admit that it does not stay there. Then another objection presented itself: "Look at the distress at home, before your philanthropy travels to relieve afflictions at the world's end." A few lines from an old-fashioned book knocked that objection to pieces:—"This ought ye to do, and that ought ye not to leave undone." My education, fortunately, was also improved; and I had learned the doctrine of proportion in spiritual arithmetic, and that I was to do to others, in some degree, as God had done to me; and I discovered that God is not pleased with any duties that come into his presence charged with the murder of other duties; in other words, that liberality in one case will not atone for neglect in another, where the power to benefit has been conferred. I thought of our foreign missions, and, to overcome the secret feelings of non-approval which still remained, I drew up a paper for and against, and entered the various reasons or objections as they occurred to my mind. I will show you my consideration-paper, which I have still preserved. It is headed, as you see—

"AN ANSWER TO THE QUESTION, WHY SHOULD I SUPPORT FOREIGN MISSIONS?

"It is a Christian duty, enforced by God's command. It is not a matter of choice, and the welfare of three-fourths of the human race depends upon the rejection or the acceptance of this injunction, 'Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature.' Now it is clear, if my Christianity were what it ought to be, this one command would settle the whole matter; therefore, at the first start, this inquiry and investigation is somewhat humbling. My piety and goodness are not quite so satisfactory as I fancied they might be; but, however, let me go on and think out the inferior motives to action.

"Missionary labours are certainly an ancient practice; it is not some untried and novel system, for Abraham was a missionary, and a very successful one; Noah was also, but a most unsuccessful preacher. It does not want sanction, for Christ himself was a missionary going about and doing good, and preaching the Gospel of the kingdom to the Samaritans; and his servants the Apostles imitated his holy and benevolent example, and the whole Christian world is the result of similar labours. Its comprehensive ness commands it, for the lessons taught benefit the body and enrich the soul; and they impart present comfort to the mind, by substituting the peace arising from revealed religion for the fear that springs from natural religion, as in the case of Aristotle, whose agony of mind is recorded: 'I was born polluted, I have spent my life anxiously, I die with trembling solicitude. O Thou cause of causes, have pity on me!' Pious teaching therefore benefits man for both worlds.

"The message conveyed by missionaries is, I perceive, suited to man, as sinful, as feeble, as accountable, as rational, as dying, and yet as immortal; and the means which God has provided are suitable, for the Bible is the only large book that admits of translation into every language, and that can be understood by men of every clime. It is not a work to be deferred, for nearly 60,000 heathen die every day; and it is not a work that is already done, for there is not one Christian preacher to a million of heathen men. As I proceed, another question arises: 'Seeing that this is the state of a large portion of the family of man, has not my past neglect formed one of the sins of omission mentioned in our prayers?'

"Whichever view I take of the subject, reasons for doing the work are found on every side.

"Missionary labours, in their results, promote the objects advocated by a host of other societies.

"In a word, what is there that is good for man that it does not promote? I am partial to early education. Well, it establishes schools, encourages learning; it humanises our fellow-creatures, it improves morals, it delivers from idolatry, human sacrifices, child murder, soothsaying, and suicide; and, therefore, if this were all, I am no philanthropist to withhold my aid, more especially as it is appointed, for the expansion of our better feelings, that man is to be blessed through the instrumentality of his fellow-man.

(To be concluded in our next.)

Weekly Calendar
OF REMARKABLE EVENTS ASSOCIATED WITH THE
CHRISTIAN CHURCH.

SEPTEMBER 8.

NATIVITY OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN MARY.—A monkish legend relates that seven centuries after the Christian era, a certain man, of great piety, who was accustomed to pray by night, heard every year, on the 8th of September, sweet sounds of angelic music; and, on one of these occasions, having asked the cause, an angel informed him, that upon that day was celebrated in heaven the nativity of the Blessed Virgin; the legend gives her another designation, which we need not repeat. The reigning Pope, Servius, immediately on hearing of this marvel, appointed a yearly feast to enable "the religious on earth to join with the angels in this great solemnity." Pope Innocent IV., in the year 1244, added an octave to the festival; and Pope Gregory XI., one hundred and twenty-six years later, added a vigil. And thus the festival is still observed in the Roman Catholic Church. The legend, on which the observance is based, is one of the least offensive of the numerous medieval stories referring to the Virgin. The Protestant Christian needs no other than the internal evidence to pronounce it a pure fabrication. The nativity of the Blessed Virgin might as well be observed on any other day as on the 8th of September, were it not repugnant to true religious feeling to observe it at all. "Ye have worshipped and served the creature more than the Creator, who is blessed for evermore. Amen."

SEPTEMBER 9.

DEATH OF GILBERT WAKEFIELD.—Gilbert Wakefield, a clergyman of the Church of England, and a well-known commentator and critic, died September the 9th, 1801. He gained an unenviable notoriety by attacking the doctrines of the church in which he had taken holy orders, and by promulgating rationalistic and Socinian views. He was imprisoned two years for writing a pamphlet peculiarly offensive to the Government, and his friends made a subscription of £5,000 for him on the occasion. He was a man of good moral character, and seems to have been a sincere seeker after truth; but, unhappily, he sought for it anywhere rather than in the Book of God. "I am the way, the truth, and the life: no man cometh unto the Father, but by me."

SEPTEMBER 10.

FOUNDATION OF THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH OF AMERICA.—John Wesley, who, in his early days, had visited America, accompanied by his brother Charles, always felt a deep interest in that country, and possibly he anticipated its future greatness. In 1770 he dispatched several preachers thither, and their ministrations were so acceptable to the people that, three years afterwards, when they held their first little conference in Philadelphia, they reported about one thousand members of the society. In four years more the numbers had increased to seven thousand members, besides many negroes, with forty preachers. But the war now broke out with England, and many of the ministers, who refused to espouse the cause of the revolutionists, were subjected to fine or imprisonment, or compelled to leave their homes. Nearly all the Church of England clergy had also left the country, and thus the Methodist societies were as sheep without shepherds. Neither baptism nor the Lord's Supper were administered. The people, in this difficulty, implored the leaders of the mission to form them into a church, in order that they might be no longer deprived of the Christian sacraments. Mr. Asbury, who was at the head of the mission, declining to do so, many of the preachers withdrew from him, and chose out of their number three senior brethren to ordain others by laying on of hands. Mr. Asbury refused to recognise these ordinations, which, indeed, were soon afterwards declared invalid by Conference. On the restoration of peace, followed by a recognition of the independence of the United States, Mr. Asbury laid the difficulties of the American Methodists before Mr. Wesley, who acted with promptitude and decision. He ordained two missionary presbyters, being assisted in the administration of the rite by Mr. Creighton and Dr. Coke, clergymen of the Church of England; and he further ordained Dr. Coke himself to be with Mr. Asbury joint bishops or superintendents of the American societies, giving the former letters of ordination, and a letter, dated September the 10th, 1784, to be printed and circulated in America. In this letter Mr. Wesley gave his reasons for the unusual course which he had adopted. In this manner was founded the Episcopal Methodist Church in America. "Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature."

SEPTEMBER 11.

JERUSALEM TAKEN BY TITUS.—When Vitellius, the Roman emperor, whose sensuality has made his name infamous in history, perished miserably in his own capital, Vespasian, the general who had been sent to suppress the rebellion in Judea, on hearing the news, returned to Rome to receive the crown, dispatching his son, Titus, with a select body of troops, to complete the subjugation of the Jews, by destroying Jerusalem. At this time the holy city was torn by faction, three separate parties of seditionists being "engaged in a war on all sides," to use the language of Josephus. "The aged men and the women were in such distress, by their internal calamities, that they wished for the Romans, and earnestly hoped for an external war, in order to their delivery from their domestic miseries." The wish was gratified by the arrival of Titus and his army

within sight of the city. The Jews united their forces in "an awkward sort of concord," and attacked the besiegers with such fury, that their operations were suspended for a short time. Domestic dissensions re-commenced upon the cessation of hostilities, but Titus was not long inactive. He resumed operations with vigour, and, at length, made himself master of two out of the three walls by which Jerusalem was fortified. The Jews, in the drunken fury of their quarrels, had burnt down the storehouses, containing vast quantities of corn; and, to add to their difficulties, the population of Jerusalem was swelled by great multitudes of non-combatants—the people of the surrounding districts—who had come up to the city to keep the feast of the Passover. No feast did they keep there, but a terrible fast, in which the dead were counted by hundreds of thousands. Josephus gives the following harrowing picture of the famine:—"Children pulled the very morsels that their fathers were eating out of their very mouths, and, what was still more to be pitied, so did the mothers do as to their infants; and when those that were most dear were perishing under their hands, they were not ashamed to take from them the very last drops that might preserve their lives," and we are told that the seditious men "invented terrible methods of torments, to discover where any food was." But worse was yet to come. When Titus had encompassed the city by a wall of his own, and cut off all hope of escape, the famine widened its progress, and "devoured the people by whole houses and families. The upper rooms were full of women and children that were dying by famine, and the lanes of the city were full of the dead bodies of the aged. The children, also, and the young men, wandered about the market-places like shadows, all swelled with famine, and fell down wheresoever their misery seized them." More horrible still, Josephus relates, with a circumstantiality which scarcely admits of doubt, that, when every conceivable thing that could allay the pangs of hunger had been consumed, a mother killed and ate her own child. As we read this sad history, we recall the prediction of Moses (Deut. xxviii. 53), and the dying words of our Saviour to the women who followed him:—"Daughters of Jerusalem, weep not for me, but weep for yourselves, and for your children. For, behold, the days are coming, in the which they shall say, Blessed are the barren, and the wombs that never bare, and the paps which never gave suck." The Christian community at Jerusalem escaped these horrors; for, on the approach of the besieging army, they remembered their Master's command—"Let him that is in Judea flee unto the mountains," and they hastened beyond Jordan to the mountain town of Pella, where they dwelt safely. The Romans, at length, penetrated into the midst of the city, destroyed the Temple and the houses of the inhabitants by fire, and levelled the walls with the ground, A.D. 70. "And when he was come near, he beheld the city, and wept over it, saying, If thou hadst known, even thou, at least in this thy day, the things which belong unto thy peace! but now they are hid from thine eyes. For the days shall come upon thee, that thine enemies shall cast a trench about thee, and compass thee round, and keep thee in on every side, and shall lay thee even with the ground, and thy children within thee; and they shall not leave in thee one stone upon another; because thou knewest not the time of thy visitation."

SEPTEMBER 12.

GENERAL ASSEMBLY OF FRENCH PROTESTANTS AFTER THE REVOLUTION OF 1848.—The revolution which deprived Louis Philippe of his throne, did not very materially affect the condition of the Reformed Churches in France. The Republican Government, unlike their predecessors of the last century, refrained from active interference in religious matters. The only question of a religious character which attracted public attention was that of the separation of Church and State. Placards, called Voices of the People, appeared on the walls of Paris, demanding absolute liberty of conscience, and the complete independence of the two powers; and these demands had the support of two men who were then very influential and popular—M. de Lamartine and M. de Lamennais. A certain portion of the Protestants had formed a "Society for the Application of Christianity to Social Questions," through which they promulgated their opinions in favour of independence. The leaders of the officially-recognised communions were kept in a state of suspense. They were desirous to maintain the union, and yet they appeared to be ready to submit to separation, had it been pronounced by the Constituent Assembly. A number of delegates of the Reformed Churches met at Paris in May, 1848, to consider the state of affairs, but they were irregularly appointed, and were invested with various powers. They, therefore, contented themselves by taking the opinion of the assembly on the principal questions which was decided by a large majority in favour of maintaining the relation between Church and State, and, after adopting regulations for the formation of a new assembly, they separated. The legally constituted assembly, which took place in September of the same year, was originally intended to discuss all Church matters, but after the question of Confessions of Faith had been long and earnestly considered, the assembly resolved to have nothing to do with doctrinal questions, the majority, at the same time, asserting their common articles of belief. In consequence of this decision some members quitted the assembly, and, uniting with other independent congregations, formed a new religious society under the name of *Union des Eglises Evangéliques de France*. The assembly employed the rest of its sitting in discussing a plan for the organisation of their legal establishment, which, however, excited some difference of opinion among the consistories, and did not lead to any

legislative enactments. "There are differences of administration, but the same Lord."

SEPTEMBER 13.

DEATH OF WILLIAM FAREL.—In the year 1512, one Jacques Lefèvre, a very learned man, and a professor in the University of Paris, undertook to compile a legendary history of the Saints. For this purpose he found it necessary to consult a good many books, including one called the Bible, which was but little read in those days. The result was, that the Lives of the Saints were never finished, and he imbibed some new and strange doctrines, such as that of justification by faith in our Lord Jesus Christ, which he taught openly to his pupils. Among these latter was a certain Guillaume Farel, a youth of good family, who had been brought up in the observance of the practices of devotion, and was of a religious frame of mind. Young Farel was amazed at the doctrines of his master, so opposed to all his early teachings, and he studied the Oriental languages, in order to arrive at the true meaning of Scripture, and to ascertain whether these things were so. From that time he became known as one of the most energetic and impetuous of French reformers. Farel was bred of a stormy time, and he delighted to ride, as it were, upon the storm. In 1521, Briçonnet, Bishop of Meaux, who was inclined to the principles of the Reformation, invited Farel, with other of the clergy, to preach in that city, and he there boldly proclaimed the message of salvation. Driven from Meaux by the Franciscans, he fled to Strasburgh, and thence to Switzerland, where he made the acquaintance of Zwinglius, and other eminent reformers. Compelled to quit Basle, he undertook the reformation of Montbeliard, under the protection of the Duke of Württemberg, and he entered upon the work with a passionate zeal which recked not of opposition. Once, during a procession, he seized an image of St. Anthony, which a priest was carrying, and flung it from the bridge into the river, an act which so exasperated the mob, that Farel narrowly escaped with his life. But his ardour experienced little abatement. He propagated the principles of the Reformation at Aigle, in the bailiwick of Morat, and at Neuchâtel, where the reformed religion was permanently established through his agency. After that time he was found in the Vaudois valley of Angrogna, then at Geneva, whence he was banished, together with Calvin, for refusal to submit to some ecclesiastical regulations decreed by the synod of Berne. He proceeded again to Basle and Neuchâtel, and thence to Metz, preaching everywhere with equal boldness, whether he were in the midst of friends or enemies. From Metz he was compelled by the Papist party to fly to the abbey of Gorge, where the Count of Furstenberg gave him shelter. The Romanists besieged the abbey, and compelled its defenders to capitulate; but Farel made his escape to Neuchâtel, where, with the exception of one short interval, he remained during the rest of his life. During that interval, when he went to Geneva to answer a false accusation, he assisted at the execution of Servetus, an anti-Trinitarian heretic, and one of the bitterest opponents of the truth. The condemnation and death of this unhappy man shows that the lessons of bloodshed taught by Rome had been only too well learnt, and that their traces had not yet been completely eradicated from the minds of the Reformed Churches. Farel died at Neuchâtel, September the 13th, 1565, at the age of seventy-six. "My beloved brethren, be ye steadfast, immovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, forasmuch as ye know that your labour is not in vain in the Lord."

SEPTEMBER 14.

HOLY CROSS, OR HOLY ROOD DAY.—A Roman Catholic festival in honour of the Holy Cross or Rood. It retains its place in the calendar, but we need hardly say, has not been observed by the English Church since the Reformation. The Rood was an image of our Saviour on the Cross, with usually the Virgin Mary on one side, and the apostle John on the other; though for these the four evangelists were sometimes substituted, and frequently there were rows of saints on each side. The Rood was to be seen in what was called the Rood-loft, or gallery, built in churches over the passage that leads to the chancel, or in cathedrals where the choir is separated from the nave. Innumerable miracles were attributed to these Rods, and one called the Rood of Grace, at Boxley, in Kent, was widely celebrated. The image on the Cross—a caricature of the Divine Redeemer—moved its eyes, lips, and head, on the approach of its deluded votaries. At the Reformation the Boxley Rood was brought to London, and in the year 1537 Hesey, Bishop of Rochester, took it to pieces publicly at St. Paul's Cross, and showed the people the wheels and springs by which, at the will of the priests, it had been secretly put in motion. The Roman Catholic fable relates that when the Empress Helena, mother of Constantine the Great, visited Jerusalem, she discovered there the actual cross on which our Saviour suffered, and that, having conveyed away some fragments of it, she left the principal part in charge of the bishop of Jerusalem, who preserved it safely until Cosroes, King of Persia, plundered Jerusalem, and took away the relic. Heraclius, the Roman Emperor, having, about the year 615, defeated Cosroes, and recovered the Cross, determined himself to convey it back to Mount Calvary. The legend runs that he arrayed himself with great splendour for the journey, but when he attempted to lift the Cross it resisted his utmost strength. The emperor then remembered that his worldly pomp was ill-suited to the occasion; on throwing off his royal robes, and again attempting to lift the Cross, he did so with ease, and conveyed it in triumph to Jerusalem. The Roman Catholics, therefore, instituted the feast of the "Exaltation of the Holy Cross." "Ye have made the word of God of none effect by your traditions."

THE QUIVER.

THE PREPARATION OF THE HEART.

It is a matter of common remark, that the grandeur of St. Peter's at Rome is not *felt*, until after repeated visits have been paid. By a gradual process, the mind is trained to apprehend the greatness of the structure, and to appreciate the genius which has been exerted to adorn the magnificent temple. It seems to grow upon the thoughtful observer. The expansion is within him, not without him. The great and the beautiful, as well as the true and the good, require a preparation of the head and of the heart, in order to be truly felt and valued. Intellectual and moral culture is, therefore, not only a duty, but a privilege. There are, doubtless, many who are content to enter the splendid edifice, to gaze about with a mixed feeling of wonder and disappointment, and, without giving more than a hasty look at the noblest works of the great masters by whom it has been adorned, these go away unimpressed, uninstructed, unable to discern the latent majesty of the great efforts of genius—unworthy of the privilege of having such treasures opened to their inspection. Others there are of a different mould, with minds cultivated, feelings refined, acquainted with the laws of art, as exemplified in architecture and painting; with these the ideal and the external act and react on each other, until feeling becomes intense and fixed. The guide-book is used by these not as a crutch, but as a staff—it merely helps them to make a more profitable acquaintance with the great original itself. Here they can test and verify for themselves, form their own judgment, enjoy what pleases, and profit by what instructs. So it is, also, with the loveliness of Nature: to appreciate and to enjoy it, we must bring ourselves into harmony with its beauty and its grandeur. We must thus patiently (as it were) learn to read and interpret the great works of man, and the greater works of God. What shall we say, then, of the spirit in which we should approach his revealed Word? What preparation of the heart is here appropriate? How may we best hope to gain the benefit and the blessing to be derived from its pages?

It is, doubtless, a striking characteristic of God's Word, that it provides for all kinds of readers a lesson of Divine instruction—that is to say, for the simple and the wise, the high and the humble, the aged and the young, the rich and the poor. But to catch the lesson—to secure the learning—it must be read as the *Word of God*, and not as the word of man. The creature is here listening to the Creator—the child on earth to the Father in heaven. The spirit must be docile, looking up in faith, and seeking only to know what a God of love, in his wisdom, may think fit to make known to his creatures, whom he stoops to teach—"as a father pitieth his children." He has given us ample means of preparing ourselves for a profitable study of this blessed Book, by which our views of it may be enlarged and exalted. The world without us is full of the evidences of design, from which we conclude that there must be an intelligent Author of Nature, who appointed the general laws of order and being, and upholds the universe by his own Almighty power. We may range through time and space in history, geography, and physical science, and gather up all the facts and illustrations, by which our minds may be both pleased and instructed; by which we find that God has made the world in conformity with his own Almighty nature, and for his own All-wise purposes. We may look within, and survey the laws of mind and morals; discover the outline of a great plan of a righteous, moral government of the world; feel the intimations of a future life; see the flashings of a futurity beyond the grave; and in the midst of the yearnings and disquietudes which have ever perplexed unaided human nature, we may humbly and gratefully listen to that voice from heaven which clears up our greatest difficulties, and upon our doubts and our darkness commands to shine the bright beams of that Light "which lighteth every man that cometh into the world."

This brings us reverently to the Bible, as God's revealed Word; this does not supersede, but should sanctify all other instruction which may be supplied from the sources which are found within and without us.

Many are the controversies which are now afloat with reference to the Bible. The speculations of man increase

and multiply, but these must perish and pass away, whilst the Word of God abideth for ever. The humble Christian observes, that the written Word, when referred to by Him who spake as never man spake, was always dealt with as possessing supreme authority. It is not for man to dictate what the Bible ought to tell him, or how it ought to have been framed, or to what extent God's direct interference should have extended. If we are responsible to God, as the moral governor of the world, for the use we make of the evidences with which he has surrounded us in Nature, and those which He has implanted within us, to testify of His sovereignty and our subjection, we are not less responsible for the use of the great salvation which he has set before us in the pages of Revealed Truth. How shall we escape, if we neglect it? The man to whom the pages of Creation are open, if he be an atheist, is without excuse; no man to whom the Bible is open can reject its full and free salvation, without being a traitor to the King of kings. Yet, men are found to deal with the Bible as if it merely involved matter of curious or critical speculation—some matter of controversial debate, to test the skill of disputants—forgetful that man must live by the word that proceedeth from the mouth of God; that by that word man will be judged; that the difficulties with which it is accompanied may be an important part of the discipline and trial of our faith.

The light of Nature, the researches of science, the discovery of the general laws by which parts of Creation are governed, these are assumed by some to embody an "experience," which they choose to call the order of Nature; and some are to be found who, disregarding the moral order of the world, the destiny of man, the spiritual system to which he belongs, and with which his nature is linked, presume to say that all beyond or above a limited experience is *against it, because not according to it*; is impossible with God, because it may not be within the grasp of feeble man. They see in part—they know in part—a small part truly even of this earth in which we live; and they would dictate a supreme law to the boundless universe of which they know nothing. But "all men have not faith."

The true Christian philosopher comes to God's Word, seeking to learn the sublime truths which the Holy Spirit is willing to teach him who seeks for them in the spirit and with the love of truth. They who have studied the Word as they have studied the works—the Bacons and the Newtons, the Owens, the Whewells, and the Sedgwicks, with others like-minded—have found in both the same God of love and wisdom, of goodness and mercy; they have read both the volumes, with minds and hearts prepared, instructed, and elevated. They have searched the works of God, to find and to accept the teaching of Nature; they have searched the Word of God, to find and to accept the teaching of Inspiration. They know the Scriptures and the power of God. They know and they acknowledge how little they can know of the great system of the universe—what need there is of a child-like faith, and humility of spirit. But they are thankful for what they are enabled to know, and appreciate the purpose of the great moral discipline to which they are subjected in the increasing of their knowledge. They see how many difficulties are raised, how many doubts are stirred and strengthened by disregard of the moral law, by a depraved will, by a want of faith; by the absence of that due preparation which can make the study of the Divine Word expand and enlarge the heart, enlighten and elevate the mind, purify the affections, and grow into grandeur as boundless as the source of its sublime truth is infinite and eternal.

It is well worthy of consideration, whether the secret source of many if not most of the difficulties connected with the profitable study of God's Word be not bound up with our moral and spiritual defaults; and, therefore, God, in his wisdom, does not interpose to remove or remedy consequences which are in accordance with the laws of his moral government of the world. Where we may *prevent*, by moral means, we may not neglect the means, in expectation of a special remedy for the results. If we *will* do his will, we have the promise as to the knowledge of the true source of the doctrine. God has provided a plain path, if we will use it as the narrow way to heaven; it is perilous, if we dare to tread it for idle controversy, or the sport of speculation, or any alien purpose. Is it not too much overlooked in this busy time, that we are moral, immortal, accountable

beings, with gifts and talents greater or less intrusted to us; to be used *profitably*, and that whether it be the teaching of Nature, the voice of conscience, or the lessons of Revelation, it is to the righteous Judge of all we must give account of the use we may have made of what he has intrusted to us? He will reward every man according to his work. He will not overlook our difficulties. He is touched with a feeling of our infirmities. But neither can we expect that the universal language of Nature, the moral lessons of conscience, the open pages of his works and his Word should be set aside, on the plea that there were difficulties which he had appointed, and doubts which we ourselves had created.

The gift of the Bible exceeds all human estimation. If that blessed Book were in every home, and its precepts the law of every heart, its promises the hope of every spirit, amongst our people, what a victory might be won over the selfishness, the sensuality, the sin of fallen man! What benefits might then be secured for society, what blessings to us all! Repeat the study of the glorious Gospel with hearts prepared by faith and prayer. Renewed contemplation will here make us feel how good it is to be in the presence of the Redeemer; to be changed into the same image, from glory to glory, even as by the Spirit of the Lord!

THE NATURE AND TRUTH OF MIRACLES.

No one can read the Old and New Testaments without observing frequent allusions to what we call miracles. These miracles are represented as taking place either with or without human intervention; they are very diversified in their character, and are commonly for a beneficent purpose. Even when they involve judgments upon the wicked, they almost always involve kindness to others. Thus, for example, the plagues of Egypt, and the passage of the Red Sea, brought suffering and destruction to the Egyptians; but they facilitated the escape of the Israelites from their cruel bondage. In some cases miracles were an unmixed benefit, as when they were wrought by Christ and his Apostles upon the dumb, the lame, and the blind. In other cases they were indirectly profitable to men, by confirming their faith, strengthening their courage, and removing their fears. Such was the miracle of Gideon's fleece, of the sun's standing still in the time of Joshua, and of Christ's walking upon the sea. There was, therefore, great diversity in the Scripture miracles, and their intention was not in all respects the same.

On the present occasion we shall confine ourselves to the miracles recorded in the Bible, and ascribed to the power of God. We shall not examine all the questions which may be raised upon the subject, but simply endeavour to show the nature and truth of miracles. These inquiries are important, because it is well that both we and others should understand *why* and *what* we believe. It is the more important because there are some who doubt the truth of miracles altogether.

It is confessedly difficult to define a miracle in such a way that the definition shall include all true miracles, and exclude all that are such only in appearance, and therefore false. This difficulty is owing more to the imperfections of language than to the inability of the mind to understand a miracle. That it is easy to understand a miracle is evident, because we can readily point out and enumerate all the miraculous events recorded in the Bible. Perhaps we should begin by asking what is the meaning of the words used to describe miracles in the original Scriptures. In the Old Testament there are four words thus employed: the first is, properly speaking, a *sign*; the second, a display of *power*; the third, a deed which is *splendid* or *admirable*; and the fourth, something *extraordinary* or *wonderful*. In the New Testament there are three words used to describe a miracle: one conveying the idea of *power*; a second meaning simply a *sign*; and a third denoting a *wonder*. Other terms are applied to miracles, but these are the chief, and it is easy to see that they are all appropriate. A miracle is a *sign* of the presence and intervention of God, and also of his will and sanction. A miracle is an act in which God puts forth his *power* in a special manner, and for a special purpose. A miracle is a *wonder*, because it is altogether different from ordinary events, and because it excites the astonishment and surprise of those who behold it. Finally, a miracle is a *splendid*, beautiful, and visible proof of the interest with which the Divine Being regards the affairs of men, and in particular of his people. We may readily connect all these ideas together, and say that a *miracle is a visible and wonderful exercise of Divine power, as a special token of the will and presence of God*. This definition has at least the advantage of being scriptural, intelligible, and comprehensive; although we cannot flatter ourselves that it will satisfy everybody. Men who are determined to object will object, but we imagine there is no miracle recorded

in Holy Writ which our definition does not include. Neither is there any false miracle which it does not exclude, for no false miracle is wrought by Divine power, and expressive of the Divine will. We will therefore only further add, by way of explanation, that a miracle may or may not be accompanied by human instrumentality, but cannot be accomplished without the hand of God, because it is beyond the range of mere human ability.

Having thus shown what the Scripture miracles are, we proceed to examine their truth. But here we are met by the infidel with a twofold objection. First, he says, a miracle is contrary to the laws of Nature, and is therefore impossible; and then, secondly, it is opposed to universal experience, and therefore cannot be proved. All objections to miracles turn on these two points—that they are impossible, and that they are incredible. In regard to the first, it seems not a little presumptuous, when we speak of God, to say that he cannot perform a miracle, because such an event is contrary to the laws or order of Nature. We may admit that it is contrary to the laws of Nature, because we assert that He who constituted those laws, and superintends them, can interfere with them or suspend them if he chooses. To deny this, is in effect to deny a superintending and controlling Providence altogether. In the Bible all the operations of Nature are ascribed to God, and his influence is declared to extend to the circumstances and conditions of all creatures. "He rules in the changes of the seasons and of the times." "In him we live, and move, and have our being." "A sparrow cannot fall to the ground without our Father;" and the very "hairs of our head are all numbered." Therefore He who created all things directs and governs them. It is evident that the universe is not a mere machine, which he has framed and hurled into space, and left to itself. His wisdom, his goodness, and his power are in perpetual exercise, in every world he has formed, and in every creature that owes its being to him. Now, if we admit all this, we cannot deny that, for high and wise ends, God may and can make known his presence and intention by special, visible, and wonderful displays of power. Admit there is a God who created and governs all things, and the possibility of a miracle must also be admitted.

We are told, however, that even if a miracle is possible, it is so contrary to experience, that it could not be proved, and ought not to be believed. To say the least, this is a very shallow objection. Anything which occurs but once, or the first time in a man's life, is contrary to his whole previous experience, but it is folly to say he must not believe it. That an event occurs but seldom is no proof that it does not occur at all, and that an event has never occurred before is no proof that it has not occurred to-day. The first railway carriage in motion, the first message by an electric telegraph, and the first photographic portrait were as contrary to universal experience till they occurred, as the dividing of the Red Sea, the raising of Lazarus, or the resurrection of Christ; but he would have been accounted insane who refused to believe them because neither he nor any one else had seen such things before. We may conclude, therefore, that the second objection to miracles is a mere pretext to justify unbelief, and, in principle, utterly without force. But we shall be told that the cases are different, and that in the one we have an interference with natural laws, while in the other we have merely a new discovery in regard to them. There is also another difference which we desire to remember, and that is, that it is as impossible for God to make any new discovery in regard to the so-called laws of Nature, as it is for man to interfere with them. But may we not believe that God can as easily make known his interference with the laws of Nature as man can make known his discoveries? To say that he cannot perform a miracle is to make Nature greater than God, to make the Eternal King subject to his own work. And to say that a miracle cannot be proved, and ought not to be believed, is to deny the Lord the power of communicating with his creatures, however momentous or urgent the occasion. Finally, to say that he will not work a miracle, and has never wrought one, is to contradict the recorded experience of many wise and good men, and to reject the Bible itself.

Perhaps it will be said that a miracle is an event of such a kind, that it cannot be understood or known to be such, and that the most we can say is, that certain occurrences seem to be miracles, or were believed to be such in an ignorant and unscientific age. Hence, it is inferred that we may be in error in regarding any events as miraculous, and indeed it has been attempted to explain away many of the miracles of Scripture. Thus, for instance, the passage of the Red Sea has been ascribed to natural causes, such as the prevalence of a strong wind, by which the waters were kept back until they were so shallow that men could pass over the bed of the sea dry-shod. But even were this true, it would not destroy the miracle, because the occurrence of such an unprecedented event at precisely that moment would justify us in regarding it as a special interposition of God for the deliverance of his people. There is, however, not the shadow of a proof that the Red Sea ever was liable to such vicissitudes. Some German critics have gone so far as to say that the miracles of our Lord himself were the effects of a mysterious magnetic influence; but this is, to say the

least, absurd, and deserves no consideration for a moment. We know of no power in man which could raise the dead, or restore sight to the blind in an instant, or make a few loaves and fishes sufficient to feed five thousand persons. Such things are as much beyond man's ability now as they were when our Saviour was on earth. We can conceive of no age in which they would not be called miracles, and therefore we hold that it is quite sufficient to show their reality.

That the Scripture miracles were real occurrences is testified by eye-witnesses, and by those upon whom or in whose favour they were performed. Now it is impossible to believe all these testimonies false, for the Apostles who record them were upright and truthful men, whose sincerity was proved by their whole life, labours, and sufferings. There seems to be no room for optical delusions, because the miracles were of such a nature that they did not admit of it. Neither could there be deception of any other kind, because so many experienced in their own persons the miraculous energy. There are no events in history which are better supported than the miracles of the Old and New Testaments; and if there is not sufficient reason for believing them, there is not sufficient reason for believing anything. If those who saw them ought not to have believed them, and we ought not to believe their testimony, it is difficult to say where scepticism is to stop. A blind man who received his sight, a lame man enabled to walk, a dumb man empowered to speak, had in themselves the proof of the miracles; they were a living proof of them to others, and their united testimony is sufficient for us. The people who passed over the Red Sea, those whom our Lord fed in the wilderness, and they who saw him after his resurrection could not help believing in the miracles. Indeed, all miracles are matters of fact, which can be as easily proved as any other events whatever; and it is simple obstinacy, prejudice, and blindness which refuses to believe in these manifestations of the power of God.

SUCCESS IN LIFE—HOW TO GAIN IT.

II.

In the last article I endeavoured to show that true Christian faith is essential to real success, even in respect to this first world of ours. The Christian may be unsuccessful, but the irreligious man must be so.

The Christian, however, has in his character all the elements of success, and the first of these is Integrity.

If I have any sceptical readers, and I hope I have—for the writers in some other periodicals seem to find plenty of them—they may receive this statement with a sneer. Integrity an element of success, in days of fierce competition and lax commercial morality! Why not? The value of useful articles, it is well known, increases in proportion to their rarity, and therefore, if integrity be scarce just now, it is only the more certain to be highly prized and highly remunerated.

I shall presently relate a case in point; but in the first place, let me try, by an illustration or two, to explain the meaning of the word integrity.

When Kossuth, escaping the pursuit of the Cossacks, sought the protection of the Sultan, that monarch offered him safety, wealth, and high military command, if he would renounce Christianity, and embrace the religion of Mahomet. A refusal of these conditions, for anything he knew to the contrary, would be equivalent to throwing himself upon the sword of Russia, which was whetted for his destruction; and this was his answer—"Welcome, if need be, the axe or the gibbet, but evil befall the tongue that dares to make to me so infamous a proposal." Deliberately to prefer death to the sacrifice of conscience, is that kind of Christian integrity enjoined in the command, "Fear not them which kill the body, and after that have no more that they can do; but I will forewarn you whom ye shall fear; fear Him who after He hath killed hath power to cast into hell. Yea, I say unto you, fear Him."

When Ulric Zwingle, the Swiss Reformer, was revolving certain doubts which had arisen in his mind, and had nearly arrived at the conclusion that he should soon be called upon to attack the Papacy, he proposed to resign a small pension which the Pope had given him. The legate of the Pontiff, however, prevailed upon him to retain it, and Zwingle, as he announced his intention of doing so, added, "Do not think that for any money I will suppress a single syllable of the truth." Zwingle's after life was worthy of these words. To be incorruptible by any form of bribe, is an essential part of integrity.

But, in order that there may be no mistake, let me put in very plain words what is meant by integrity. It means soundness of heart—incorruptibility—uprightness. It is a thing of the heart and the conscience—an inward principle, not merely an outward course of conduct. Perhaps the meaning may be made more plain if I substitute for integrity the term Christian honour, but this again involves a definition.

The phrase, "a man of honour," in the language of the fashionable world, will not bear translating into the simpler expression, "an honourable man." At least, the two phrases are often applied to very different characters. "Christian honour" implies something better and more comprehensive than either.

The man of Christian honour is always loyal to his sense of right. His steps are guided by an enlightened conscience, and by the influences of the Holy Spirit. Money cannot buy him. Pleasure cannot entice him. Flattery he despises.

Threats he disregards. He walks everywhere under the eye of Almighty God, and it matters nothing to him whether his actions are seen and noted by his fellow-men, or not.

"But you are describing a perfect character, which does not and cannot exist." (Some reader will probably make this objection.) I feel by no means sure of that. I think I know some men who, by the Divine help, have approached very closely to such a character as I have described. Probably they have not actually attained to it. If I were to ask them, they would doubtless say as much. But they know all about the secret failures, which no by-stander would perceive. The world is yet young, and their sons may do better than they.

Integrity is one of the elements of success, because, among other things, it secures to its possessor the confidence of society. To have the confidence of men is to have influence over them; and hence a reputation for unsullied integrity is an excellent capital for a penniless young man. Now it is worse than a waste of time for any man to try to obtain a *reputation* for integrity. Sooner or later, he would fail miserably, as all hypocrites must do, and deserve to do. What he should aim at is to attain to the character, leaving his reputation to take care of itself.

Let it be understood that integrity begins in what are called little things—for nothing is really little which concerns the human soul. Suppose, for instance, my reader is in some employment. In that case, his employer buys so many hours of his time for so much a week. To a man in such a position idling is petty larceny; and if he have in him the spirit of Christian honour, his duties will be discharged to the best of his ability; "not with eye-service as men-pleasers, but in singleness of heart, fearing God." Such conduct as this will *never* fail of its reward.

Let us enter yonder office. A young man sits at a table in a private room, writing. A member of the firm passes through the room, conversing with a brother merchant, who asks—

"Is that your chief clerk, Mr. Grey?"

"Yes. He is our manager," answers the merchant.

"Indeed! Are you not afraid to intrust so young a man with so high a responsibility?"

Mr. Grey smiles, and says, "That young man has been with us from boyhood, and he has my implicit confidence. I never knew him betray a trust. He identifies his interests with ours; and I believe him to be incapable of a dishonourable action."

"Hum!" the friend rejoins; "you are fortunate to have such a clerk;" and he scrutinises the young man closely as he passes out. The merchant is old, and has made money. He would be glad to obtain some relief from the cares of business, if he knew how to cast them off safely. The result is, that a year later the young clerk is admitted to a share in the business of his employer's friend, and ultimately becomes his partner on equal terms.

I am sure to be told that this is a very improbable story, and that such things scarcely ever happen. Be it so. The narrative illustrates only one form of reward, and by no means the best.

Do you not see that this young man had attained success in the best sense of the word, before the conversation I have related took place? He had obtained fixed principles of the highest kind; he had secured, gradually and insensibly, the character of an upright man, and the confidence and respect of his employer; he enjoyed the blessing of an approving conscience. Are these things worth nothing? I venture to assert that they have a direct money value, which any man who possesses them may count down in hard cash. Had this young man remained all his life a clerk, he would probably have attained the best position and the highest salary open to him.

I have not space to introduce illustrations showing how principles of Christian honour operate to promote success in other walks of life; to the master as to the servant; to the tradesman, the merchant, and the professional man, as to the persons he employs. But it is scarcely necessary. If we set ourselves to consider these things with candid minds, it is impossible to arrive at the conclusion that dishonesty is the best policy. We may think we see some notable instances of triumphant fraud, but these are not even the exceptions which prove the rule; such successes are neither genuine nor permanent.

There can be no need of many words to convince any reader of the moral beauty and dignity which belong to Christian honour. Perhaps you, my dear friend, who peruse these lines, have already resolved to cultivate this sublime virtue, and to make it one of the grand rules of your life.

Well, this is a wise—indeed, the only wise resolution; but how will you keep it? Have you counted the cost? Competition is carried so far in some trades, that the persons engaged in them seem to live in an atmosphere of deceit. How can you escape the contagion? There is only one way, but it is a sure one.

If you desire to act in accordance with God's will, it does not very much matter how weak you are, or how great your difficulties may be, because you can ask help of God, and if you ask in the faith of his Son, you shall receive.

Now, this is a very plain and simple fact. I know there is a good deal of lurking unbelief among us, which refuses to credit that the Almighty does sensibly interpose in our affairs, to strengthen and to bless. But, to the Christian, there is nothing in the world so certain as this. Divine grace, "to help in time of need," does descend into the praying and believing heart, and we who are believers know, by past experience of many a trial and sorrow, that "we can do all things through Christ, who strengtheneth us." As in the old time, so now, "according to our faith" it is done unto us.

Pearls of Proverb.

THE PLACE WHERE THE WISE MAN KEEPS HIS EYES.

AXE, and where should he keep them but in his head? As said the Preacher, "The wise man's eyes are in his head." And are not the eyes of a foolish man in his head? Truly so. But an old proverb says, "Frons occipito prius," that is, "Man's forehead goes before his backhead;" which also reminds us of another, which says, that "If a man will not look before him he must look behind him." Thus some men never see in time, and they never learn. Therefore, says the old proverb, "If an ass goes a travelling, it won't come home a horse." And again, "He who stumbled twice over the same stone, it's no wonder that he broke his neck." And again, "If fools did not go to market, bad wares would not be sold." And the old story says, "There was a fool once who sought to turn iron into gold, but he made gold into iron." The eyes of man were given to him to observe withal; but without the observation behind the eye, they are given in vain. A pair of spectacles, a telescope, a microscope, laid on the table, see nothing, it observes and detects nothing; and the eye, without the thoughtful and observant mind, is as useless. It is no more the cunning contrivance of the eye, than it is the cunning contrivance of the glass, which makes it the source of wisdom. It is the head, for, says the ancient proverb, "Though a cap be ever so fine, if a fool wears it, it is but a fool's cap."

Our readers have, perhaps, heard how, once upon a time, two lobsters were out for a walk along the sea-shore, when the shell of a boiled lobster lay in their path. "Ah! see," said lobster the son to its parent, "how beautiful! this, too, was one of our family! How rich this scarlet! no coral we have ever seen can surpass it in brilliancy. Dear father, why cannot we dress like this? I cannot bear myself now in this dark, unsightly dress, I wear." "Thou poor, proud, thoughtless son," said the wise old lobster, "I have heard and know something about this fine red shell. I am constantly in dread of it, lest we should be compelled ourselves to wear that red coat by-and-by. Know, then, that what seems to you so fine is the sign of our poor cousin's death. My poor son, there are horrid creatures, called men, who are always seeking us, to boil us alive; and then, when dead, the coat turns red, and it is thrown away, like this poor fellow's." Wise old lobster! there are millions of men who pass through life, and never attain to a fraction of his wisdom, because they do not keep their eyes in their head.

The world is full of mysteries and secrets, which, however, may be deciphered, and opened by a wise heart instructing a wise eye. All the powers of art and of science are but the results of innumerable observations upon the ways of Nature. Men who have attentively observed the way in which Nature performs her wonderful works, have obtained power over her, and have at last compelled Nature to do the bidding of man. Some men seem to be mere machines: with an unobserving eye, undetective and undiscriminating, they go from work to work; they plod along from duty to duty; they carry no sense of freedom into any performance; they suggest nothing, they improve nothing. As the very Scripture says, they are "like the beasts that perish;" they are not wise; that is, they have not their wits about them, for our words *wise* and *wit* are synonymous. *Wisdom* is *wisdom*, the dominion of the wise. The old National Assembly of England was called a *Wittemanage*, and literally it signified a gathering together of people who had their wits about them, men of observation and knowledge, the reverse of stupid people. It has been well said that a man should be wise for himself as well as for others. A whetstone sharpens a knife, but it remains blunt itself. Use thine eyes to thine own advantage. The cinnamon tree lets not all its goodness out into leaves, or even fruit, which fall off; it keeps for itself and its own bark the principal part of the fragrance. "If thou be wise," said Solomon, "be wise for thyself." And, indeed, only so can a man's wisdom be educated to be available for others. Dr. South says, "A blind man sitting in the chimney corner is pardonable enough, but sitting at the helm he is intolerable. If men will be ignorant and illiterate, let them be so in private and to themselves, and not set their defects in a high place, to make them visible and conspicuous. If owls will not be hooted at, let them keep close within the tree, and not perch upon the upper boughs. Solomon built his temple with the tallest cedars; and surely when God refused the defective and the maimed for sacrifice, we cannot think he requires them for the priesthood."

I very well remember old Farmer Watson: when he came to our house there was some letter he had to read, but he could not do it. "I have," said he, "a beautiful pair of specs, but I have left them at home." It was usually the case with Farmer Watson. He usually left his glasses at home. I often heard him say, "They fit me exactly, but I've left them at home." And so with many men. They have a beautiful pair of eyes, but they never carry them about with them; and so their eyes are like Farmer Watson's spectacles, of no use when wanted. And the people we have met of whom this may be said are innumerable. Young Wilson went on the Continent, but he saw no beauty in the whole magnificent scenery of the Alps and Switzerland, and Italy and the Rhine. When he returned he knew nothing of the glories through which he had passed, for he had left his eyes at home. Bieldy, my old school-fellow, failed in business the other day. I always expected he would fail. He had no practical wisdom. He never watched the markets. He never

watched his opportunities. He had no eye for the million little things which go to make up a man of the world, and, a master among men, he was always dreaming; and, in a word, meet him whenever you would, you might be sure he had left his eyes at home. I knew Raeburn very well. I often lent him a book, but he never could make the sense of it, nor the sense of anything else very well, and for this reason: he had a great deal of faith in his own nonsense, and very little in anybody's wisdom. His eyes, go wherever he might, had always been left behind him. "The wise man's eyes," said the wise man, "are in his head."

"If you mean the palm to bear,
Use your eyes.
Many a pitfall, many a snare,
Lie beneath you everywhere;
Use your eyes.
Many a stone from out the wall
On a thoughtless head may fall;
Many a sudden blow doth bough
Lay a careless wanderer low.
Lest some danger foar arise,
Use your eyes.
Lest some danger you surprise,
Use your eyes.

"Life is full of mysteries rare,
Use your eyes.
There is beauty everywhere,
And things fearful, and things fair;
Use your eyes.
Every blade and every bower,
Every pebble, every flower,
Every human heart and mind,
Has some secret, you may find.
If you would be strong or wise,
Use your eyes.
Very near the lesson lies,
Use your eyes."

A VISIT TO A RAGGED SCHOOL.

THE "private academy," where the sons of well-to-do tradesmen resort, the National and British schools, have all their share in the enlightening influence which is now so rapidly pervading society; but one grade is acknowledged to be below the sphere of their operations—the "roughs," our "city Arabs," and to them Ragged Schools offer the precious boon which they need, and which they will not elsewhere seek.

Come, then, and look at a ragged school. It is Sunday afternoon, and we walk through the High-street of one of the London suburbs to our destination. The locality of our school is certainly not very attractive in its appearance. A broad space at the top of the turning is filled with loungers; men in rough dirty jackets, smoking, talking, often quarrelling; women vociferating loudly to one another; and children standing round an old woman's fruit-stall.

The greater part of the houses are small, dirty, and ill-kept, evidently containing too many families for either health or comfort. A group of boys are squatting on the ground as we pass, with a dirty pack of cards before them, and the sounds of quarrelling and swearing salute our ears. One lad looks up, and calls out to us—

"May I come to school this afternoon?"

We say "yes," and urge him to do so; but he laughs aloud at our credulity; while a little ragged urchin near cries out—

"Would I go to a Protestant school?"

We see that ignorance is not our only obstacle here. We have a double foe to contend with—irreligion and superstition.

We enter the school-room, a commodious building lighted from the top, because side windows would be smashed faster than the glazier could mend them. Ours is not one of those schools where are seen none but the most untamed specimens of humanity. There are a few of our scholars who might do credit to any national school; younger ones there are, too, who attend with regularity, come with neat dresses, clean faces, smoothly-brushed hair, and though fidgety, noisy, and tiresome enough, have not the wildness and violent insubordination of others. These may, perhaps, be regarded as the nucleus of our school, round whom, we trust, others may gather, to share with them the blessings of order and obedience.

These regular scholars are in their places, with here and there a mingling of the rougher sort; and now four or five girls bound in with bold, boisterous manners.

Presently the door opens again, and twelve or fifteen rough, unromising-looking youths tramp in, and sit down before their respective teachers. In one class, the boys settle down quietly to their occupations; but in another, the symptoms of insubordination are only too evident. The books are thrown down, or "shyed" across the room; whistling, singing, or fighting becomes the fashion, and before the hymn can be given out, several of the most lawless are obliged to be expelled.

The group outside make a rush at the door, simply for what they call "a spree," and it requires the united efforts of three or four gentlemen, first to push out the intruders, and then to close the door, which they insist upon keeping open.

Order restored, the singing commences. The children like this part of the afternoon's duties; even the infants in the gallery joining their little voices in the tune, though they may not know the words. Look at this class beside us of eight or nine girls, varying from the ages of ten to thirteen; three at the head of the class, neat, clean, and orderly, appear quite disposed to attend to their lesson, but next to them are two who seem to be possessed with an ungovernable spirit of insubordination; after the three first have read, it is impossible to proceed.

"I won't read out of your Protestant books," exclaims one, and with that throws her Testament into the teacher's lap.

"It's nothing but a pack of lies," says another, and, as if by a preconcerted signal, almost all the books are closed. There is, however, one exception; a bright, black-eyed child, with a smiling, intelligent face, who, with one arm around a younger sister, endeavours to make head against the current of noise and lawlessness. Her mother died some months ago, and since then she has had the entire charge of her two younger sisters, who always come neat and clean to school; she has prepared her father's dinner, cleaned and "tidied"

the little room at home, and now is ready with her book, her questions, or her answers, only grieved that the behaviour of the others prevents the continuance of the lesson. The mistress begins to read to them some simple story of one like themselves, whose heart was touched by the grace of God, and who, early called to another world, could rejoice in the hope of glory, through Christ. They begin to listen, and to feel; their wild natures seem for an instant softened; a tear rolls down the cheek of one; another exclaims, "Oh, how pretty!" Another girl, whose face bore the marks of a conflict with her mother, acknowledges she should like to feel as happy when she comes to die, "but I know I'm not ready now." And while the mercy of God in Christ is pressed upon them, one of our orphan children says, "I love Jesus; he was so kind to come and die for us."

While this is going on, another scene is being enacted on the other side of the room. Some of the stragglers outside have just been brought in by the superintendent; but several of the boys' classes are disturbed by one or two ringleaders in mischief, who seem determined not to allow any Scripture lesson to proceed in their neighbourhood. The teacher can scarcely make his voice heard; and at last they all burst forth into a simultaneous howl, after which a good number take up their caps and take their departure; they then proceed with great clamour to batter the doors.

But our school is not always the theatre of such scenes as these. Sometimes we cannot insure the attendance of any of the "roughs," and when they come, their numbers vary considerably. This is one of our fullest afternoons, and, therefore, proportionately noisy. Yet, from among this very kind of boys, we have heard of many instances of good; several who have been expelled and re-admitted, not only once or twice, but even half-a-dozen times, have at last settled down into regular and quiet habits, and are now prospering as servants, or apprentices, or sailors, with good characters, fair prospects of advancement, and grateful remembrances of the instructions of our Ragged School.

A grade higher than these in the scale of improvement is the Shoe-Black Brigade, which numbers, at present, some seven or eight promising lads. We have just provided for two of its most interesting members. One, a tall lad, about sixteen years of age, always foremost in everything that went on, frequently giving the first answer to the question on the lesson before his class has just been sent to sea. Several gentlemen in the school have contributed to fit him out for the life he has chosen. He was always an eager reader of tracts and the *British Workman*, and as we look round on the Brigade and miss his face, one little incident we recollect makes us hope that he knows how to value the Book of books. He was for a long time in attendance upon us at our girls' night-school: he was our porter, waiter, messenger; and after supplying us with books, slates, pencils or pens, would sit himself down a little aside with his Testament. It was something astonishing to our wild scholars that one of their own class, brought up in his childhood like themselves, should, for his own pleasure, pore over the sacred volume. One evening in particular, in spite of their teacher's reproofs, the girls, one after another, ridiculed and scolded the boy for thus spending his time; but he continued his occupation, replying that it was a good book and he loved to read it.

Another young shoe-black we miss, whose beaming countenance always won our good will. Often have we seen him in the week at his post, doing his business as if his heart was in it. His hand was always ready to lift a heavy perambulator on to the pavement, or to help a little child to a cup of water from the drinking-fountain behind him. He had a good sum of money in the savings bank, which he sometimes drew upon for a pair of boots, or other necessaries. His brigade uniform was never in the tattered, dirty condition of that of some of his associates; and one Sunday morning, on entering the school-room, he was saluted by his school-mates with the epithet of "gentleman," which his new Sunday suit seemed indeed to warrant. Always cheerful and obliging, respectful and well-behaved, it was no wonder he gained friends. He is now a page in a gentleman's family.

Thus is the Shoe Black Brigade—so useful a branch of the Ragged School—a training for higher and more profitable employments.

We have, in instances like these, proof sufficient that these boys are not a race incapable of good impressions. We see that, too, in the case of those of the "roughs" who still remain in the school-room after the unruly ones have been expelled. Not having others to stir them up to evil, they are listening with evident interest to the conversation of their teachers, or reading eagerly the Bible histories. There is much excuse for them in the influence of their associates; for few have the moral courage to do right in the face of ridicule, joined to their own habits and prejudices.

We see, however, an exception to this before us. A young girl is attentively reading the New Testament, heedless of the jeers of her companions.

"Oh!" they exclaim, "you've been to mass this morning, and now read the Protestant Bible! We'll tell the priest of you."

But all their efforts to distract her attention are unavailing. That child, a year ago, was as wild and unmanageable as any of them.

There was another girl, of the same stamp, whose face we have missed for some weeks. It is but five or six months since she first entered our school-room one Sunday afternoon, a girl of fourteen or fifteen years of age, and wild enough, in her appearance and manner, to bespeak an uncared-for life at home. Her hair used to hang uncombed, down her back; and her dress was in tatters upon her. But one morning she astonished us by a complete

transformation. Some lady had taken an interest in the poor, neglected child, and she now appeared before her teacher in a *whole* dress, neat and comfortable.

"Look here, Miss —!" she exclaimed, with a beaming countenance, "I have a new Bible and Prayer-book; you can see my name in them both. Now I can go regularly to church."

From that time this girl seemed to take a pleasure in a more civilised and attentive behaviour; she came neat and clean on Sundays, with Bible in hand, and always ready with her place; and, though an indifferent reader, she followed with great interest the history of the children of Israel in Egypt, which was at that period the morning lesson in her class. She is now an inmate of an industrial school, where, by good training, she is promising to do well. The last time her teacher saw her there, she was much rejoiced by the matron's report of her truthfulness—"She had never been known to tell a lie;" while the girl's remembrance and intelligent reference to her last Sunday's instruction at our ragged school was also gratifying to her teacher.

Such instances bid us take courage, and go on, with confidence, and with prayer. We see thus an earnest of the good that may be done among these children. They learn lessons, which even now exercise a good influence upon them, lessons of patience, of obedience, and of self-denial. See that boy standing by the side of his teacher, sharing in the use of her hymn-book. He is evidently pleased at being allowed that privilege; but his eyes wander from the book to the clouded face of one of his little companions. Presently he whispers to the teacher—

"May I let Jem stand by you instead of me?"

The change is soon made; and he looks up with a glow of pleasure which is worth far more than an hour's selfish enjoyment. Another boy, with his arm around a new scholar, is endeavouring to show him the words which he is not yet forward enough to read for himself; a third takes a carefully treasured penny from his pocket, to put into the missionary box; while two quick little fellows ask permission to learn a verse, till their turn to read comes round again; and another repeats one he learnt last Sunday, adding, with great satisfaction—

"There, now! Have I not remembered that text perfectly?"

There is a hope that these little ones at least may be brought up in the right way. We are encouraged to think so, because, on turning to the first class, we see girls who have thus been brought up, almost from infancy, respectable, orderly, intelligent, and above all, loving to read the Word of God, and to keep holy his day.

As we slowly walk away when school is over, we ask one scholar who, Bible in hand, is leading home her little sister—

"What have you been doing this afternoon?"

The answer is ready: "We have been reading about Jesus."

It is this kind of learning which can alone insure a real change among such children as we have just seen. Mere secular knowledge may enlarge the mind, and improve the outward conduct, but cannot save the soul.

We are thankful for any, even the slightest, improvement; we rejoice greatly when we see bad habits given up—when we mark continued efforts of self-discipline, and an increasing respect for the sacred volume. But we should prove faithless to the charge committed to us, if we regarded such results as the end of our endeavours. It is very far short of what should be our chief aim, namely, the salvation of the soul.

We believe that the instruction which the Scriptures supply, aided by the influence of God's good Spirit; alone can soften the most obstinate offender—can change the most desperate servant of sin into a meek and lowly Christian character. And thus, we trust, it may be with the scholars in our Ragged School. Though often discouraged, we know that there is a power in the Gospel of Christ which can and does work mightily, even among such characters as we have seen here. That wondrous love of Jesus which is shown to them Sunday after Sunday, can make the scoffer revere a holy God, the undutiful child honour his parents, the Sabbath-breaker remember God's sacred day, the wildest and most profane reverence God's blessed Word, and listen, with gentleness and humility, to its glad tidings of pardon, purity, and peace.

THE MARVELS OF A SEED.

HAVE you ever considered how wonderful a thing the seed of a plant is? It is the miracle of miracles. God said, "Let there be plants yielding seed;" and it is further added, each one "after his kind."

The great naturalist, Cuvier, thought that the germs of all past, present, and future generations of seeds were contained one within the other, as if packed in a succession of boxes. Other learned men have explained this mystery in a different way. But what signify all their explanations? Let them explain it as they will, the wonder remains the same, and we must look upon the reproduction of the seed as a continual miracle.

Is there upon earth a machine, is there a palace, is there even a city, which contains so much that is wonderful as is inclosed in a single little seed? Consider the immense number of seeds, the perfect separation of the different kinds, their power of life and resurrection, and their wonderful fruitfulness!

Consider first their number. About a hundred and fifty years ago, the celebrated Linnaeus, who has been called "the father of botany," reckoned about 8,000 different kinds of plants; and he then thought that the whole number existing could not much exceed 10,000. But, a hundred years

after him, M. de Candolle, of Geneva, described 40,000 kinds of plants, and he supposed it possible that the number might even amount to 100,000.

Well, let me ask you, have these 100,000 kinds of plants ever failed to bear the right seed? Have they ever deceived us? Has a seed of wheat ever yielded barley, or a seed of a poppy grown up into a sun-flower? Has a sycamore-tree ever sprung from an acorn, or a beech-tree from a chestnut?

Consider next the wonderful power of life and resurrection bestowed on the seeds of plants, so that they may be preserved from year to year, and even from century to century.

Let a child put a few seeds in a drawer and shut them up, and sixty years afterwards, when his hair is white and his step tottering, let him take one of these seeds and sow it in the ground, and soon after he will see it spring up into new life, and become a young, fresh, and beautiful plant.

M. Jouannet relates that in the year 1835 several old Celtic tombs were discovered near Bergorac. Under the head of each of the dead bodies there was found a small, square stone or brick with a hole in it, containing a few seeds, which had been placed there beside the dead by the heathen friends who had buried them, perhaps 1,500 or 1,700 years before. These seeds were carefully sown by those who found them, and what do you think was seen to spring up from the dust of the dead?—beautiful sunflowers, blue corn-flowers, and clover, bearing blossoms as bright and sweet as those which are woven into wreaths by the merry children now playing in our fields.

Some years ago a vase, hermetically sealed, was found in a mummy-pit in Egypt, by the English traveller, Wilkinson, who sent it to the British Museum. The librarian there having unfortunately broken it, discovered in it a few grains of wheat and one or two peas, old, wrinkled, and as hard as stone. The peas were planted carefully under glass on the 4th of June, 1844, and at the end of thirty days these old seeds were seen to spring up into new life. They had been buried probably about 3,000 years ago, perhaps in the time of Moses, and had slept all that long time, apparently dead, yet still living in the dust of the tomb.

Literary Notices.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

Sermons on the Christian Life. By the Rev. ASHTON OXENDEN. London: Hatchard and Co., 187, Piccadilly. 1861.

THE Vicar of Pluckley, in the midst of those duties which he discharges so conscientiously—for in the humblest cottage of his parish there is no more familiar guest than he—has found time to contribute several valuable works to the literature of the day. Among these, the last, which now lies before us, is, to our thinking, the best, because it is calculated to be the most useful. Mr. Oxenden has about him none of that petty dignity which seeks an audience "fit though few," and measures the fitness of that audience by the price it can afford to pay for a book. He publishes these sermons in a small pocket volume, within the reach of most people's means. They are written in a pure Saxon style, which critics will approve, and the humblest reader thoroughly understand. What is more important, we have here the great truths of the Gospel, the excellence and joy of the Christian life, set forth with a simple earnestness which finds its way to the heart.

How to live well, and how to die well—these are the questions which the sermons propose to answer. The condition of those who live without God, "having no hope," is first considered; and the career of the Christian is then traced from "the turning point" to "the Christian life in heaven." The cardinal truth that "Christ is the life of the soul," and the necessity of "living for God," fearlessly facing the world, and declaring ourselves for Christ, are enforced, and as we proceed we are taught that the Word of God is the nutriment of the Christian life, closet prayer its breath, the Lord's day its holiday or holy day, and the Holy Spirit its seal.

We have space for only one extract, in which the writer deals with that paradox of the Christian life—"sorrowful, yet always rejoicing":—

THE JOY OF THE CHRISTIAN.

Spiritual joy comes direct from God. He alone can give it. The happiness of worldly persons comes from what is around them. If their circumstances in life are prosperous, they are happy. If they enjoy health, and freedom from pain and anxiety; if they meet with no opposition or unkindness; if all goes smoothly; then they are happy, it may be. But the Christian's happiness is not bound up in these things. It is not accidental happiness. It does not depend on circumstances. But it comes straight from God. It is his blessed gift to his own people. It is spoken of as "the joy of the Lord." Christ calls it his joy, his peace. This was his farewell legacy to his people: "Peace I leave with you; my peace I give unto you," and again, "These things have I spoken unto you that my joy might remain in you, and that your joy might be full." And yet we are almost surprised to hear Christ speaking of his joy. For was he not "a man of sorrows?" Was not his life one of toil and tears? Where, then, is the joy of which he speaks, and which he prays that we may have as our portion? Are burdens, insults, sorrows, persecutions, crucifixions—joys? Truly he was "acquainted with grief" as regards his outward condition. But there was within a deep well of love and joy which never failed. He delighted in his suffering errand. It is true, he was often grieved at the hardness of men's hearts. It is true, he was sometimes hungry, and thirsty, and weary. But he had "meat to eat" which men knew not of. And so it is with his people. He calls upon them to cut off right hands, and pluck out right eyes, and deny and crucify themselves, and be poor in spirit, and bear the cross after him. And what joy, it may be asked, is there in this? How can the Christian life be called a life of

joy? Ah, but there is such a thing as "dying, and behold we live; as chastened, and not killed; as sorrowful, yet always rejoicing; as having nothing, and yet possessing all things." The Christian can look up, and thank God that there is in his soul a fountain of peace, of which God himself is the spring. It comes from him. He is the author and giver of it.

Yes; this is so. The experience of every believer attests it. As we read further on, God is not only the bestower, but the great object of the Christian's joy. Like other men, the Christian may have made many a fruitless search for happiness, "but he has found peace at last. He has found it in Christ. He rests his weary soul in the Saviour's bosom, and he is happy."

LIFE WORK.

Life Work; or, the Link and the Rivet. By L. N. R. London: Nisbet and Co. 12mo. 1861.

MRS. RANYARD, better known as L. N. R., is a devoted friend of Bible circulation, and of Christian efforts for the spiritual and temporal welfare of the poor. Two of her books, "The Book and its Story," and "The Missing Link," have had a large circulation, and have been very useful; while "The Book and its Missions," which she edits, serves every month to extend the work which she has at heart. This lady is the originator of the "Bible Women," who are now to be found scattered over the metropolis, zealously labouring to improve and bless the homes of the humblest of our fellow-citizens. The "Missing Link" was an earnest and eloquent plea for female agency among the destitute; and its author tells us that it "has borne fruit by the blessing of God in the practical support and extension of the agency delineated, and has incidentally helped to break down prejudice against woman's work for Christ among Protestants, to which many friends bear testimony." She also expresses a hope, in which we sincerely concur, that "the present book will call forth, not only more money, but more workers, especially from the influential classes." "Life Work" is, therefore, a sequel to the "Missing Link," and designed to enforce and confirm its arguments by an appeal to experience. It embodies a mass of facts and reasonings which cannot fail to produce an impression, and which are a triumphant vindication of the employment of female agency in efforts to ameliorate the condition of the fallen or the poor. The facts are of various kinds, exhibiting both the bright and the dark sides of the picture; and they are set forth as only a practical worker can describe them. As to the agency, it has been ascertained that while a poor woman is the most suitable for the general work, it is absolutely necessary that she should be advised, countenanced, and helped by one from the class of her superiors. With regard to the forms which the work has taken, and other matters, we must refer to the volume, simply intimating that they include not only Bible reading, Christian counsels, Bible classes, mothers' meetings, &c., but clothing and bedding clubs, and other institutions. These different means of usefulness have been eminently blessed, and the author says, "We can bear testimony that in the last two years weekly meetings have multiplied 'down among the dens' by a continual reproduction all over London; they are every week increasing in number, and yielding their fruits to the glory of God. The poor women, warned, gradually clothed, and comforted, say these missions rooms are like heaven!" Here is a specimen of the way in which the good influence of the work reveals itself:—

A man whom his wife had represented as an infidel, said, on being asked to come to the mission-room on Sunday evening, "I am so tired of hearing people talk about religion, I hate the very name of it; but if it is only the Bible that is your religion I will come, and gladly too." Visited the woman, who once told me she was glad I should not have to come there again, when her husband had paid for the Bible. I said, "Has his reading the Bible made your life miserable, as you thought it would?" "No, my home is more happy now than ever it was; and my husband is so kind, I cannot refuse to go with him to chapel, and to let him read and pray, if he likes; though I cannot understand why he is so fond of that book, it is always in his hands when he is not at work."

There are many equally striking cases recorded in these pages, but we turn to a passage which shows what people are, and how they live in some of the courts in London:—

"You are a bad, wicked lot, the whole of you," is the remark of a Christian minister as he leaves a certain court; "there is but one among you that is anything like what she ought to be, and that is Mrs. W.—" Some of the most determined drunkards live in this locality, uniting to shield each other in their wickedness. When asked for rents or payments, they assist to shift goods from house to house by the back passages, till the storm of the landlord or the tallyman is over, and then back comes the property; and if work is stirring, the fire is piled high up the chimney, bottles and cans fly about in the hands of pale and shoeless children, friends are sent for, and loud laughing and singing is kept up till some more peaceable neighbour leaves his bed to see if his bad words and strong arm are able to quiet the revellers.

But it is not all depravity and sin; there is the deepest wretchedness and misery, and of that we select a single proof from the journal of a Bible woman:—

"This day," says Paulina, "first saw poor Widower P.—He was lying ill upon an old bedstead, on what could scarcely be called a bed, and with neither sheet nor blanket; these had been pawned or sold one after another to procure a meal. I had been told of the case at a shop close by, as being one of sad distress. The shopkeeper said the man was sober, but had been out of work for months. 'You had better not go up,' added she, 'for they are almost naked, and, besides, it is not safe.' Safe or not safe, up I went, and found the poor children, three in number, covered with blots from dirt and disease. 'Oh,' said the man, 'we had just given ourselves up for lost.' The mother had been dead more than two years, the oldest girl was seven years old, their old black frocks hung on them in tatters,

and these they had outgrown. They had no underclothing. I believe these children had scarcely seen a human face for months except each other's, and when I went in they began to cry." Now comes the remedy. God has surely sent Paulina and her helpers to turn the tide of misery like this. They are the right sort of people to do it. "I spoke kindly and cheerfully to the poor creatures, and fetched a comfortable jug of soup from the mission-room, which brought scalding tears from the man's bursting heart. Mrs. W.—'s aid was soon called in, and she taught the eldest child to wash herself and the others, and went in once or twice a day to them till they got better, taking some clean old linen afforded by the mission. Soon tears were changed to smiles and the deepest thankfulness. A week or two afterwards, the eldest girl was found in the mission-room, with clean face and tidy hair, helping to serve the welcome soup from the pretty little copper to others as well as herself. She is also admitted to the work meetings, and I trust our acquaintance with this family will prove for the glory of God."

"Life Work" will supply a code of instructions, as well as a record of experience and a storehouse of examples. It will enable many who have never suspected it to understand the suffering and sin by which they are surrounded. It will, perhaps, suggest to some that they may do something for the poor and the degraded. It may encourage the wishful, but timid, who sigh over evils which they have not the courage to attack. It will show to the rich what the poor require; and it will tell the poor what the rich are doing for them. The circulation of such a book ought not to be confined to the upper classes, but ought to extend to those in humbler stations, and we heartily hope that this will be the case. We cordially thank the author for this new effort, and earnestly trust that her "Life Work" will be long continued to be a blessing to many.

Youths' Department.

FAITH.

THE charms of a sunny morning brought our cheerful friends together on the lawn, and all were occupied, to the delight of the gardener, in admiring one of his new roses. The father, who never let an opportunity pass for imparting instruction, and who delighted in what he termed "accidental knowledge," reminded them that that beautiful flower, which so charmed the eye, and filled the air with its fragrance, was descended from the common hedge rose, and that its merit was the effect of grafting, and pruning, and training, which was the gardener's mode of expressing education. "This," he said, "is a botanical illustration. The animal kingdom will also supply examples: our neighbour's splendid greyhound, and little Curly Wig, the lap dog, are descended, as Buffon informs us, from the coarse, rough dog that tends the shepherd's flock. The mineral kingdom can produce its inmates who are equally indebted to education; the charms of the diamond are only known by means of the artist's skill. Observe this, and fancy how greatly we bipeds are indebted to education. Thus you may gain much wisdom by looking at objects in different points of view."

"Papa," cried Willie, "that is just what I am longing to do this morning; I want to look at my excellent papa in different points of view."

"You have permission, sir; pray, proceed."

"You know, papa, you are Mr. Paterfamilias, because you are the father of the family."

"Granted."

"You are 'THE GOVERNOR,' because you rule the house, and make us all obey."

"That, young gentleman, is my duty and your happiness. What next?"

"You are the 'Chancellor of the Exchequer,' because you pay the bills."

"Every day I feel it. Go on."

"Now, I am very poor, and I wish to see my dear papa in a new point of view—that is, as the 'Relieving Officer'."

"But applicants are not to be relieved at irregular times; what say you to that, my friend?"

"Yes, but the poor woman who comes to us says that there is always a discretionary power in the master of the house to relieve in cases of emergency."

"Pray, where is this emergency?"

"In my distressed case, papa; for I want half-a-crown, and I haven't half a penny."

"Well, my poor boy, if you attend to what 'THE GOVERNOR' says, and show yourself a kind-hearted, manly, industrious fellow, you and Mr. Paterfamilias will never tumble out on account of an occasional half-crown. Here are the 'ways and means,' take your boon."

"Five hundred thanks, papa; my heart is too large for my mouth."

"I am glad to find you thankful for small mercies."

"Thankful! like the grateful Irishman, I would say, 'You shall lodge in my heart, and I will never ask you for rent!'"

"To live in the hearts of my children, and to deserve to live there, is one of the blessings for which I pray."

"Now, Willie, although you have been relieved, you must come into the house."

"Papa, could not we have breakfast on the lawn?—that would be giving me 'out-door relief'."

"It cannot be; we have plenty to do to-day."

"Plenty to do! we have always plenty to do. I shall tell my cousins, when I see them, that I live in a *workhouse*."

"I hope most sincerely, young Chatterbox, that you will always live in a *workhouse*."

"Why, Willie, dear," said his sister, "if we were all to

spend our allowance as you do, our abode would be the poorhouse."

Walter, resolving to have a share in this sharp-shooting, said, very kindly, "If I live to be old, and folks ask about 'my bringings up,' as the gardener calls it, I shall say, 'I, and my father and mother, and my brother and sisters, were all brought up in the *union*."

"Walter, may a kind Providence continue to us all that blessing! Let me whisper a secret: a large portion of your usefulness and your happiness will depend upon a union of another kind. When the time comes, *make no mistake*."

"Come along, I want my tea and toast; if you delay a moment, I will frighten you all with Greek. Take it in English—'The hungry man hath no ears.' I cannot listen to another word. My watchword at this dread moment is—'Children, on! tea and toast for ever!'

On entering the breakfast room, the servants, young and old, were assembled for the family devotions, and a very wise custom prevailed: after a pause of a minute, the master of the house arose, and all followed his example; and, while standing, he read one or two verses, selected as a preparation for prayer. The words of this morning were—

"If my people, which are called by my name, shall humble themselves, and pray, and seek my face, and turn from their wicked ways, then will I hear from heaven, and will forgive their sin; and mine eyes shall be open, and mine ears attent unto the prayer that is made in this place."

The prayer was brief, simple, and fervent, for the good man used to say, "We have to do with men and women, and not with angels." If words are not understood, there can be but little profit, and devotion ends when weariness begins.

When breakfast was partly disposed of, the mother observed, "Our subject to-day is—

FAITH.

"I think we shall be obliged to ask papa to come to our assistance. Let me try to define it: Faith is the flight of a penitent sinner unto the mercy of God in Christ."

"Maude, what say you?"

"Faith is trust in God for eternity."

"Walter?"

"Faith is an assent to what God has revealed."

"All good, and all sound; these aphorisms present us with divinity in a nut-shell."

"Willie, we look to you."

"Mine, papa, is very short and very simple: 'Faith is taking God at his word;' this is a pious old woman's explanation of faith."

"John Newton was wont to say, 'There were often no better judges of divinity than some half-dozen sensible and pious old women in their red cloaks,' was the father's comment; and I must own that my definition is not better, only more scholastic. The words that express 'to believe' in the original, embody three things—

"1. A knowledge of;

"2. An assent to; and

"3. A confidence in;

That is, a knowledge of Christ in all his offices, an assent to the terms of salvation, and a confidence in the faithfulness of God to fulfil whatever his mercy has led him to promise. And, I may remark, that this faith is not produced by preaching faith, but by preaching Christ; and also, that men are not saved by faith, but through faith."

"How, then, papa, are we to understand the passage, 'Can faith save us?'"

"The passage may be rendered—'Can such faith save us? A faith that is productive of no good results can never save the soul, and this unsound kind of faith is that which the apostle has been describing; consequently, St. Paul and St. James utter the same sentiments, and teach the same doctrine.'

The mother here remarked—"When we speak of faith, always remember that we are to be tried, not by our faith, but by the results of our faith; that is, not by faith only professed, but by faith practised. In short, not by the faith that is heard, but by the faith that is seen. 'I was an hungered, and ye gave me meat; I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink; I was a stranger, and ye took me in; naked, and ye clothed me; I was sick, and ye visited me; I was in prison, and ye came unto me.'

"I perceive, sir," said Walter, "that in the Scriptures there is an adaptation to the end in view. Pray, what do you conceive to be the peculiar quality, or adaptation, in faith, that gives it so prominent a place in man's redemption?"

"I think I can see it. Unbelief brought in sin, and, by a Mediator, pardon is offered; but this pardon is only to be obtained through the opposite of unbelief, and that is faith. Therefore, the Gospel comes to us as a record which God has given us of his Son; it comes to us as a promise of needful strength; it comes to us as an offer of *forgiveness*. Faith believes this record; faith relies upon this promise; faith embraces this offer, and Satan is defeated. We learn that Satan, in seeking man's ruin, called forth divers sins. God, in seeking man's salvation, demands the opposite virtues. For pride, humility; for rebellion, obedience; for distrust, confidence; for *UNBELIEF*, the parent of the whole, he demands FAITH."

"Faith appears to me, father, to honour God in another point of view."

"No doubt, in many other ways; in what other mode does it appear to you, Walter?"

"When we, last winter, attended the lectures on logic, the professor told us that there were three ways of producing a conviction in the minds of men. The first was an appeal to their passions or feelings; the second was an

appeal to their judgment; and the third was the authority of the speaker; and the last mode, he told us, was deemed the highest and the most commanding. If you observe, father, God employs this mode on various occasions; for in the Old Testament it is—'Thus saith the Lord of Hosts'; and in the New Testament it is—'Verily, verily, I say unto you.' Faith bows to this authority, and thus honours the speaker."

"I agree with you, my son; and I pray that you and I, and all of this household, may have that faith which honours God, and ennobles man, and enriches for both worlds. What say you to all this divinity, my little Minnie?"

"I cannot say much, papa; but I will quote a verse I once learned to please a friend—

"May faith each weak petition fill,
And raise it to the skies;
And teach our hearts, 'tis goodness still,
That grants it, or denies."

"Now, Willie, you must sum up, and make the closing remarks."

"Well, papa, I do love what you have said—that is, as much as I understand of it—and I try to love whatever is good; but I can't help a little mischief coming into my head, now and then."

"I am glad to hear it is only a little; but does not the 'now and then,' my friend, occur pretty often? But, in law, it is the intention that constitutes the offence; therefore we are all safe with you, so out with it."

"You have taken a great deal of trouble, papa, to explain all this to us, and I hope we shall be all the better for it; but I must tell you how a gentleman in another parish succeeded. He collected a number of young people around him, and began to teach them what was meant by faith; and, to make it more clear, the gentleman had provided himself with an egg and a cup; and, after talking for a long time, he said to the children, 'Look at me. What is this in my hand?'

"An egg, sir, was the reply.

"What is this?" he said, holding up the cup.

"A cup, sir," all cried out.

"You see the egg, do you not?"

"Yes, sir."

"He then placed the cup over the egg. 'Do you see it now?'

"No, sir."

"But you believe it to be there, although you do not see it. You believe it without seeing it, do you not?"

"Yes, sir."

"Very good, very good. Now, my good children, tell me what faith is?"

"If you please, sir," they cried, "it is an egg under a tea-cup."

"This is the reward, Willie, I receive for administering out-door relief! Our time is up. Trot away, my boy, to your work, and hear what your father says. I love a transparent character. I look for that which is good, and I have faith in mischievous Willie."

THE CHRISTIAN AND HIS ECHO.

TRUE faith, producing love to God and man;—
Say, Echo, is not this the Gospel plan?

The Gospel plan.

Must I my faith and love to Jesus show,
By doing good to all, both friend and foe?

Both friend and foe.

But if a brother hates and treats me ill,
Must I return him good, and love him still?

Love him still.

If ho my failings watches to reveal,
Must I his faults as carefully conceal?

As carefully conceal.

But if my name and character be blast,
And cruel malice, too, a long time last;

And if I sorrow and affliction know,
He loves to add unto my cup of woe;

In this uncommon, this peculiar case,
Sweet Echo, say, must I still love and bless?

Still love and bless.

Whatever usage ill I may receive,
Must I be patient still, and still forgive?

Be patient still, and still forgive.

Why, Echo, how is this? thou'rt sure a dove,
Thy voice shall teach me nothing else but love!

Nothing else but love.

Amen! with all my heart then be it so,

"Tis all delightful, just, and good, I know,

And now to practise I'll directly go.

Directly go.

Things being so, whoever me reject,
My gracious God me surely will protect.

Surely will protect.

Henceforth I'll roll on Him my every care,

And then both friend and foe embrace in prayer.

Embrace in prayer.

But after all those duties I have done,

Must I, in point of merit, them disown,

And trust for heaven through Jesus' blood alone?

Through Jesus' blood alone.

Echo, enough, thy counsels to mine ear

Aro sweeter than to flowers the dew-drop tear;

Thy wise, instructive lessons please me well;

I'll go and practise them. Farewell, farewell.

Practise them. Farewell, farewell.

* Manuscripts forwarded for the consideration of the Editor should be written on one side of the paper only, and should be addressed to "JOHN CASSELL, La Belle Sauvage Yard, London, E.C." with the endorsement "QUIVER" in the corner of the envelope or cover. The name and address of the writer should be appended to each manuscript. Readers of THE QUIVER of every denomination are invited to send for the Editor's perusal any biographical sketches, or narratives, or anecdotes of real life, well authenticated, which they may have the opportunity of furnishing, and which they may consider suitable for publication in its pages.

The Editor cannot undertake to return rejected manuscripts, except under peculiar circumstances. As contributions suitable for insertion in THE QUIVER are usually short, the writers will have no difficulty in keeping copies.

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LONDON, SEPTEMBER 21.

TO OUR READERS.

ALTHOUGH the three numbers of THE QUIVER which have now been issued afford little more than an indication of the variety which we propose to introduce into its pages, enough has already been written to set forth clearly the design and general character of our undertaking, and the principles by which it is directed. We are glad to know that our endeavour to produce a religious journal of a high standard of literary merit, at a very low price, has been appreciated by men distinguished alike for their piety and their intellectual attainments—men whose approval we value. The letters which we have received from these, and from other persons in various walks of life, satisfy us that THE QUIVER supplies want which has been long felt, and that it is meeting with a cordial welcome among all denominations of evangelical Christians. A journal of this character, however, occupies a very different position from one of general literature, or even from a periodical representing the views of a particular denomination; and we must rely chiefly upon the good offices of our acquired friends, to enable us to extend our sphere of usefulness. We hope, therefore, that we may look for the active aid of our readers in promoting the circulation of this journal. If they believe that THE QUIVER is likely to exercise a beneficial influence in the homes into which it may penetrate, we need have no fear of trespassing unduly upon their kindness, when we ask them to introduce it to the notice of their acquaintances, especially of ministers of churches, Sunday-school superintendents and teachers, and all others engaged in the work of the Gospel. We shall thus be enabled, by the Divine blessing, to carry out the objects we propose to ourselves in the most complete and efficient manner. And we beg to suggest to those of our friends, who experience difficulty in procuring copies of THE QUIVER from local booksellers—which we know to be the case in some small towns and villages—that they club together and transmit, to our Publishing Office direct, one order for the number of copies required. We shall be happy to forward parcels free by post at the following rates:—Five copies (in one parcel) for 6d.; twelve copies (in one parcel) for 13d.

CONVICTION.

WHAT is conviction? It is a deep sense of guilt, without palliation and without excuse, and of danger so great and so threatening, that the soul cannot rest while out of Christ. And now, my readers, how many of you are utter strangers to such convictions? And what hope is there that you will not continue thus? What means of conviction that ever did or ever will produce the effect, have not been used with you in all their power? God has given you his Gospel, has unveiled his glories, has come to you in the full promulgation of his law, with all its requirements and sanctions. He has made known to you the Saviour in the fulness of his love and compassion, and his all-sufficiency to save. He has opened in bright display the rewards of his favour, in the purity, and bliss, and joys of the world above. He has told you of the darkness and despair, and the wailing and the woes of the pit. All the moral influence which the universe affords by mercy, by terror, by entreaty, by

love, by the richest gift of benevolence, he has concentrated to a point, and poured it burning and blazing on your heart. And where are you? You have felt it—you could not help that. But, instead of yielding to it, and welcoming it into your heart and conscience, you have resisted it to the utmost. You are still resisting it. If slightly moved, still you maintain the firm posture of resistance, carrying still in your own bosom the sentence of condemnation. And now, if all this has been in vain—yea, if, in addition to all this, you have once and again passed through a revival of religion, and are even now living, and have for months lived, amid the displays of the power and glory of a present God—if he has here, before your eyes, been walking in the streets, and on every side of you multiplying the trophies of his love—if the dead, on your right hand and on your left, have heard the voice of God and lived, and you are yet unmoved, yet unconcerned in your rebellion against that God whose glories you behold—why, fellow-sinner, how can you ever expect to be awoken?

And now, my dear readers, have you not long enough hated, and resisted, and shut out, the light of truth? Remember, you cannot always do thus. Soon will these days of hope be passed and gone for ever. Soon will that light, which now shines to reveal a God of mercy, and to allure you to his friendship and love—that light, which discloses to the eye of guilt and crime a Saviour entreating reconciliation, and proffering everlasting life—that light, which beams upon you from the eternal throne, softened and tempered by the cheering rays of love, to draw you to the bosom of God; soon, ah! soon, will this light of everlasting truth show you to yourself, to the Judge, and the Judge to you, when there will be none to pity—none to save. Oh! if this light of these days of mercy be insupportable to your guilty soul, how will you bear the light of that day which shall show you an incensed God, and yourself under the just desert and the hopeless doom of his wrath? If you are not willing to see and feel enough of your guilt and ruin as a sinner to relent with contrition, and accept of mercy from your offended God, oh! how can you endure the light that shall reveal a God that will never forgive—that shall reveal heaven as your lost inheritance, and hell as your final doom? How can you bear the light of that day when the sentence of your God shall echo in responsive thunder, the solemn "Amen. It is FINISHED;" "Just and true are thy ways, thou King of saints;" "Even so, Lord God Almighty, true and righteous are thy judgments?"

Scripture Explained.

II.—PAUL AND ANANIAS.

THE conduct of the Apostle Paul in his treatment of Ananias, as recorded in Acts xxiii. 3—5, has been much censured by many. Such have denounced him as not only discourteous, but as positively wicked, in saying to the high priest, "Thou whitewashed wall," which was equivalent to charging him with hypocrisy. Others who are not so severe in their judgment are still much troubled with the attitude which Paul manifested. A little consideration of the facts in the case, as well as knowledge of the historical incidents of the day, will not only justify the proceedings of the Apostle, but will command him to our admiration for his moral courage. When, pleading before the council, Paul declared that he had lived in all good conscience before God, "Ananias commanded them that stood by to smite him on the mouth." This was a symbolical method of charging the speaker with falsehood, and of enjoining silence. Paul expresses his prophetic judgment on such injustice and tyranny, saying, "God shall smite thee, thou whitewashed wall." The reason for this utterance was that Ananias, whilst professing, as the high priest, to administer the law, was using his station to play the tyrant, by thus commanding Paul "to be smitten contrary to the law." Upon this severe rebuke those who "stood by" said, "Revilest thou God's high priest?" This, indeed, would have been a most grievous offence. To ward off even the suspicion that he could thus treat the official representative of God, "then said Paul, I wist not, brethren, that he was the high priest."

How is this? Was he in ignorance that Ananias presided in that council as the high priest? No; he well knew in what capacity he claimed to sit there, and, therefore, his language was the keenest of satire. I am not ignorant that he claims to be the high priest; but is he really so? He has intruded himself into that seat, not being the high priest, and therefore, in calling him a "whitewashed wall," I have not spoken disrespectfully of the high priest, but have torn off the mask from one who claims a most honourable station, that is not his. The historical facts are as follows. Ananias had been high priest some years before, but had been sent to Rome a prisoner under charges of misconduct; and although he was acquitted, still he was not reinstated, but one Jonathan had been appointed in his room. This Jonathan had been murdered, and one named Israel appointed in his stead, but he had not yet taken possession of his office. It was in this interval of vacancy that Ananias

pushed himself forward to preside as high priest in this council before which Paul was pleading. These facts being known, the Apostle might well call him a "whitewashed wall," and say, "I wist not, brethren, that he was the high priest." Every word is pointed. And that he intended to expose this usurper, is the more evident from what he adds: "For it is written, Thou shalt not speak evil of the ruler of thy people." It is the opinion of the learned Michaelis that Ananias had hurried into and presided at that council without putting on, or bearing with him, the insignia of his former office. This made the keen language of Paul the more pointed. "Thou claimest to be the high priest, and yet thou appearest without the appointed insignia of office. Where are these? Thou hast not even the external evidence of the office assumed." About five years after this his house was burned in a tumult raised by his own son. He was besieged, and taken in the royal palace, where, having in vain attempted to hide himself, he was dragged out and slain.

A MINISTER'S DREAM AND A STUDENT'S DILEMMA.

ABOUT half-past one, on Wednesday morning last (Sept. 4th), I, like Nebuchadnezzar, "saw a dream which made me afraid, and the thoughts upon my bed and the visions of my head troubled me." In my imagination, I was the son of a rich farmer, and I had just returned to college, after a long vacation. It was the first morning of the new session; the second prayer-bell had rung, having given five minutes' warning, whilst I was yet in my dormitory, half-dressed, vainly trying, and with lazily trying, to disentangle my dishevelled hair. Of how I came down-stairs—whether I walked down, or tumbled down, or flew down, I have no idea. Suffice it to say, that, at the close of family worship, I discovered myself standing in the garden, surrounded by a large number of richly-laden gooseberry-trees. These, with the other garden stock, I was inspecting with great care, when suddenly I observed that the president (Dr. Ernest) was looking upon me from one of the back windows. Until this I had hoped that my absence would not be noticed, but now I was sure that, sooner or later, I should be called to account. So, like a culprit as I was, I began to frame a defence. This was needed within an hour, for the doctor, as was his custom on the return of the students, waited upon each of us in our respective rooms, and fraternised with us in the most Christian manner possible. Soon he was knocking at my door, and soon we were plunged into a most serious conversation, which began thus:

"Doctor," said I, "for I was determined to speak first, 'I am very sorry I was not in at prayers this morning. My long journey yesterday jaded me, and, as a consequence, I overslept.'

"True," he replied, "and yet our Lord, you will remember, after doing a hard day's work, rose up the following morning 'a great while before day,' on purpose that he might properly attend to his devotions."

To this I thought at first I could say nothing, for I felt keenly how unlike Jesus I was. The words of Dr. Watts flashed upon me—

"Cold mountains and the midnight air
Witnessed the fervour of his prayer."

Yet, whilst they condemned me, they also gave me relief for the time. I thought they presented a loop-hole through which I could escape, and so, mustering courage, I said, "But the Saviour, on that occasion, prayed *out of doors*, doctor. The text is, I think, 'He went out and departed into a solitary place, and there prayed.' He saw the drift in an instant, but he quickly fastened me again by his asking—

"But were you, my friend, praying when I saw you in the garden?"

Almost dumbfounded, I was obliged to say, "No. The truth is, I have, during the vacation, contracted an attachment to horticulture, and I did not think it wrong to spend those few leisure moments in looking at the quantity and the quality of your fruit."

"The act itself was not wrong, but it was ill-timed," said he. "However, enough of that. I trust that, like Paley, and Arnold, and others, you will struggle against the propensity of lying late in bed, and will, by God's grace, be enabled to overcome it. How did you enjoy the recess?"

"Thank you, doctor, very much indeed. And all the friends at home desire to be remembered to you."

"They are very kind, I am sure," he replied. "I shall not soon forget the happy fortnight I spent with them six years ago. We had a delightful service in connection with your father's labourers, at their annual harvest supper. I preached on the parable of the tares, specially dwelling upon 'The harvest is the end of the world; and the reapers are the angels.' I should think there were from fifty to sixty persons present. By-the-bye, what have you done to help them? Of course, as they are so far away from the ordinary means of grace, you have preached to them frequently?"

This almost choked me; but being obliged to speak, I stammered out—

"Why—yes—doctor. At least, I conversed with them in private."

These words were spoken audibly, and they aroused me to a certain kind of consciousness, in which I could not help trembling from head to foot, because I was terrified with that question—"What have you done to help them?" In reality, I had done nothing—nothing, that is to say, in com-

parson with my opportunities. I had, it is true, conducted family worship at home, during my stay. I had "asked grace" many a time at table, and I had paid three pastoral visits to three old women who were poorly. But this was all the work I had done for Christ during a vacation of thirteen weeks! That question, therefore, "What have you done to help them?" gave me great pain of mind. I knew I might have been the means of leading many of my father's labourers to Jesus, and yet I had not mentioned that blessed name to one of them. I felt what an unfaithful servant I had been, and how unworthy I was of being called a "theological student," and a "candidate for the Christian ministry." To my relief, however, I remembered, "It is never too late to mend." So, praying for the pardon of the past, and for persevering grace in the future, I turned me over—and behold it was a dream!

Yet, though it was a dream, I would fain make it to myself and to others, "a warning dream." That question, "What have you done to help them?" will be THE question of the judgment-day. "For we must all appear before the judgment-seat of Christ, that every one may receive the things done in his body, according to that he hath done, whether it be good or bad." "Then shall the King say unto them on his right hand, Verily I say unto you, inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me. Then shall he say also unto them on the left hand, Inasmuch as ye did it not to one of the least of these, ye did it not to me."

Whilst, therefore, it is true that we can be saved only "by grace through faith," it is also true that we are to be judged by our works. And no true Christian need durst at this; for no true Christian can be indolent in his Master's service. "For as the body without the spirit is dead, so faith without works is dead also." "I am the vine," says Jesus, "ye are the branches; he that abideth in me, and I in him, the same bringeth forth much fruit: for without me ye can do nothing."

It behoves us, therefore, each to anticipate that question of the last day, by asking ourselves now, "What have I done for Christ?" And constantly we should remember—

"Tis not for man to trifl. Life is brief,
And sin is here.
Our age is but the falling of a leaf—
A dropping tear.
We have no time to sport away the hours—
All must be earnest in a world like ours.

"Not many lives, but only one, have we—
One, only one!
How sacred should that one life be—
That narrow span!
Day after day filled up with blessed toll,
Hour after hour still bringing in new spoil."

Our Pulpit.

A SERMON TO THE LITTLE ONES.

I MEAN to talk to you, dear children, just as if I had you all seated before me, just as I have talked to a great many other boys and girls. Now let us suppose that you are all assembled—all the little readers of THE QUIVER—what a many there are of you!—and that you all promise to be very quiet, and listen to every word that I shall speak to you. Where there are a large number of children, the way to have a great noise is for each child to make a little noise, and all the littles added together will make a very big noise. This you all understand. Now the way to have a great silence is for every one of you to look right at me, and for every one to keep perfectly still, and you will be surprised to find how great is the silence. Now let us try it.

When you have heard all that I have to say, your parents will want you to tell them all about this sermon. One mother will say, "Come, Charles, tell me what was the text?" and Charles perhaps will say, "I cannot remember it; it was so long." Another will say, "Well, Mary, where was the text? tell me, and I will find it in the Bible." And Mary says, "I cannot remember in what part of the Bible it is to be found." I am determined that you shall be able to carry it all home with you.

The text I shall preach about has the word "remember" in it. You can remember that, certainly. But it is the very first word in my text. You can all remember that the very first word in it is "remember." Another word in my text—not the second word, but the tenth word in it—is "youth." So you see that it must have something to do with the young. The second word is "now;" and this tells us that something is to be attended to immediately. And the fourth word is "Creator;" and here we learn that it is God that we are to remember now while we are young. The whole text, then, will read thus: "Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth, while the evil days come not, nor the years draw nigh when thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in them." But you are ready to ask, "And where is this text to be found?" You can all count twelve. Try it. One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten, eleven, twelve. All right. You are sure that you counted twelve. Yes; I am sure you did. You can all remember twelve. That is the number of the chapter. The twelfth chapter. When you counted twelve what number did you first name? One; quite right. Now verse one, or verse first, is the text. Here it is, the first verse of the twelfth chapter. But what is the name of the book? for that, you will say, is the hardest to remember. If your father should say, "Well, Samuel, who was the preacher to-day?" you would know who he meant by the preacher. The text is found in the first verse of the twelfth

chapter of the book of the Preacher. Why, you say, who ever heard of such a book in the Bible? Do not be too certain, for sometimes a book has two names, just as a boy has. Though he is often called William than Henry, still his name may be William Henry, and some know him as William, and others as Henry. Now the book from which I have taken the text has two names, "Ecclesiastes, or the Preacher." Open your Bibles, and you will see that it is just as I have told you. "Ecclesiastes" is the Greek name, and the meaning in English of this Greek word is "the Preacher." The text, then, is found in the first verse of the twelfth chapter of the book of Ecclesiastes, or the Preacher; and the first word is "remember."

I think that bright-eyed little boy yonder is ready to ask, "And who, sir, was this Preacher?" You shall know for he was a very great man in the day in which he lived. He is admitted to have been the wisest of men. He was a very learned man. He was a king, having great riches, and surrounded with splendid courtiers. He tried all kinds of pleasures, and having had such varied and extended experience, he tells us what he thinks of the ways of life, and gives the world the best of advice. Solomon is the name of this king. He lived nearly three thousand years ago, and was the son of David, the king of Israel. He gives it as the result of his experience that the only thing of real value for life and for death, for time and for eternity, is true religion; and he tells us the very best thing for us is to become religious when we are young. In the text he says, "Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth."

Now, your father perhaps will say, "Come, Thomas, tell us how the preacher divided his sermon? How many heads had it, and what were they?" And Thomas will say, "I cannot tell you particularly, for he talked to us a long time, and said a good many things. But what he said first, and what second, and what third, I cannot tell, for it is now all confused." The heads of the sermons are the parts into which the preacher divides his thoughts, so that they may be the more easily remembered. I will make my heads or divisions so free and so simple, that I hope you will all be able to repeat them to your parents. I shall have three heads, or divisions, or parts, and every one of them is a question. Then there are three questions to ask. Every one of these questions begins with the same letter of the alphabet. The three heads then are WHAT? WHEN? and WHY? The first word in the text is "remember." So, then, the questions are—

- I. WHAT ARE WE TO REMEMBER?
- II. WHEN ARE WE TO REMEMBER?
- III. WHY ARE WE TO REMEMBER?

Now, let us attend to the first question, *What are we to remember?* The text gives us the answer. It is our Creator. We can have no doubt as to who is meant by our Creator. This is one of the names by which God is known; so that God and Creator mean the same thing. We can all understand that everything we see had somebody to make it. You know that the kite, which your aunt bought for you, did not make itself, but that somebody made it. If Alfred should say, "How do you know that somebody made it, since you did not see him make it?" you would not feel troubled with this objection, because you would see that the sticks, the paper, and the string, out of which it was made, could not put themselves together in the shape of a kite. Alfred has no doubt that his knife was made in Sheffield, though he was not present to see it made. And he knows also, that the house in which he lives was built by somebody, perhaps many years dead, but he never saw him, and does not know his name. This is the argument which the Apostle Paul uses to prove that Jesus Christ is divine: "Every house is built by some man, but he that built all things is God" (Heb. iii. 4). If a house, from the evidence it furnishes of a plan and of design, proves that some man must have planned and designed it, so the evidence which the heavens and the earth furnish of a plan and a design must prove that they had a maker, and the being who made all things must be God. The text calls him Creator. This is the greatest honour that can be given to him; for it does not say that he built all things out of the materials he found ready to his hand, as does the builder of a house, but that he created, called into existence the very materials out of which he has built the great universe. This is the being whom we are to remember—for he made every one of you, and every one of you belong to him, as really as the kite, which Charles made, belongs to him. But you must understand that to remember God is not simply to recollect that such a being exists, just as you recollect that Queen Victoria exists. No, it means a great deal more than this. When you are going away from home, perhaps to spend a month at your grandpa's, and you, full of gladness, are seated in the carriage, just ready to drive off, your mamma says, "Remember your father and your mother;" you know that she means to have you love them, because we always are pleased to remember those we love. What the text calls upon you to do is to love God, because he is your Creator, and you belong to him.

The second question is, *When are we to remember our Creator?* This is also answered in the text. This is so important, that the answer is given in a double form: "Now;" "in the days of thy youth." The days of youth certainly mean while we are young, and Solomon advises you all to become religious whilst young. But you are ready to say, "Youth is the time for pleasure, and religion is so gloomy; you cannot mean that we must give up all pleasure, and live a wretched, gloomy life." But who told you that religion makes men wretched and gloomy? No truly pious person has ever thus represented religion. They all, in all ages, unite in declaring that they never knew what true happiness was until they became religious, and that the

more true religion they have the more happy they are. No Christian has yet been found who has lamented that he became religious so young; but all, without an exception, declare that they mourn and lament that they did not become religious much earlier in life. My dear children, you must not think that there are no pleasures in religion, because you have not made any trial of religion. You have only tried the world, and, young as you are, you have found that its pleasures are not always satisfying, and never abiding. Then attend to the advice of the text, and become religious whilst young. But you say, "I am not near twenty yet, and I shall be young until I have passed that age some distance." Just here the second form of answer meets you: "Remember now." You know what this little word "now" means? You know that "now" does not mean next year, next month, next week, next day, next hour, or even next minute, but this very moment. When your father says, "My son, go now and do the errand I have sent you to do," you would know that he meant that you should start immediately, without any, the least, delay. So when in the text you are told to love God "now," the meaning is that you should do it immediately, and without any delay.

The third question is, *Why are we to remember God now?* God always treats us as rational creatures. He places before us our duty, and often urges the reasons why we should do what he commands. In the text, he is pleased to state a most important reason why you should become religious now, whilst you are young. It is this: because it is the very best time. The heart is more tender and susceptible to religious impressions in youth than at any other time. The more we are brought in contact with the world—with its allurements and temptations—the more hardened the heart and conscience become. In youth we are free from those cares and anxieties of life which so absorb the mind and heart of men in middle life; whilst in old age the evil days have come when you shall have no pleasure in them. The pleasures of youth and of manhood cannot satisfy the old man, whose powers have lost their excitability, and are decaying. It is a most serious fact, that very few, comparatively, become religious after they have entered upon the busy, stirring occupations of life; and still fewer when old age has come upon them. These facts fall in with the urgencies of the text, and unite their entreaties with you to become religious whilst young. I will name only one more reason. It is not only the best time, but it may be the *only* time. The accounts published every week tell us that the majority of those who die die whilst young. If all who are buried in the grave-yard could be brought to life again, and could be seated in any church, or gathered in one grand assembly, we should think that the largest proportion of that congregation would be the young, the next largest would be the middle-aged, and the smallest would be the aged. This pleads with you, my dear children, to become religious now, because the present is the only time of which you can be certain.

Thus I have told you *What* you are to remember, *When* you are to remember, and *Why* you are to remember your Creator now. I cannot close without telling you that God so loves you, that he has given his Son to die for you, so that your sins may be forgiven. Had not Christ died for you on the cross, there would have been no possibility of your salvation; you would then have been punished for your sins. But now God can forgive you, if you will love Jesus Christ, and trust your guilty soul in his hands. He has given you the Bible, which tells you all about the Saviour, and how you must love him, if you would be good children and go to heaven. He has also given to you his Holy Spirit, to teach you the way of salvation. So, then, my dear children, you have much greater advantages than the heathen have, and if you do not love Jesus Christ, you must have much greater punishment than they will have. Only think how blessed it will be for you to become religious whilst young—to spend all your life in doing good, and then go to heaven, to be happy with God for ever!

DISCOVERY OF AN ANCIENT CITY IN CENTRAL AMERICA.—There have lately been discovered in the province of Chiapas, on the frontiers of Guatemala, the ruins of an Indian city, which is supposed to have existed before the conquest of Mexico by the Aztecs. The monument best preserved is a quadrilateral temple of several stories high, and surrounded by galleries supported by massive columns, forcibly reminding us of the Cyclopean structures. The parties who made the discovery were anxious to enter this edifice, which they did with difficulty, owing to the number of climbing plants which obstructed their passage. After they had crossed a kind of vestibule, they found themselves all at once in an immense hall, where their presence raised a terrible tumult among the birds and bats which had fixed their residence in the ruins. When quiet was somewhat restored, they found that they were within the place of burial of the ancient inhabitants of the country, and discovered more than three thousand mummies ranged along the walls, and in a perfect state of preservation. Examination showed that the Indian mode of preserving their mummies was at least equal to that of the Egyptians. It is supposed that they employed the juice of a tree called the copal, which grows in abundance in these districts, and of which the chewed leaf is still used to prevent the mortification of wounds. There was also discovered in the temple a kind of truncated pyramid, bearing certain inscriptions having some resemblance to the cuneiform characters of the Ninevites. There were also found some rude representations of animals, much as in some Egyptian hieroglyphics.—*La Reformation.*

THE CHANNINGS:—A TALE.

CHAPTER V.

ROLAND YORKE.

JUST without the Boundaries, in a wide, quiet street, called Close-street, was the office of Richard Galloway, Esquire, Proctor, and Steward to the Dean and Chapter. Save for this one office the street consisted of private houses, and it was one of the approaches to the cathedral, though not the chief one. Mr. Galloway was a bachelor; a short, stout man, shaped like a butter-cask, with a fat, round face, round, open, grey eyes—that always looked as if their owner were in a state of wonder—and a little, round mouth. But he was a shrewd man and a capable; he was also, in his way, a dandy; dressed scrupulously in the fashion, with delicate shirt-fronts and snow-white wristbands; and for the last twenty-five years, at least, had been a mark for all the single ladies of Helstoneleigh to set their caps at.

Of beauty, Mr. Galloway could boast little; but of his hair he was moderately vain: a very good head of hair it was, curling naturally. But hair, let it be luxuriant enough to excite the admiration of a whole army of coiffeurs, is like other things in this sublunar world of ours, subject to change; it will not last for ever; and Mr. Galloway's, from a fine and glossy brown, turned, as years went on, to sober grey; nay, almost to white. He did not particularly admire the change, but he had to submit to it; nature is stronger than we are. A friend hinted that it might be "dyed." Mr. Galloway resented the suggestion: anything false was abhorrent to him. When, however, after an illness, his hair began to fall off alarmingly, he thought it no harm to use a certain specific, emanating from one of Her Majesty's physicians; extensively set forth and patronised as an undoubted remedy for the falling off of hair. Mr. Galloway used it extensively in his fear, for he had an equal dread both of baldness and wigs. The lotion not only had the desired effect, but it had more: the hair grew on again luxuriantly, and its grey-whiteness turned into the finest flaxen you ever saw; a light, delicate shade of flaxen, exactly like the curls you see upon the heads of blue-eyed wax dolls. This is a fact: and whether Mr. Galloway liked it, or not, he had to put up with it; many would not be persuaded but what he had used some delicate preparation of dye, hitherto unknown to science; and the suspicion vexed Mr. Galloway. Behold him, therefore, with a perfect shower of smooth, fair curls upon his head, like any young beau.

It was in this gentleman's office that Arthur Channing had been placed, with a view to his becoming ultimately a proctor. To article him to Mr. Galloway would take a good round sum of money; and this had been put off until the termination of the suit, when Mr. Channing had looked forward to being at his ease, in regard to pecuniary means. There were two others in the same office: the one was Roland Yorke, who was articled; the other was Joseph Jenkins, a thin, spare, humble man, who had served Mr. Galloway for nearly twenty years, earning twenty-five shillings per week. He was a son of old Jenkins, the bedesman, and his wife kept a small hosier shop in High Street. Roland Yorke was, of course, not paid; on the contrary, he had paid pretty smartly to Mr. Galloway for the privilege of being initiated into the mysteries pertaining to a proctor. Arthur Channing may be said to have occupied a position in the office midway between the two. He was to become on the footing of Roland Yorke; but meanwhile, he received a small sum weekly, in remuneration of his services, like Joe Jenkins did. Roland Yorke looked down upon him as paid clerk; Mr. Jenkins looked up to him as a gentleman. It was a somewhat anomalous position; but Arthur had held his own bravely up in it until this blow came, looking forward to the brighter time.

In the years gone by, one of the stalls in Helstoneleigh Cathedral was held by the Reverend Dr. Yorke; he had also some time filled the office of sub-dean. He had married, imprudently, the daughter of an Irish peer, a pretty, good-tempered girl, who was as fond of extravagance as she was devoid of means to support it. She had not a shilling; it was even said that the bills for her wedding clothes came in afterwards to Dr. Yorke; but people, you know, are given to talk scandal. Want of fortune had been nothing, had Lady Augusta, but possessed common prudence; but she spent the doctor's money faster than it came in. In the course of years Dr. Yorke died, leaving eight children, and slender means for them. There were six boys and two girls. Lady Augusta went to reside in a cheap and roomy house (somewhat dilapidated) in the Boundaries, close to her old prebendal residence, and scrambled on in her careless, spending fashion, never out of debt. She retained their old barouche, and would retain it, and was a great deal too fond of ordering horses from the livery stables and driving out in it. Gifted with good parts and qualities had her children been born; but of training, in the highest sense of the word, she had given them none. George, the eldest, had a commission, and was away with his regiment; Roland, the second, had been designed for the Church, but no persuasion could induce him to be sufficiently attentive to his studies to qualify himself for it; he was therefore placed with Mr. Galloway, and the Church honours were now intended for Gerald. The fourth son, Theodore, was also in the college school, a junior. Next came two girls, Caroline and Fanny, and there were two little boys, younger. Haughty, self-willed, but of sufficiently honourable nature were the Yorke. If Lady Augusta had but toiled to foster the good and eradicate the evil, they would have grown up to bless her. Good soil was there to work upon, as there was in the Channings; but, in the case of the Yorke, it

was allowed to run to waste, or to generate weeds, or, in short, to do as it pleased.

A noisy, scrambling, uncomfortable sort of home was that of the Yorke; the boys sometimes contending one with another, Lady Augusta often quarrelling with all. The home of the Channings was ever redolent of love, calm, and peace. In the one the presence of God's Holy Spirit was experienced; in the other, that Spirit was as yet a stranger.

On the morning when the college boys had gone up to crave holiday of the judges, and had not obtained it—at least, not from the head master—Arthur Channing proceeded, as usual, to Mr. Galloway's after breakfast. Seated at a desk, in his place, writing—he seemed to be ever seated there—was Mr. Jenkins. He lifted his head when Arthur entered, with a "Good morning, sir," and then dropped it again over his copying.

"Good morning," replied Arthur. And at that moment Mr. Galloway—his flaxen curls in full flow upon his head, something like rings—came forth from his private room. "Good morning, sir," Arthur added to his master.

Mr. Galloway nodded a reply to the salutation. "Have you seen anything of Yorke?" he asked. "I want that deed, that he's about, finished as soon as possible."

"He will not be an instant," said Arthur; "I saw him coming up the street."

Roland Yorke bustled in; a dark-looking young man of twenty, with large but fine features, and a countenance expressive of indecision.

"Come, Mr. Yorke, you promised to be here early to-day; you know that deed is being waited for."

"So I am early, sir," returned Roland.

"Early! For you, perhaps," grunted Mr. Galloway.

"Get to it at once."

Roland Yorke unlocked a drawer, collected sundry parchments together, and sat down to his desk. He and Arthur had their places side by side. Mr. Galloway stood at a table, and began sorting some papers that were upon it.

"How is Mr. Channing this morning, Arthur?"

"Much as usual, thank you, sir. Certain news, which arrived last evening, has not tended to cheer him."

"It is true, then?" remarked Mr. Galloway. "I heard a rumour of it."

"Oh, it's true enough," said Arthur; "it is in all the morning papers."

"Well, there never was a more unjust decision!" emphatically spoke Mr. Galloway. "Mark you, I am not reflecting on the Lord Chancellor's judgment. I have always said that there were one or two nasty points in that suit, which the law might get hold of; but I know the whole cause by heart from beginning to end; and that money was as much your father's, as this coat, that I have on, is mine. Tell him I'll come in one of these first evenings, and abuse the injustice of our laws with him, will you?"

"Yes, sir," replied Arthur.

"What's this row in the college school about a destroyed surprise, and the boys not getting their holiday through it?" resumed Mr. Galloway.

"Oh, aren't they savage!" struck in Roland Yorke. "The first thing Tod did, when he came home to breakfast, was to ding over his bowl of coffee, he was in such a passion. Lady Augusta—she got up to breakfast this morning, for a wonder—boxed his ears, and ordered him to drink water; but he went into the kitchen, and got a lot of chocolate made for himself."

"What are the particulars? how was it done? I can't make top or tail of it," said Mr. Galloway.

"Bywater left his clean surprise yesterday in the vestry, and somebody threw ink over it—half soaked it in ink, so the choristers told Tom," answered Arthur Channing. "In the afternoon—they had service late you know, sir, waiting for the judges—Bywater was not in his place to sing the anthem, and Hurst sang it, and it put the master out very much."

"Put him out all the more that he has got nobody to punish for it," laughed Roland Yorke. "Of course Bywater couldn't appear in his stall, and sing the anthem, if he had no surprise to appear in; and the master couldn't tan him for not doing it. I know this, if it had happened while I was in the college school, I'd just have skinned some of the fellows alive, but what I'd have made them confess."

"Suppose you had skinned the wrong party?" cynically observed Mr. Galloway. "You are too hasty with your tongue, Roland Yorke. My nephew, Mark, ran in just now to tell me of the holiday being denied, and that was the first I had heard of the affair. Mark thinks one of the seniors was in it; not Gaunt."

Arthur Channing and Roland Yorke both looked up with a sharp, quick gesture. Gaunt excepted, the only senior, besides their respective brothers, was Harry Huntley.

"It is not likely, sir," said Arthur.

"A senior do it!" scoffed Roland Yorke. "What a young idiot Mark Galloway must be, to think that!"

"Mark does not seem to think much about it on his own account," said Mr. Galloway. "He said Bywater thought so, from some cause or other; and has offered to bet the whole school that it will turn out to be a senior."

"Does he, though?" cried Yorke, looking puzzled. "Bywater's a cautious fellow with his money; he never bets at random. I say, sir, what else did Galloway tell you?"

"That was all," replied Mr. Galloway. "And, if you wonder at a staid old proctor chattering over this desultory news with his clerks in business hours, it may be explained to you that Mr. Galloway took the greatest possible interest, almost a boyish interest, in the college school. It was where he had been educated himself, where his nephews

were being educated; he was on intimate terms with its masters; knew every boy in it to speak to; watched them troop past his house daily on their progress to and fro; watched them in their surprises on a Sunday, during morning and afternoon service; was cognisant of their advancement, their shortcomings, their merits, and their scrapes; in fact, the head master could not take a greater interest in the doings of the collegiate school than did Mr. Galloway. Whether of work, or whether of gossip, his ears were ever open to listen to its records. Besides, they were not so overburthened with work in that office, but what there was ample time for discussing any news that might be agreeable to its master. His work was light; his returns were heavy; his stewardship alone brought him in several hundreds a year.

"The Reverend Mr. Pye seems uncommonly annoyed about it, sir," Mr. Jenkins ventured to put in. To interrupt, or take part in any conversation, was not usual with him, unless he could communicate little tit-bits of information touching the passing topic. "You are aware that Mr. Harper, the lay clerk, lodges at our house, sir. Well, Mr. Pye came round last night, especially to question him about it."

"What could Harper tell?" asked Mr. Galloway.

"He could not tell anything; except that he would answer for the lay clerks knowing nothing of the transaction. The master said he never supposed the lay clerks did know anything of it, but he had his reasons for putting the question. He had been to the masons, too, who are repairing the cathedral; and they declared to the master, one and all, that they had not been into the vestry yesterday, or even round to that side of the college where the vestry is situated."

"Why should the master take it up so pertinaciously?" wondered Roland Yorke.

"I'm sure I don't know, sir. He was like one in a fever, so excited over it, Harper said."

"Did he talk to you about it, Jenkins?" asked Mr. Galloway.

"I did not see him, sir; it was Harper told me afterwards," was the reply of Mr. Jenkins, as he subsided to his writing again.

Just at this juncture, who should come in view of the window but the head master himself? He was passing it with a quick step, when out flew Mr. Galloway, and caught him by the button. Roland Yorke, who was ever glad of a pretext for idleness, rose from his stool, and pushed his nose close upon the nearest pane, to listen to any colloquy that might ensue; but, the window being open, he might have heard without quitting his seat.

"I hear the boys have not got holiday to-day, Pye," began Mr. Galloway.

"No, that they have not," emphatically pronounced the master; "and, if they go on as they seem to be going on now, I'll keep them without it for a twelvemonth. I believe the inking of that surprise was a concocted plan, look you, Galloway, to—"

"To what?" asked Mr. Galloway, for the master stopped short.

"Never mind, just yet. I have my strong suspicions, as to the guilty boy, and I am doing what I can to convert them into proofs. If it be as I suspect now, I shall expel him."

"But what could it have been done for?" debated Mr. Galloway. "There's no point in the thing, that I can see, to ink and damage a surprise. If the boy to whom it belonged had been inked, one might not have wondered so much."

"I'll 'point' him," cried the master, "if I catch hold of the right one."

"Could it have been one of the seniors?" returned the proctor, all his strong interest awakened.

"It was one who ought to have known better," evasively returned the master. "I can't stop to talk now, Galloway. I have an errand to do, and must be back for duty at ten."

He marched off quickly, and Mr. Galloway came in-doors again. "Is that the way you get on with your business, Mr. Yorke?"

Yorke clattered back to his desk. "I'll get on with it, sir. I was listening to what the master said."

"It does not concern you what he said. It was not one of your brothers who did it, I suppose."

"No, that it was not," haughtily spoke Roland Yorke, drawing up his head with a proud, fierce gesture.

Mr. Galloway withdrew to his private room, and for a few minutes silence supervened—nothing was to be heard but the scratching of pens; but Roland Yorke, who had a great antipathy to steady work, and as great a love of his own tongue, soon began again.

"I say, Channing, what an awful blow the dropping of that expected money must be for you fellows! I'm blest if I didn't dream of it last night! So, if it spoilt my rest, what must it have done by yours?"

"Why! how could you have heard of it last night?" exclaimed Arthur, in surprise. "I don't think a soul came to our house to hear the news, except Mr. Yorke; and you were not likely to see him. It is in everybody's mouth this morning."

"I had it from Hamish. He came to the party at the Knivets'. Didn't Hamish get taken in!" laughed Roland. "He understood it was quite a ladies' affair, and loomed in, dressed up to the nines, and there he found only a bachelor gathering of Dick's. Hamish was disappointed, I think; he fancied he was going to meet Ellen Huntley; and glum enough he looked—"

"He had but just heard the news of the loss," interrupted Arthur. "Enough to make him look glum."

"Tell that to your grandmother! It wasn't that. He announced to us at once that the money was gone for good and all, and laughed over it, and said there were worse disasters at sea. Knivett said he never saw a fellow carry ill news off with so high a hand. Had he been proclaiming the accession of a fortune, instead of the loss of one, he could not have been more carelessly cheerful. Channing, what on earth shall you do about your articles?"

A question that caused the greatest pain, especially when put by Roland Yorke; and Arthur's sensitive face flushed keenly.

"You'll have to stop as a paid clerk all your life. Jenkins, you'll get him for your bosom companion if you look sharp and make friends," cried Roland, laughing loudly.

"No, sir, I don't think Mr. Arthur Channing is likely to become a paid clerk," said Jenkins.

"Not likely to become a paid clerk! why he is it. If he is not one, I'd like to know who is. Channing, you know you are nothing else."

"I may be something else in time," quietly replied Arthur, who knew how to control his rebellious spirit.

"I say, what a rum go it is about that surprise!" exclaimed Roland Yorke, dashing into another topic. "It's not exactly the mischief itself that's rum, but the master seems to be making so much stir and mystery over it! And then the hint at the seniors! They must mean Huntley."

"I don't know who they mean," said Arthur, "but I am sure Huntley never did it. He is too open, too honourable."

"And do you pretend to say that Tom Channing and my brother Ger are not honourable?" fiercely interrupted Roland Yorke.

"There you go, Yorke; jumping to conclusions. It is not to be credited that any one of the seniors did it; still less, if they had done it, that they would not acknowledge it. They are all boys of truth and honour, so far as I believe. Huntley, I am sure, is."

"And of Tom also I conclude you feel sure?"

"Yes, I do."

"And I am sure of Ger Yorke. So if the master is directing his suspicions to the seniors, he'll get floored. It's odd what can have turned it upon them."

"I don't think the master suspects the seniors," said Arthur; "he called them to his aid."

"You heard what he but now said to Galloway. Jenkins, there's a knock at the door."

Jenkins went to open it, came back, and said Mr. Yorke was wanted.

Roland lazily proceeded to the outer passage, and, when he saw who was standing there, put himself into a passion. "What do you mean by presuming to come to me here?" he haughtily asked.

"Well, sir, perhaps you'll tell me where I am to come, so as to get to see you?" civilly replied the applicant, one who bore the appearance of a tradesman. "It seems it's of no use going to your house; if I went ten times a day, I should get the same answer—that you are not at home."

"Just take yourself off," said Roland.

"Not till you pay me; or tell me for certain when you will pay me, and keep your promise. I want my money, sir, and I must have it."

"We want a great many things that we can't get," returned Roland, in a provokingly light tone. "I'll pay you as soon as I can, man; you needn't be afraid."

"I am not exactly afraid," spoke the man. "I suppose, if it came to the put-to, Lady Augusta would see that I got the money."

"You hold your tongue about Lady Augusta. What's Lady Augusta to you? Any odds and ends that I may owe, have nothing to do with Lady Augusta. Look here, Simms, I'll pay you next week."

"You have said that so many times, Mr. Yorke."

"At any rate, I'll pay you part of it next week, if I can't the whole. I will, upon my honour. There! now you know that I shall keep my word."

Apparently satisfied, the man departed, and Roland lounged into the office again with the same idle movements that he had quitted it.

"It was that confounded Simms," grumbled he. "Jenkins, why did you say I was in?"

"You did not tell me to say the contrary, sir. He came yesterday, but you were out then."

"What does he want?" asked Arthur.

"Wanted me to pay him a trifle I owe; but it's not convenient to do it till next week. What a terrestrial Eden this lower world might be, if debt had never been invented!"

"You need not get into debt," said Arthur. "It is not obligatory."

"One might build a mud hut outside the town walls, and shut one's self up in it, and eat herbs for dinner, and sleep upon rushes, and turn hermit for good!" retorted Roland. "You need not talk about debt, Channing."

"I don't owe much," said Arthur, noting the significance of Yorke's concluding sentence.

"If you don't, somebody else does."

"Who?"

"Ask Hamish."

Arthur went on writing with a sinking heart. There was an under current of fear running within him—had been for some time—that Hamish did owe money on his own private score. But this allusion to it was not pleasant.

"How much do you owe?" went on Roland.

"Oh, a twenty-pound note would pay my debts, and leave me something out of it," said Arthur, in a joking tone. "The fact was, that he did not owe a shilling to any-

body. "Jenkins, do you know what I am to set about next?" he continued; "I have filled in this lease."

Jenkins was beginning to look amidst some papers at his elbow, in answer to the appeal; but at that moment Mr. Galloway entered, and dispatched Arthur to get a cheque cashed at the bank.

CHAPTER VI.

LADY AUGUSTA YORKE AT HOME.

"If you don't put away that trash, Caroline, and go up stairs and practise, I'll make you go! Strewn the table in that manner! Look what a pickle the room is in!"

The words came from Lady Augusta Yorke, a tall, dark woman, with high cheek-bones; and they were spoken at a pitch that might not have been deemed orthodox at court. Miss Caroline Yorke, a young demoiselle, with a "net" that was more frequently off her head than on it, slip-shod shoes, and untidy stockings, had placed a quantity of mulberry leaves on the centre table, and a silkworm on each leaf. She leisurely proceeded with her work, bringing forth more silkworms from her paper trays, paying not the least attention to her mother. Lady Augusta advanced, and treated her to a slight tap on the ear, her favourite mode of correcting her children.

"Now, mamma! What's that for?"

"Do you hear me, you disobedient child? I will have this rubbish put away, I say. Goodness, Martha! don't bring anybody in here!" broke off Lady Augusta, as a maid appeared, showing in a visitor. "Oh, it is you, William! I don't mind you; come in."

It was the Reverend William Yorke who entered. He was not altogether a favourite of Lady Augusta's. Though but distantly related to her late husband, he yet bore the name of Yorke; and when he came to Helstoneleigh (for he was not a native of the place), and became a candidate for a vacant minor canonry, Lady Augusta's pride had taken fire. The minor canons were looked upon by the exquisites of the cathedral as holding an inferior position amidst the clergy, and she resented it that one belonging to her should descend to set up his place among them.

Mr. Yorke shook hands with Lady Augusta, and then turned to regard the leaves and silkworms. "Are you doing that for ornament, Caroline?"

"Ornament!" wrathfully cried Lady Augusta. "She is doing it for waste of time, and to provoke me."

"No I am not, mamma," denied Miss Caroline. "My poor silkworms never get anything but lettuce leaves. Tod got these for me from the bishop's garden, and I am looking at the silkworms enjoying the change."

"Tod is in hot water," remarked Mr. Yorke; "he was fighting with another boy as I came through the cloisters."

"Then he'll get his clothes torn, as he did the last time he fought!" exclaimed Lady Augusta, in consternation; "I think nobody ever had such a set of children as mine!" she peevishly continued. "The boys boisterous as so many wild animals, and the girls enough to drive one crazy, with their idle, disobedient ways. Look at this room, William! encumbered from one end to the other; things thrown out of hand by Caroline and Fanny! As to their lessons, they never open one. These three days I have never ceased telling Caroline to go and practise, and she has not obeyed me yet! I shall go out of my mind with one thing or another; I know I shall! Nice dunces they'll grow up!"

"Go and practise now, Caroline," said Mr. Yorke; "I will put your silkworms up for you."

Caroline pouted. "I hate practising."

He laid his hand gently upon her, gazing at her with his dark, pleasant eyes, reproachful then: "But you do not hate obeying your mamma? You must never let it come to that, Caroline."

She suffered him to lead her to the door, and she went docilely enough to the drawing-room, where the piano was, and sat down to it. Oh, for a little better training for those children! Mr. Yorke began placing the silkworms in the trays, and Lady Augusta went on grumbling.

"It is a dreadful fate to be left a widow with a heap of unruly children, who will not be controlled! I must get a governess for the girls, and then I shall be free from them for a few hours in the day. I thought I would try and save the money, and teach them myself; but I might just as well attempt to teach so many little wild Indians! I am not fit for teaching; it is beyond me. Don't you think you could hear of a governess, William? You go about so."

"I have heard of one since I saw you yesterday," he replied. "A young lady whom you know is anxious to take a situation, and I think she might suit."

"Whom I know?" cried Lady Augusta. "Who is it?"

"Miss Channing."

Lady Augusta looked astonished. "Is she going out as governess? That comes of the losing of this lawsuit. She has lost no time in the decision."

"When an unpalatable step has to be taken, the sooner it is set about, the less will be the cost," remarked Mr. Yorke.

"Unpalatable! you may well say that. This will be the climax of what?"

"Of all the unpleasantness that has attended your engagement with Miss Channing—"

"I beg your pardon, Lady Augusta," was the interruption of Mr. Yorke. "No unpleasantness whatever has attended my engagement with Miss Channing."

"I think so, for I consider her beneath you; and, there-

fore, that it is nothing but unpleasant from beginning to end. The Channings are very well, but they are not equal to the Yorke. You might make this a pretext for the giving her up."

Mr. Yorke laughed. "I think her all the more worthy of me. The only question that is apt to arise within me is, whether I am worthy of her. As we shall never agree upon this point, Lady Augusta, it may not be worth while to discuss it. About the other thing? I believe she would make an admirable governess for Caroline and Fanny, if you could obtain her."

"Oh, I daresay she would do that. She is a lady, and has been well educated. Would she want a high salary?"

"Forty guineas, to begin with."

Lady Augusta interrupted him with a scream. "I never could give the half of it! I am sure I never could. What with housekeeping expenses, and milliners' bills, and visiting, and the boys dragging money out of me everlastingly, I have nothing, scarcely, to spare for education."

"Yet it is more essential than the rest. Your income, properly portioned out, would afford—"

Another interrupting scream from Lady Augusta. Her son Theodore—Tod, familiarly—burst into the room, jacketless, his hair a mass of entanglement, blood upon his face, and his shirt-sleeves hanging in shreds. "You rebellious, wicked fright of a boy!" was the salutation of my lady, when she could find her breath.

"Oh it's nothing, mamma. Don't bother," replied Master Tod, waving her off. "I have been going into Piero, senior, and have polished him off with a jolly good licking. He won't get me into a row again, I'll bet."

"What row did he get you into?"

"He's a nasty, sneaking tattler, and he took and told something to Gaunt, and Gaunt put me up for punishment, and I got a caning from old Pye. I vowed I'd pay Piero out for it, and I have done it."

"What was it about?" inquired Mr. Yorke. "The damaged surprise?"

"Damaged surprise be hanged!" politely retorted the young gentleman, who, in gaining the victory, appeared to have lost his temper. "It was something concerning our lessons at the third desk, if you must know."

"You might be civil, Tod," said Lady Augusta. "Look at your shirt! Who, do you suppose, is going to mend that?"

"It can go unmended," responded Master Tod. "I wish it was the fashion to go without clothes, I do! They are always getting torn."

"I wish it was!" heartily responded my lady.

That same evening, in returning to her house from a visit, Constance Channing encountered Mr. Yorke. He turned to walk with her to the door.

"I intended to call this afternoon, Constance, but was prevented," he observed. "I have spoken to Lady Augusta."

"Well?" she answered, with a smile and a blush.

"She would be very glad of you; but the difficulty, at first, appeared to be about the salary. However, I pointed out a few home truths, and she admitted that if the girls were to get an education, she supposed she must pay for it. She will give you forty guineas; but you are to call upon her and settle details. To-morrow, if convenient to you."

Constance clasped her hands. "I am so pleased!" she exclaimed in a low tone, a glad light shining in her eyes.

"So am I," said Mr. Yorke. "I would rather you went to Lady Augusta's than to a stranger's. And do, Constance, try and make those poor girls more like what they ought to be."

"That I shall try, you may be sure, William. Are you not coming in?"

"No," said Mr. Yorke, who had held out his hand on reaching the door. He was pretty constant in his evening visits to the Channings, but he had made an engagement for this one with a brother clergyman.

Constance entered. She looked in the study for her brothers, but only Arthur was there. He was leaning his elbow upon the table in a thoughtful mood.

"Where are they all?" inquired Constance.

"Tom and Charles are gone to the cricket match. I don't think Hamish has come in."

"Why did you not go to cricket also?"

"I don't know," said Arthur. "I did not feel much inclination for cricket this evening."

"You are looking dull, Arthur, but I have some good news for you," Constance said, bending over him with a bright smile. "It is settled about my going out, and I am to have forty guineas. Guess where it is to."

Arthur threw his arm round Constance, and they stood together, looking at the trailing honeysuckle plant just outside the window. "Tell me, darling."

"It is to Lady Augusta's. William has been talking to her, and she would like to have me. Does it not seem lucky to get it so soon?"

"Lucky, Constance?"

"Ah, well; you know what I think, Arthur, though I did say 'lucky,'" returned Constance. "I know it is God who is helping us."

Very beautiful and touching was the simple trustfulness reposed in God by Constance and Arthur Channing. The lessons of Scriptural truth, which had been imparted by their mother, were not without their influence on the character and conduct of these young people. The good seed had been sown on good ground, and was bringing forth its fruit.

"I was deep in a reverie when you interrupted me, Constance," Arthur resumed. "Something seems to whisper

to me that this loss, which we regard as a great misfortune, may turn out for good in the end."

"In the end! It may have come for our good now," said Constance. "Perhaps, I wanted my pride lowered," she laughed; "and this has come to do it, and is dispatching me out a meek governess."

"Perhaps, we all wanted it," cried Arthur, meaningly. "There are other bad habits it may stop, besides pride." He was thinking of Hamish, and his propensity to spend.

"Forty guineas, are you to have?"

"Yes," said Constance. "Arthur, do you know a scheme that I have in my head? I have been thinking of it all day."

"What is it? Stay! here is some one coming in. It is Hamish."

Hamish entered with the account books under his arm, preparatory to going over them with his father. Constance drew him to her.

"Hamish, I have a plan in my head, if we can only carry it out. I am going to tell it you."

"One that will set the river on fire?" cried gay, laughing Hamish.

"If we—you, and I, and Arthur—can but manage to earn enough money, and if we can observe strict economy at home, who knows but we may send papa to the German baths yet?"

A cloud came over Hamish's face, and his smile faded. "I don't see how that is to be done."

"But you have not heard of my good luck. I am going to Lady Augusta's, and am to have forty guineas salary. Now, if you and Arthur will help, it may be easy. Oh, Hamish, it would be worth any effort—any struggle. Think how it would be rewarded! Papa restored to health! to freedom from pain!"

A look of positive pain seated itself on the brow of Hamish. "Yes," he sighed, "I wish it could be done."

"But you do not speak hopefully."

"Because, if I must tell you the truth, I do not feel hopefully. I fear we could not do it: at least, until things are brighter."

"If we do our very best, we might get great help, Hamish."

"What help?" he asked.

"God's help," she whispered.

Hamish smiled. He had not yet learnt what Constance had. Besides, Hamish was just then in a little trouble on his own account: he knew very well that his funds were wanted in another quarter.

"Constance, dear, do not look at me so wistfully. I will try, with all my might and main, to help my father; but I fear I cannot do anything yet. I mean to draw in my expenses," he went on, laughing; "to live like any old screw of a miser, and never squander a halfpenny where a farthing will suffice."

He took his books and went in to Mr. Channing. Constance began training the honeysuckle, her mind busy, and a use of Holy Writ running through it—"Commit thy way unto the Lord, and put thy trust in him, and he shall bring it to pass."

"Ay!" she murmured, glancing upwards at the blue evening sky; "ou, whole, whole trust in patient reliance; and whatsoever is best for us will be ours."

Annabel stole up to Constance, and entwined her arms caressingly round her. Constance turned, and parted the child's hair upon her forehead with a gentle hand.

"Am I to find a little rebel in you, Annabel? Will you not try and make things smooth for me?"

"Oh, Constance, dear!" was the whispered answer, "it was only my fun last night, when I said you should not take me for lessons in an evening. I will study all day by myself, and get my lessons quite ready for you, so as to give you no trouble in the evening. Would you like to hear me my music now?"

Constance bent to kiss her. "No, dear child; there is no necessity for my taking you in an evening, until my days shall be occupied at Lady Augusta Yorke's."

(To be continued.)

LEGEND OF THE SUN-DIAL.

I.
"I only mark the hours that shine!"*
Sweet legend of the dial-plate,
Would that beneath the orb of Fate
Man's Heart could hold such joys as thine!
How fair would Memory's banner shine,
From cradle to the grave!

II.
But such not for Humanity—
Too different the nature given,
By you mysterious, awful Heaven.
Beneath its wondrous destiny
The Heart *must* mark the hours of *Night*,
As well as those of Light.

III.
Yet, Soul, if thou wouldst be sublime,
Oh, let thy mystic dial-plate
Tower bravely up unto that fate,
And firmly take the shades of Time!
Even Sorrow's darkest hours are grand,
Flung from the Eternal Hand.

IV.
Sun-Dial, I that wish recall!
This difference of the Soul from thee
Proves her own immortality,
And flight at last o'er matter's wall:
Then, Spirit, mark the hours of *Night*,
As well as those of Light!

* A sentence engraved on a sun-dial.

Progress of the Truth.

THE EVANGELICAL ALLIANCE AT GENEVA.

In the year 1851 the Evangelical Alliance invited its friends, from all parts of the world, to meet for brotherly conference in London. The success of the experiment was so great, that the design was formed of holding similar conferences elsewhere, from time to time. This plan was carried out in 1855, when the second series of general meetings was held in Paris. The next occasion was at Berlin, in 1857, when the conferences were patronised by the late King of Prussia himself. And now we have to record the fourth general assemblies of the Alliance, which have been held in the ancient and interesting city of Geneva, a city which occupies a place second to none in the history of the Reformation. After completing the preliminary arrangements, which involved an extensive correspondence with all parts of the world, and provision for the accommodation of the many who were expected to attend, the conferences were held. Leading men from every part of Europe, some from Asia, and others from America, were asked to take a part in the proceedings, and before the day appointed, Geneva was crowded with representatives of all Protestant denominations, from different nations, and speaking different tongues. The Evangelical Chapel of the Oratoire, and the venerable Cathedral of St. Pierre were especially appropriated for the meetings. The use of this latter was handsomely conceded by the consistory of Geneva. It is, however, matter for regret—and yet it was to be expected—that the Rationalist and Unitarian members of the Reformed Church, both in Geneva and in France, were excessively annoyed at such a magnificent testimony to the truth as it is in Jesus, and to the unity, the substantial and vital unity, of those who believe in Christ.

The public proceedings commenced on the 1st of September, when religious services were conducted in German, French, and English.

The next day, Monday, the 2nd of September, the conferences began. After prayer by M. Coulin, of Geneva, M. Adrien Naville, the president, delivered the introductory address, in which he took a comprehensive survey of the state of the world, with special reference to religious movements and controversies. Sir Culling E. Eardley followed with an address, in which he recounted the services rendered by the Alliance in the cause of Christian liberty, and concluded with the hope that the results of this conference would be seen in some practical expression of Christian love. M. Monod, of Paris, then spoke, and was succeeded by other speakers, including Dr. Krummacher, of Berlin, Dr. Merle D'Aubigné, of Geneva, M. Des Mesnards, of Saintes, and Dr. Baird, of New York.

In the afternoon the first subject, "The Lord's Day and the means of promoting its Observance," was introduced by Prof. Godet, of Neufchâtel, in an able and instructive paper. M. Coulin followed with an address, after which Dr. Thomson, of Edinburgh, made a speech in English, translated into French by Dr. Fisch, explaining and advocating the views and practices of Scotland. Other speakers took the subject up, among whom was M. Panchaud, of Brussels, who spoke strongly of continental desecration of the Lord's day.

On Tuesday, the 3rd, at eight o'clock, the proceedings commenced with a remarkable paper, by M. Rosseigne Saint-Hilaire, professor at the Sorbonne, Paris, on "The Moral and Religious Destitution of the Working Classes," and especially in France. Perhaps the condition of the French *ouvrier*, or working man, was never so ably described. The speaker declared his firm conviction that the Gospel is what is wanted to elevate the poor in France, and that, if fairly presented to them, it would be gladly received. Several addresses followed the essay, and the sitting closed at twelve o'clock. As, however, an English meeting was to be held on the same subject, it was found necessary to recommend that the English friends should adjourn to the Oratoire. This was done, and Sir C. E. Eardley was called to the chair. After prayer by the Hon. and Rev. B. W. Noel, Dr. Guthrie, of Edinburgh, delivered a telling address on the question of ragged-schools. Mr. Noel followed him, and spoke with great effect on out-door preaching, as a powerful means of benefiting the working classes. Then Dr. Davis, of the Religious Tract Society, read a valuable paper on "Tract Distribution." Such was the impression made by the various addresses, that it was resolved, on the motion of Dr. Merle D'Aubigné, to recommend that they be printed in various languages, and distributed in Belgium, Holland, France, Switzerland, Germany, Italy, &c.

The afternoon meeting was devoted to the work of missions to the heathen, especially since the Berlin Conference of 1857. As announced in the programme, M. Christ, the president of the Basle Missionary Society, read a paper on the subject, and was followed by M. Casalis, of Paris, for many years a missionary among the Bassutos. The remaining speakers were the Rev. J. Morrison, from India; M. Arbusset, formerly of South Africa; and M. Bost, of India.

In the evening of the same day a sermon was preached by the Rev. Dr. Guthrie to a crowded audience. The subject was the relation of faith to good works; and the preacher set forth, with great power and eloquence, the importance of good works as evidences of the vitality of faith. At the close of the service the congregation adjourned to the extensive and delightful grounds of M. Eynard, which had been courteously thrown open to the members of the Alliance, for their convenience and recreation.

Wednesday, Sept. 14th. This morning M. Ernest Naville presented to the conference a paper entitled "A Critical

Examination of Contemporary Scepticism in France." In the course of the discussion which followed this important essay, one of the French pastors declared his opinion to be, that one of the best means for checking the growth of scepticism would be to separate the Church from the State. Inasmuch, however, as the introduction of this topic would have interfered with the opinions of many present, it was determined that it should be excluded. Whatever may be the cause, and whatever the circumstances, which favour a sceptical and unbelieving spirit in France, and, we may add, in Holland especially, the fact is undoubted. But it must not for a moment be imagined that scepticism is confined to the ranks of Protestantism. There is a vast amount of infidelity among those whom Popery recognises and blesses. Rationalism is the scourge of the Protestant churches notwithstanding, and in Geneva, as well as in France, it is pompously avowed as the true principle of the Gospel. Even Athanase Coquerel the younger, who is reputed to be far nearer to orthodoxy than his father and many more, says, in reference to the belief of the Alliance in the Trinity: "Those who, like ourselves, simply believe that there is one God, the Father; that Jesus Christ is his Son, and our Saviour; and that the Holy Spirit is the incessant help of God which Jesus has promised us, and which is never refused to those who ask for it, can and ought to baptise and be baptised in the 'name of the Father, of the Son, and of the Holy Spirit,' but they are not Trinitarians; the Trinitarians, moreover, exclude them from their Alliance. Yet, we are certain that this is, nevertheless, the general opinion, since but a very small number of the Protestants of France and of Geneva believe in this dogma of the Trinity, which is as foreign to the Gospel as contrary to reason and to faith; and which is, moreover, entirely void of every element of piety, of love, and of real religion. Therefore, the Evangelical Alliance can only be, in the eyes of every enlightened Protestant, a Trinitarian Alliance, destined to tie together the members of a very strict and very superannuated sect. Let us say all we think: it is nothing but an offensive and defensive alliance of the Trinitarians against that which is, in our eyes, evangelical truth." (Lien, Aug. 30, 1861.) If such be indeed the condition of Protestantism in France and in Geneva, and Popery be what we know it is, we shall cease to wonder that the same writer, M. A. Coquerel, fils, in the same number of his journal, can say in reference to a recent American proclamation, "It is useful and instructive for our Catholic or rather infidel country, to see," &c. Therefore, according to this Rationalist, France is more infidel than Catholic!

On the afternoon of Wednesday the meeting was held at the Oratoire, which was crowded to excess, and the well-known M. Gaußen presided. Dr. Capadose, of Amsterdam, a converted Jew, and a zealous promoter of Jewish missions, read a paper on "Israel and Jesus Christ." This subject was treated in an excellent spirit, and even those who could not follow the reverend speaker in all his propositions, were delighted with the admirable tone and practical tendencies of the address. After Dr. Capadose, the meeting was addressed by M. F. Bovet, of Neufchâtel, who had the advantage of having recently visited the Holy Land, north and south, and gave a very instructive and interesting sketch of the condition of the population.

Thursday, September 5th, was a fast day by some ancient institution, the origin of which we have not heard. This fast prevented a general meeting of the Alliance in the morning; but the opportunity was improved by the British section, which met to see what practical results could be realised from the conferences. Sir Culling E. Eardley presided, and intimated that the Holy Land should first occupy attention. He glanced at the various enterprises which had been undertaken for that country, and suggested some systematic contributions—say of one halfpenny per week—by Christian generosity. The speaker added that inquiries had already been made in relation to this proposal, and satisfactory answers had been received from many quarters. M. C. W. M. Van de Velde followed, and is a gentleman entitled to speak with authority, as he was some years since employed in making a survey of Palestine—a work which occupies a very high place. M. Van de Velde called attention to the physical wants of the people, showed the importance of relieving them, and considered that in such a way prejudice might be removed, and the mind in a manner prepared for the reception of the truth as it is in Christ.

The Rev. Mr. Morrison, who has laboured as a missionary in Lodiana, in the Punjab, described the wretched and degraded state of the Mohammedans of that district, and urged the continuance of Christian effort for them.

The Rev. Dr. Kalkar, of St. Petersburg, who was permitted to speak in German, made some observations upon the importance of the Evangelical Alliance proving its love by its works. The speaker called special attention to the facilities which Providence has placed in the hands of England for promoting the spread of knowledge and religion.

The Rev. George Smith, of Poplar, commenced with ascribing honour to the republic of Geneva for its ancient struggles in the cause of freedom. This allusion to republican institutions led to some observations from Sir C. E. Eardley, who said Geneva did not owe its freedom of thought and of speech to its republicanism, and pointed to the recent intolerance which had been exhibited in the neighbouring Canton de Vaud. Mr. Smith then resumed, and spoke of the duty of Christians to carry the Gospel everywhere. He also made some interesting statements respecting what had been done in Madagascar.

Mr. Baxter, of London, next spoke, on the subject of Spain, a country which he had just visited. He showed that Popery was losing its power in that land, but that

infidelity was rapidly spreading, and that Protestantism was interdicted and persecuted, and the circulation of the Scriptures forbidden.

Before the meeting closed, it was proposed that the British members of the conference should unite in some practical expression of their love to Geneva. The proposition was unanimously adopted, and the mode of carrying it out referred to the executive committee.

The same day, in the afternoon, an interesting meeting was held in behalf of Italy. This meeting was a hopeful and an instructive one, and it was shown that the removal of all obstacles to the circulation of the Scriptures and the preaching of the Gospel in the territories of Victor Emmanuel opened a wide field for Christian effort, and one full of encouragement.

In the evening, an attempt was made to get up a public meeting of working men; but, from various causes, very few of that class were present. The attendance, however, was good, and addresses were delivered by Messrs. G. Monod, B. W. Noel, Puaux, and Barde. This meeting was regarded as, on the whole, very successful, and an excellent impression was produced.

In the evening, also, the Rev. Mr. Wilson, of Islington, preached a sermon in the English chapel; after which the friends concluded the day in the delightful grounds of M. Eynard, which, with many public institutions and exhibitions, were thrown open to the members of the Alliance.

(To be continued.)

GERMANY.

GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS SOCIETY.—The different branches of this great society have just held their annual assemblies. That of the Grand Duchy of Hesse took place at the little town of Hochst, in Odenwald. Although the circumstances of the poor country people in this mountainous district seemed against the favourable reception of the visitors who attended, to the number of some thousands, they were agreeably surprised, on their arrival, by the hearty welcome with which they were greeted. At the entrances to the town triumphal arches were erected, and apartments were provided, even beyond what were necessary. The same evening the members of the society were honoured by a serenade by torchlight. Religious services were held first in the church, and then in the open air; and the discourses seemed to find an echo in all hearts. There are in the Grand Duchy of Hesse thirty-one branch societies, and nine ladies' associations. During the year the income amounted to 10,000 florins, or about £840, a considerable portion of which was raised by the ladies' associations. The second day of the anniversary was set apart for laying the foundation-stone of a new church at Seckmarn, the inhabitants of which village sent conveyances for their guests; and the decoration of their houses with flags showed how thoroughly the people sympathised with the occasion. We may observe that the Gustavus Adolphus Society extends its ramification in many lands, and yearly devotes its large income to the promotion of religion and education among the German people everywhere.

SWITZERLAND.

LIBERTY OF WORSHIP.—A long discussion, which occupied almost five sittings, has just taken place on the subject of religious liberty, in the constituent assembly of the Canton de Vaud. It is matter of surprise that, in our age, and in a republican Protestant state, a debate on such a question could be so prolonged; but the political and religious history of the last few years in that canton sufficiently explains the occurrence, which, however, has ended by a vote favourable to the rights of conscience. There is no cause to regret that the subject has been thoroughly gone into, and the victory is the more important that it has not been gained without a struggle. M. Durand, editor of a journal called the *Deux Patries*, proposed the following outline of an institution, which was put to the vote, and adopted by the assembly:—"Every man has the right freely to profess his religion, and to meet, with others, for its exercise, under the protection of constitutional guarantees, provided always that the general laws of the country be observed, and those which concern the external regulations of worship." After all, this result is not satisfactory, and, it would appear, not final. There is, in the Canton de Vaud, a powerful party opposed to the principles of full toleration, and their influence will, it is feared, tell unfavourably upon the free churches and their operations.

A society has been formed to raise a fund, by weekly contributions, for the redemption of slaves. Its recent report records some interesting facts. One of the ransomed slaves has gone as a missionary to Liberia.

FRANCE.

THE GERMAN PROTESTANTS AT HAVRE.—The Strasburg Society, for the evangelisation of scattered Protestants, confines its operations to the departments in the east of France. But it has undertaken to co-operate in a new work in favour of the Germans located at Havre, although not lying within its ordinary sphere. It appears that there are at Havre a number of German families and others, some of whom understand French, and others do not, but mostly professed Protestants. Besides these, from twelve to twenty thousand emigrants, mostly Germans, visit that port in the course of a year. Religious worship has been for some time conducted there in German, and a small permanent congregation exists, but the means available are quite unequal to the demand, and hence the adoption of the work by the Strasburg Society.

A SOCIETY for the encouragement of studies preparatory for the ministry of the Gospel, has existed at Nerac (Lot et Garonne) since 1859. Its object is to render assistance to young men of limited means, who wish to devote themselves to the work of the ministry. Its first grant was the very moderate sum of £12 each to nine young men, for one academical year. Eight only actually received the benefit, and their conduct and progress were such, that the grant was renewed. Five others have been added to the list; but while we rejoice in this excellent movement, we regret to hear that it is not adequately sustained, although the number of pastors is so few, and the demand for them so great. We believe an appeal has been issued in favour of the association.

ITALY.

LEGHORN.—**THE THEATRE AND THE PRIESTS.**—We understand that the attendance at the Vandois Chapel, in Leghorn, is very encouraging, and that the work grows from day to day. To such an extent has public attention been awakened, that the manager of the theatre, who knew the popular feeling, actually introduced the performance of an historical piece founded upon a chapter in the history of the Waldenses. The success of the piece was immense, and the priests moved heaven and earth to get it interdicted. This is a remarkable proof of the hold which religious questions are taking upon the Italian mind. Nor is this all. Ricasoli, although not a Protestant, is the avowed friend of religious liberty. He wrote to the moderator of the Waldensian Church, not long since, saying, "Reckon upon me; address yourselves to me, directly, in all your difficulties, for I am determined to establish religious liberty in practice as well as in theory."

ACADEMY FOR ADULTS AT MILAN.—The Protestant churches in the Bernese Jura district have opened at Milan an institution for the instruction of adults, not only in the ordinary branches of useful knowledge, but especially in the facts and doctrines of the Gospel. We are happy to hear that M. Coucorde, whose labours in the cause of evangelisation are so well known, has been appointed to superintend the establishment, and to give lessons on subjects connected with religion. At present, the number of pupils is stated to be about thirty, among whom are some from thirty to forty years of age. Important results are anticipated from this institution.

GREAT BRITAIN.

PRAYER UNIONS.—We read, with pleasure, that there are now no less than 1,000 Union prayer-meetings in the United States, 800 in England, 400 in Ireland, and 300 in Scotland and Wales.

"HOUSE TO HOUSE" PREACHING.—The Rev. Dr. Miller is organising, in his parish at Birmingham, a plan for carrying the message of God's truth and mercy to the houses of the poor, who may not have been attracted even by the special services or open-air preaching tried in former years. Substantially, the plan is nothing more than the cottage lecture system adopted by the country clergy. But there is some novelty in the form of the effort. Small private rooms in the streets and courts will be used where the tenants grant them, and where there is accommodation for not less than twenty persons. At the commencement of every month, a preacher's roll or programme will be made out, specifying place, time, and preacher; and, on a given evening, the clergy of St. Martin's will itinerate within the parish, giving a short service, not exceeding the hour. This is an example highly deserving of imitation elsewhere.

SPECIAL SERVICES IN SCOTLAND.—The special religious services have been continued in various parts of Scotland; and although the novelty connected with them has now disappeared, considerable interest is still manifested in many places. Unfavourable weather, and other causes, have affected the attendance in some instances, but more often congregations of 700 to 1,000 persons have collected together. The meetings have been of a very solemnising character, and it cannot be doubted that the Divine blessing has accompanied these efforts for the conversion of souls.

THE NEW BISHOP OF GLOUCESTER.—It does not appear that Dr. Thomson, Provost of Queen's College, who succeeds Dr. Baring in the see of Gloucester, has yet identified himself with any party in the Church.

EVANGELISATION OF LONDON.—The last Wesleyan Conference created a new circuit in London, and appointed two ministers. One of these ministers will be stationed at Bow, and the other at Victoria Docks, where there is a vast population, for whose spiritual welfare very inadequate provision has yet been made by any of our Churches. If, as the Earl of Shaftesbury recently stated, only about two in every hundred working men in the metropolis attend any church or chapel, is it not time that not only the Wesleyans, but all other bodies of Christians, should bestir themselves actively for the evangelisation of London? Are we not, in some instances, paying more attention to the architecture of our places of worship, than to the command, "Compel them to come in?" Are not some of our churches, and many of our chapels, too fine for the working man and his family?

THE POLICE SABBATH.—Under the presidency of Mr. Joseph Payne, Judge of the Middlesex Sessions, a meeting of the City police of London has been held, at which a petition, addressed to the Commissioners of Police, was adopted, praying for a relaxation of duty on Sunday. It is represented to the Commissioners, "that on the Sunday, and more especially during the hours of Divine service, the streets of London are very quiet, so that the presence of a large force in them is unnecessary. It further calls attention to the fact, that by the work they have to perform on the Sabbath-day, the City constables are prevented from

fully attending to their moral and religious duties." We earnestly hope that this appeal will not be made in vain, and that other classes of Sunday workers will bestir themselves to obtain the like privilege. The Christian public, we trust, will render all possible aid to this movement.

Our Missionary Corner.

DIALOGUE BETWEEN A MERCHANT AND HIS FRIEND.

(Concluded from No. 2.)

F. HERE is the concluding portion of the consideration paper, part of which I read to you last week. I hope the arguments used will prove as conclusive to your mind as they are to my own:—

"As England has become great by virtue of her commerce, this important question of missionary operations may fairly be regarded in a national point of view. In doing this, we immediately perceive that were we to be influenced only by secular motives, even a regard to our national commerce would lead us to extend our missions. God is no nation's debtor, and nations are rewarded for obedience, or chastised for neglect in this life, there being no future honours or penalties for nations. Observe, for the small amount of good effected by us as a nation, how great has been the recompence. Islanders once ignorant and unfriendly are now producing sugar, and indigo, and cotton, and arrow-root, and palm oil, and a variety of articles useful for us and the great family of man. These islanders are consuming our produce, employing our shipping, and extending our commerce. Thus, wherever the missionary plants the Gospel, there new regions are opened for the merchant, the manufacturer, and the shipowner. The shipping of our country derives as great an advantage from missions as our commerce. We have no longer our brave men murdered by these savage islanders. We find intercourse no longer dangerous. But let us not forget that in days past Magellan was killed at one of these islands; Captain Cook was killed at another; the crew of the *Venus* were slain at another; a captain and a crew murdered at another. The crew of the *Boyd* were robbed and murdered at another island, and the entire crew of the *Oldham* massacred by another set of barbarians. Now all these islands have missionary stations. Vessels visit them constantly. The sailors are delighted. They receive a generous welcome, and find in these once unfriendly islands another home. The warlike and savage bearing of these islanders, untouched by the reforming power of the Gospel, may be estimated by one fact. A missionary visited an island known to be populous, and his object was to establish a mission station, when he found that the inhabitants had destroyed each other, and the population of the island was reduced to five men, three women, and a few children; and, strange to narrate, a civil war was raging to settle which should be the king!

"I find also that I must enumerate among its good results that it prevents depopulation, for when Captain Cook landed at Tahiti, the population of the island was estimated at 200,000; in a few years it was reduced to 16,000, and fourteen years after the numbers were only 8,000. Since Christianity has prevailed, a reaction has taken place. I ask myself, 'What would be the probable state of the world at this moment had the early Christians imitated the labours of the men of apostolic times?' Have we not in many instances lost ground? Look at Ephesus, once the stronghold of Christianity; now not a single Christian dwells in it. While thousand over the world read the Epistle to the Ephesians, no one reads it in the place to which it was originally addressed. The lamp has been extinguished, and the sanctuary desolated. Although Christian men have been so supine, it still is written, 'He that winneth souls is wise,' and, as I heard a good but quaint old man say, 'Charity to the soul is the very soul of charity.' Gratitude to God and mercy to man will not allow Christian men to be indifferent in this great matter. Men must do good *personally*, and do good by *proxy*; and that which they are unable to accomplish, as the lawyers call it, *per se*, they can do *per alium*. So that we must do what is right, and help others to do it also. And I find, as I examine the subject, that I shall be a very inconsistent man if I withhold my support, because I belong to a Church that in all her services breathes a loving and missionary spirit. I belong to a Church founded by missionary men. I offer up missionary prayers, I read and sing missionary psalms, and the best book I have in the world inculcates missionary exertions. Therefore, as the object is so enjoined and so sanctioned, so excellent and so glorious, not to support missions, when once convinced of their Divine sanction and merciful tendency, would be, I think, just what I never wish to be—ungrateful, disobedient, unfeeling, and unchristian; for I can no more overturn these arguments than I could extract 'sunbeams out of cucumbers.' God helping me, I will support them, now that my judgment is satisfied; and when I give of my substance may I ever say in spirit, 'Is it not, O Lord, of thine own that we give unto thee?' And when the day arrives that the words are heard, which I shall hear not, 'Ashes to ashes, and dust to dust,' then at that last hour of my earthly history nothing will be mine save that which I have expended in God's service. And as I promised to be 'Christ's faithful soldier unto my life's end,' I will not withhold my aid in this holy warfare; and I will enable Christian warriors to obey their marching orders, and the Bible Society and the Christian Knowledge Society to supply the ammunition, and the Missionary Societies to find the soldiers; and may they experience their Leader's promise, 'Lo, I am with you, even unto the end.'"

Weekly Calendar
OF REMARKABLE EVENTS ASSOCIATED WITH THE
CHRISTIAN CHURCH.

SEPTEMBER 15.

RELEASE OF FRIENDS, OR QUAKERS, FROM IMPRISONMENT, 1685.—Between the years 1640 and 1690, this unobtrusive and sincere body of Christians were subjected to a series of relentless persecutions. During the reign of James II., George Fox and his devoted band of followers were imprisoned on a charge of being concerned in the rebellion in the west; their property was confiscated, and they were immured in gloomy dungeons. After some weeks' confinement they were released, destitute and homeless, and their leader, on the occasion, wrote them a letter which was full of praise of God for his mercies, and of the spirit of forgiveness and love towards those who had injured them. This was, probably, the last production of Fox's pen before he was summoned to the mansions above. "Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake."

SEPTEMBER 16.

FOUNDATION OF ST. PAUL'S SCHOOL.—This important educational establishment was founded in the year 1509, by Dr. John Colet, an eminent divine, who was remarkable among the higher clergy of his day for the extreme simplicity of his style of living. The money he saved by a rigid economy was spent in charity, and in the endowment of St. Paul's School in the city of London, for the education of 153 poor children, being the number of fish taken by St. Peter (John xxi. 2). The lands with which he endowed the school exceeded 1,900 acres, yielding at present an annual revenue of about £25,500. Dr. Colet was an exemplary but somewhat eccentric minister of the Gospel. His friend Erasmus says of him that "he seemed to be filled with a Divine spirit, and to be somewhat above a man. He spoke not only with his voice, but with his eyes; his countenance, and his whole demeanour." He died September 16, 1519, at the age of 53, and was buried in St. Paul's Cathedral. "A wise man will hear, and will increase learning."

SEPTEMBER 17.

THE MARTYRDOM OF ST. LAMBERT.—All that we know of Lambert, or Landebert, bishop and martyr, is in his favour. The uninspired records of a remote time are necessarily obscure, and we do not profess to speak of these matters with certainty. It appears, however, that Landebert was born early in the seventh century, of wealthy parents, who gave him a learned and pious education, under Theodore, Bishop of Maastricht. This holy man was assassinated in 669, and Landebert, undaunted by his fate, succeeded him, having been appointed to the see by Childeric II. On the death of the latter, in 673, Landebert was expelled from his see, and retired to the monastery of Stavelo, where he passed seven years in pious exercises. At the expiration of that time King Pepin restored him to his bishopric, and he seems to have discharged his duties with zeal and success. He attacked idolatry and vice in high as well as in low places, not even sparing his patron, whose life was by no means free from reproach. There is little doubt that this fearless discharge of duty cost him his life. Some historians assert that a concubine of Pepin conspired against the good bishop, and others state that a courier hired assassins to murder him. On the 17th of September, 708, an armed force, by whomsoever sent, broke into his house at Leodium, now Liege, and he was killed by a javelin. "With all boldness, as always, so now also Christ shall be magnified in my body, whether it be by life or by death."

SEPTEMBER 18.

THE BENEVOLENT, OR STRANGERS' FRIEND SOCIETY.—In the history of Christian progress great results may frequently be traced back to the simple faith and zeal of a few humble individuals. The Strangers' Friend Society, one of the most important and valuable of the charities of London, dates its existence from a meeting of six Christian men, whose hearts had been touched by the sight of the extreme poverty around them, and who, in the year 1785, assembled together to arrange some means of affording judicious relief to the deserving poor. The organisation which these six men set on foot has extended widely, and still flourishes, but their names have passed from the memory of man. After all, this matters little, for they are not written in imperishable characters in the Lamb's Book of Life? That they were not wealthy men is tolerably clear, for they began by subscribing one penny per week each, and their fund, in October, 1785, did not amount to twenty shillings. Their operations were conducted, however, on principles well calculated to insure success. They determined that their institution should be unrestricted in the exercise of its benevolence, that the officers and visitors should rigidly avoid even the semblance of sectarianism or proselytising in their intercourse with the recipients of their bounty, and that they should never recommend a particular church or chapel, but only enjoin an habitual perusal of God's Word, and a regular attendance at some place of Christian worship. On this broad platform of Christian benevolence members of every church and denomination could meet and co-operate with each other in "going about doing good," and these are the principles which guide the Society's operations to the present hour. The first guinea subscriber was the Rev. John Wesley, the first subscription being paid at Christmas, 1785. During the first few months of the Society's existence its operations were limited to within an area of about a mile round Smithfield, but before the Christmas of 1786 had arrived, upwards of one thousand persons had been relieved

and visited at their own habitations, and the Society was enabled to publish a list of no less than twenty-seven places where donations were received. One of the Society's regulations at this period, and which, we believe, is still rigidly enforced, imposed a fine on every member who attempted to dispute on doctrinal points at any meeting of the Society. On September 18, 1791, the first annual report was issued, and it then appeared that during five years and a-half, viz., from February, 1786, to September 18th, 1791, the Society had expended £781 7s. 11d. From that period to the present time the area of its operations has gradually extended, until, after seventy-six years of labour, it has been enabled to include within the boundaries of its twenty-four visiting districts the entire metropolis and its suburbs, having relieved during that space of time not less than 350,000 cases of distress, comprising a million and a-half of individuals. Its staff of visitors is now 376 in number, and they have, during the past year, relieved 6,588 cases, paying 30,273 visits, and expending in relief £1,723. "He that giveth unto the poor shall not lack; but he that hideth his eyes shall have many a curse."

THE PEACE CONGRESS AT BRUSSELS, 1848.—The great European Peace Congress met at Brussels, on the 18th September, 1848, when, during a two days' sitting, many eminent authorities in religious and social matters met, interchanged opinions, and determined upon a plan of action, to assist them in their endeavours to counteract those warlike tendencies which have hitherto wrought so much misery among nations. The greatest amity appeared to prevail, and the result of the conference was the organisation of an association for the purpose of carrying out the objects of the Congress. "Acquaint thyself now with Him, and be at peace."

SEPTEMBER 19.

DEATH OF BISHOP JEWELL.—This eminent divine was born in Devonshire in the year 1522. After receiving a tolerably good education he reached the University, and was fortunate in having for a tutor the excellent John Parkhurst, afterwards Bishop of Norwich, one of the most zealous of the evangelical Christians of that day. Jewell emulated the example of his tutor, and on the accession of Edward VI. we find him one of the foremost men in the reform party in the Church. He maintained his convictions during a long and severe persecution, although in a weak moment he was induced to sign the Popish articles publicly in St. Mary's Church, Oxford—an act which ever afterwards he bitterly regretted. He rendered most important services to the cause of Protestantism in consolidating the Reformation, after the accession of Elizabeth. His famous "Apology for the Church of England" was published after his consecration as Bishop of Salisbury, which took place in 1560. Bishop Jewell died in the fiftieth year of his age, on September 19, 1571. "Ye shall be hated of all men for my name's sake; but he that endureth to the end shall be saved."

SEPTEMBER 20.

THE FIRST SERMON IN BRITISH COLUMBIA.—No portion of the missionary field is clothed with greater interest and importance than the new colony of British Columbia. Thither have flocked immense crowds of persons, of almost every race under the sun, in search of gold. Some doubtless have reaped that harvest which they were led to anticipate, while others, in their mad haste to be rich, have there laid their bones far away from the home of their fathers; but there is reason to hope that some have there been born again of incorruptible seed. Three years ago, at a time when tens of thousands were flocking to the wondrous gold region, the Rev. W. B. Crickmer, selected and employed by the Colonial and Continental Church Society, left these shores to labour for Christ as the first missionary amongst that heterogeneous mass of beings. The missionary describes in touching terms his first sermon amongst the gold seekers, which was preached on September 20, 1858. "Your missionary preached the very first sermon in the Colony of British Columbia, and, as far as I can find out, the first sermon in this vast territory, excepting, perhaps a fugitive address of a Romish missionary to a few French Canadian voyagers. It is remarkable that the first lesson for the day was Genesis 1, and my subject grew naturally therefrom of 'Man in Christ new made.' It was beautifully appropriate coincidence for the beginning of the Gospel of Jesus Christ in a new colony, just emerging from uncleared backwoodsmen; for aught we know, much as it was when 'God created man.' My church was a half-finished barrack at Langley; the audience, soldiers and civilians; the pulpit, the Union-jack over the box; the text, Gen. 1:27; the subject, 'The New Creation; and Christ, the Alpha and the Omega of that mysterious work.' In the evening I preached at the upper town, about two miles from Langley proper, at Fort Langley, the Hudson's Bay Company's commercial military station on the Lower Fraser. And a good attendance we had of as rough and *sui generis* a class of men as you would find on the earth's surface. They came in every garb and costume imaginable; for miners, who have drunk of Californian freedom, and tasted of Australian liberty, develop individual character to its fullest idiosyncrasies. In one respect they all were uniform,—you may be sure that they came armed with bowie-knives and revolvers. But how they listened! They were in earnest; and I trust, by God's grace, they found I was in earnest. So we stared each other in the face with a will. *There was one gentleman connected with the Hudson's Bay Company, to whom that was the first sermon heard for forty years!*" Thus, under circumstances of deep interest, were the labours of the first missionary in British Columbia commenced. Mr. Crickmer, for a while, stood alone as an ambassador for Christ, but the growing importance of the colony has

drawn other missionaries to the scene, and through the munificence of Miss Burdett Coutts, British Columbia now has its bishop—an eminent and devoted servant of the Lord. "How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace, that saith unto Zion, Thy God reigneth!"

SEPTEMBER 21.

ST. MATTHEW.—This eminent apostle and evangelist was the son of Alpheus, a Jew, and a descendant of Issachar. According to Dr. Kitto, he was not a general farmer of customs, as has been supposed by some persons, but an inferior collector of customs at Capernaum, on the Sea of Galilee; so that Matthew, like so many others of our Saviour's apostles and disciples, sprang from the humblest classes of the people. Matthew was the name by which he was known among the Romans, Levi being his Hebrew name. The Gospel according to St. Matthew was probably written in Judea, a few years after the Ascension, and just before the apostle quitted the country to proceed on his missionary journey among the Gentile nations. It properly occupies the first position in the New Testament, not only as having been written and promulgated earlier than any of the other Gospels, but as commencing with a circumstantial account of the birth of the Lord Jesus Christ. Matthew addressed himself principally to his fellow-countrymen, the Jews, and his primary object was to convince them that Jesus was indeed the Christ, or the Messiah, whose coming they had so long been expecting. Hence he showed them how the incidents of our Saviour's life on earth, his sufferings and death, had been foretold in the prophecies; and at the end of the more striking portions of his narrative, he frequently introduces a quotation from the Old Testament, with the expression, "that it might be fulfilled which was spoken by the prophets," &c. There is little doubt that Matthew wrote in Hebrew, which was afterwards translated into Greek by St. James the Less and other apostles. Having written the Gospel, Matthew travelled into Ethiopia, Parthia, and various other distant regions of the then known world, preaching Christ crucified alike to Jews and Gentiles. By some persons his name has been enrolled in "the noble army of martyrs," but the weight of authority is in favour of his having died a natural death at Heliopolis, in Parthia. Be this as it may, he was one of the most useful and highly honoured of the servants of God. "And Jesus said unto them, Verily I say unto you, That ye which have followed me, in the regeneration, when the Son of man shall sit in the throne of his glory, ye also shall sit upon twelve thrones, judging the twelve tribes of Israel."

DEATH OF COLONEL GARDINER.—Colonel James Gardiner, whose extraordinary conversion and subsequent exemplary life has been a subject of lively interest among Christians, was born in the year 1687. He was, at the outset of his career, one of the most reckless and profligate young men of that period—a period unparalleled for the laxity of its morals and the profligacy of its youth. Before he had attained the age of maturity he had fought three duels, and, having adopted the military profession, eagerly participated in the excesses indulged in by his brother officers. In the battle of Ramillies, in 1706, he received a dangerous wound, and, after remaining for some time on the threshold of the grave, he recovered only to relapse again into profligacy, and plunge still deeper into the mire of scepticism. The Almighty suffered him to proceed to the utmost limits in defying his commandments, blaspheming his name, and braving his wrath; and now, the very enormity of this man's iniquity was to show forth the power of Divine grace. Though his bad example might have led hundreds astray, yet his extraordinary conversion was destined to bring thousands to "consider their ways and be wise." The event to which we allude is thus related in the "Life of Colonel Gardiner." About the middle of July, 1719, Colonel (then Major) Gardiner having spent the whole of the day (the Sabbath) in gay company, and late in the evening desiring to while away a spare hour prior to fulfilling an assignation, took up a book that lay in his way, and which happened to be called "The Christian Soldier; or, Heaven taken by Storm." Thinking, from its title, that he should find some professional allusions more or less interesting to him as a soldier, and that, from its being spiritualised, it might furnish cause for diversion or amusement, he took a cursory glance at its contents. While thus engaged, it appears probable that he fell asleep; but, whether we regard the occurrence which then took place as a waking vision or a dream, the results which followed sufficiently attest its Divine origin. As he was reading, an unusual blaze of light appeared to fall upon the book; and, looking up, he saw, as it were suspended in the air, a representation of our Saviour stretched upon the cross, and surrounded with rays of glory. He then heard a voice saying, "O sinner, did I suffer this for thee, and are these thy returns?" When this extraordinary and soul-awaking scene had passed away from before his eyes, he sunk down in the chair insensible. When he recovered, the impression left upon his mind was vivid and permanent, and he at once sought the pardon of his sins at the hands of a crucified Redeemer, and abandoning all his profligacies, became, by Divine grace, a most humble, self-denying, and devoted follower of Christ. Having served his God with fervour and consistency for twenty-six years, and during that period brought many of his fellow-soldiers, both officers and privates, to serve under Christ's banner, he fell in his country's service, on the 21st of September, 1745, respected and beloved. "Base things of the world, and things which are despised, hath God chosen, yea, and things which are not, to bring to nought things that are; that no flesh should glory in his presence."

THE QUIVER.

GOD IN HISTORY.

A CAREFUL and minute observation of the events of history will often convince the most sceptical of the overruling influence of Divine Providence. God is ever at work for the accomplishment of his own gracious purposes of mercy. In ages after events have happened, we can often see this; we may then construct our philosophy of history, and trace the successive foot-prints of the Deity. Thus, we can discern that the first persecutions of the Christian Church scattered the seeds of the Gospel; that the extension of the Roman power opened a door for the entrance of that same Gospel in remote and heathen lands; that the Crusaders were helpful to liberty and commerce; and that the fall of the Eastern Empire caused learning to concentrate, as it were, in a focus in the West, and paved the way for the revival of letters and the glorious Reformation.

Now that great changes are imminent in the East—now that, to use the phrase of the late Emperor of Russia, "the sick man is about to die"—intense interest is aroused as to the issue of events in days rapidly approaching.

It was believed, in ancient times, that all great change would emanate from the East; and, although the Western world may play an important part in the history of the world's future, it is probably in the East that the crowning events in the tide of human affairs will be consummated.

A philosophic historian, predicting the changes about to take place in the East, says:—"In the present day we anticipate, with an assurance that none can deem extravagant, the approaching subversion of the Ottoman power; but the signs of internal weakness have not yet been confirmed by the dismemberment of a territory extending from Bagdad to Belgrade." When this mighty arch shall fall in ruins, or what changes shall take place, we cannot predict; but we may, with interest, survey the last great overthrow in the Eastern Empire, and assure ourselves that, as mighty events were suspended on that event, in all probability changes as vast, perhaps vaster, will follow the next great revolution in the East.

The old Byzantine Empire gradually mouldered to decay. The codification of Roman jurisprudence in the middle of the fifth century, accomplished under Justinian at Constantinople, exerted ultimately immense influence in the Western Empire, but, at the time of its publication, little influence in the East. The dissolution of the Greek Empire—from the period when Mohammed struck his first fierce blows, until the day when the Ottoman subdued Constantinople, in 1453—proceeded by a series of sadly melancholy events. As the same great writer just quoted says:—"Every province was in turn subdued—every city opened her gates to the conqueror. The limbs were lopped off one by one, but the pulse still beat at the heart, and the majesty of the Roman name was ultimately confined to the walls of Constantinople. Before Mahomet II. planted his cannon against them, he had completed every smaller conquest. The long-deferred but inevitable moment arrived; and the last of the Caesars folded round him the imperial mantle, and remembered the name which he represented, in the dignity of heroic death. It is thus that the intellectual principle, when enfeebled by disease or age, is found to rally its energies in the presence of death, and pour the radiance of unclouded reason around the last struggles of dissolution."

Beautiful and impressive are these sentiments, and many melancholy regrets arise at the destruction of that great city of the "golden horn," built by the first Christian emperor. But a new epoch dawned. A period bright in promise for the world's future was at hand—an epoch of learning, of virtue, and of Divine truth. That Divine Word contained in the Sacred Scriptures, which stands "majestic in its own simplicity," was destined to rise and span a wider area than the Eastern Empire had ever embraced. The Greek empire had proved recreant to the Divine truth which it had once received; it had become sensual and corrupt, and was not needed, as it was no longer fitted, to take a part in the last grand scenes of that revolution which had silently wrought so long. Rome, too, and its priests

and pontiffs, sunk in luxury and sloth, were alike unfit, and were denied the honours and distinctions of the coming age. Amid the forests of Germany—the original condition of the inhabitants of which, as described by Tacitus, and early German historians, was barbarous in the extreme—the virtue, and wisdom, and learning of the world concentrated. The Italian schools of learning, especially the University of Bologna, in the twelfth century, had exerted a mighty influence on Germany. The learning of the Eastern empire, unvalued by the torpid and apathetic minds of Byzantium, was received with plaudits of acclamation, even at an early period, in the West; and the Germans of the South, and even of the far North, coming to this torch of learning, received the flame, and bore it, like the man described by Dante, aloft, to illuminate the cheerless recesses of their own dark wilderness.

At first, they encountered resistance, and the hardy warrior-chiefs—the ancestors of our modern princes—struggled against every invasion of their own rude knowledge and customs. At last, however, the gloom was penetrated; that day, which was afterwards to shine so brightly, dawned, and the learned divided the seats of legislation with the rude hereditary princes. From the fourteenth century—the period when the German universities began to flourish—the German mind became conscious of that thirst after knowledge which has grown and increased, with but little interruption, to the present hour.

The discovery of the art of printing, by a German, marks the culminating point in this period of the world's history; and the first results of this art present a sure index to the actual mental and moral condition of the western world at that epoch. This discovery must ever be, to the devout and philosophic mind, one of profoundest interest. The character of the books printed and read at any period may be well taken as a proof of its mental and moral condition. The first books printed may, especially, be regarded as furnishing an index to the peculiar thoughts and desires of the age in which they appeared. What were these books that were the first-fruits of that now mighty and glorious engine, the printing-press? Happily, we can answer this question.

In 1450 the art of printing was discovered. In 1453 the booming of the cannon of Mahomet II. resounded against the walls of Constantinople. Providentially, long before that tragic event, as well as at that period, the tide of Eastern intelligence and learning was turned, and driven from Constantinople to the West and to the North. The printing-press, which is powerless for good, and worse than powerless, without mind and virtue, is immensely powerful when set in motion by the flashes of genius, the sallies of wit, and the force of wisdom. Providence, we say, furnished all these requisites at the very instant required. A new and mighty step in the world's history was to be achieved, and the means for its accomplishment were not lacking.

What, we ask again, were the first-fruits of the printing-press?—at the head of the list there stands in its proper place that best of books—the "One Book," as Sir Walter Scott called it—THE BIBLE. Whilst the Mohammedan besiegers were battering down the walls that formed a cincture to Eastern superstition, the busy hands of Western invention were setting up the Latin edition of the Bible, known as the Vulgate. A new empire, based upon the Divine Word, was to arise. Then, in 1457, the first Psalter appeared. This was followed by another edition of the Psalter. Then came Durand's "Account of Liturgical Offices;" then the "Constitutions" of Pope Clement V. This was followed by the "Catholicon," a work on general science. The second Mentz Bible appeared. In 1465, "Cicero's Offices," a work on morals, was printed. This was the first classical work. Then followed Donatus' "Grammar," the works of Lactantius, and several classical works.

Thus the very books first printed serve to show us that there was a certain preparedness in the minds of men for the new and glorious revelation of Divine truth that God was about to make in the Reformation. Who can deny that it was a profoundly serious and earnest age? If we classify the above works, we find, first of all, the source of all true and really valuable theology—the Bible. The other works bear on the government of the Church, the conduct of its worship; on science, on morals,

and on classics. Here we have, indeed, the solid, the beautiful, the valuable. These books, we say, furnish an infallible index to the mind and thought of that dawning age.

What a lesson do these deeply interesting facts supply! Priestly ignorance, usurpation, and pride, had taken the treasure of the Divine Word, and had placed it far away in the shrine of sacerdotal keeping. The priceless treasure was carefully locked up, and the key kept from the people. But such a revival of letters takes place as no priest could have anticipated. The printing-press renders it impossible for priestly pride to deprive the people of God's Word. The means of attaining this treasure are wrung from their reluctant hands. Providence accomplishes its own work, and the truth of God is re-established in the world. What a lesson are these facts—a lesson full of solemn warning to every enemy of God's Word! The foundations upon which dynasties and empires repose may be disturbed and destroyed for ever—works of human genius and toil, of material mould, pass through their cycles to decay; but the Divine Word, stable as the everlasting hills, still stands. That shall never totter. That shall never be moved. It shall stand, its beauty unmarred, amid the assaults of all its foes; for "the Word of our God endureth for ever."

THE ATMOSPHERE: AS ILLUSTRATING THE WISDOM, POWER, AND GOODNESS OF GOD.

I SHALL ask your attention to a few illustrations of the attributes of God which may be drawn from the nature of the atmosphere. These illustrations will be found first in the adjustment of the properties of the atmosphere to the place which it holds in the scheme of creation, and more especially in those adaptations of its qualities by which it is made to promote the welfare and happiness of mankind.

THE SCHEME OF THE UNIVERSE.

But here, as elsewhere, in the study of nature, we must be careful to avoid the error of considering man as the sole end of creation. The whole material universe is a manifestation of one grand comprehensive thought—as comprehensive in the diversity of its parts as it is grand in the unity of the whole. These parts have been so wondrously joined and so skilfully brought together, that each is linked with each, and one with all. In this Divine economy nothing is wanting, nothing is superfluous; and what seems to our imperfect vision the least important, is essential to the completeness of the whole as our own glorious manhood.

Amidst all this variety in unity, man stands the culminating glory of the whole. Made in the express image of his Creator, and but a little lower than the angels, he has been intrusted with power over all the brute matter which surrounds him. Through the long ages of geological history the earth was preparing for his dwelling, and in the earliest forms of animal life his coming is prefigured and foretold. It becomes natural, therefore, to study the adaptation of nature with express reference to man; and what we may do without losing sight of the grand idea which underlies the whole creation, and of which man is only the diviner part.

THE EXPANSIVE FORCE OF THE ATMOSPHERE.

This wonderful fluid which surrounds us is only maintained by the constant action of two mighty forces—the force of gravitation and the force of heat. In virtue of the force of heat, the particles of the atmosphere mutually repel each other, and the whole tends to break from its confinement and expand into surrounding space. But this it cannot do, because it is held by a firm grasp to the surface of the globe; and were this grasp for a moment relaxed, the atmosphere would dash away in an instant and be lost in the immensity which surrounds us. It is pressing on the surface of these bodies of ours with a pressure equal to at least twenty tons; and were it not that this pressure is exactly balanced by the expansive force of the air within their cavities, we should be crushed in an instant. But the fact that we move through the atmosphere, without even heeding its presence, is a sufficient evidence that these two forces are in exact equilibrium. And what must be the power and wisdom of that Being who could appoint such mighty forces, and adjust them with such perfect precision!

ADAPTATION OF THE AIR TO MAN'S PHYSICAL STRUCTURE.

The evidence of design which we are now considering will be still further enforced if we consider the density of the atmosphere. By this term I mean the amount of matter which any given volume of the atmosphere contains

—as, for example, one hundred cubic inches of air, at sixty degrees temperature, and when the barometer stands at thirty inches, weighs thirty grains and eight-tenths; and that air is eight hundred and ten times lighter than water, and eleven thousand times lighter than mercury. Now, this weight of one hundred cubic inches of air may be taken as a measure of its density, and this density has been most exactly adjusted to our human organisation. Consider, in the first place, the function of the atmosphere for transmitting sound. The loudness of a sound from any constant source depends upon the density of the medium through which it passes. Thus, travellers who have ascended to the summits of high mountains all inform us that it is very difficult to converse in the rarefied air of the summit; and the workmen who are employed in submarine constructions bear witness to the unnatural loudness of the sound in the condensed air of a diving-bell. Thus has the sensibility of the nerves of our ears been exactly adjusted to the density of the atmosphere. And were this density very greatly increased, the noise of the busy mart would stun us with its loudness, and the murmur of the brook or the whispering of the forest would be unknown sounds. But these are unimportant effects, compared with the other derangements which would follow any important change in the density of the atmosphere. The volume of our lungs, the constitution of the blood, and the whole organism of respiration have been exactly adjusted to the density of the air.

The tourists who have ascended Mont Blanc complain of the great oppression of breathing in the rarefied air of the summit; and the workmen who are employed in diving-bells suffer from a similar difficulty. It is easy to see that were these conditions to remain any great length of time, disease and death would be the result.

ADAPTATION OF THE AIR TO OUR MENTAL ORGANISATION.

But it is not only that we are permitted to exist on this globe, and that the constitution of the atmosphere is not incompatible with life. Our Heavenly Father has not condemned us to a mere animal existence on his earth; but, on the contrary, he has surrounded our mortal dwelling with the conditions of pleasure, and the possibilities of the noblest aspirations. Not only the air does not come to our lungs loaded with pestilence and death, but every breath we draw is made to contribute to our mental enjoyment, as well as to our physical happiness; and although a slight change in the density of the atmosphere might not, so far as we can see, seriously derange the material vital functions, there can be no doubt that the delicate structure of the nerves and the brain would be impaired, thought rendered impossible, and life a burden.

CONDITIONS OF ATMOSPHERIC ADAPTATION.

The density of the atmosphere may be said to depend on four conditions:—First, upon the intensity of gravity; second, upon the total quantity of air upon the globe; third, upon the mean temperature of the earth; and lastly, upon the inherent nature of air. In regard to the last of these conditions we have no accurate knowledge; but the action of the first three upon the density of the atmosphere can readily be traced. If, for example, the intensity of gravity were to be increased, it would give to the superincumbent mass of air a greater weight, and that mass would therefore press with a vastly greater power upon the air near the surface of the globe. In like manner, if we were to increase the mass of the atmosphere above our heads, this would increase the pressure upon, and the density of the air at the surface, for the density of the air increases in the exact ratio in which the superincumbent pressure increases. Similar results would likewise follow from any change in the temperature of the earth. It has been ascertained, by the most exact experiments, that an elevation of temperature equivalent to about five hundred degrees would reduce the density of the atmosphere to about one half; and, vice versa, the reduction of the temperature would increase the density of the atmosphere.

We may begin at any link of this chain of conditions, and show that the earliest forms of animal life which the geologist has examined confirm our belief that man existed in the mind of his Creator from the first.

Let us review these adjustments in their relation to our physical nature. Assume, for the sake of argument, that our material frame, with all its delicate organisation of bones, muscles, and nerves, had been designed before the foundation of the world. Assume also, as we must, that the chemical elements, with their special properties, had been appointed, and that the general laws of matter had been ordained. With these assumptions, let us inquire what must be some of the conditions, if the plan of creation is to be adapted to these pre-established ends. In the first place it is evident, that the density of the atmosphere could not be different from what it now is. Now, in order to give the air this density, it was essential that the total quantity of the atmosphere should be exactly adjusted to the intensity of gravity, and to the mean temperature at the surface of the globe. Again, a moment's reflection will show that it will be equally necessary to adapt the intensity of gravity to the mean temperature of the earth, the physical organisation of man, and the whole scheme of organic nature. Remember, now, that the force of gravity depends upon the mass of the earth, and the mean temperature upon the distance of the earth from the sun; and you will see that, not only the exact size of the earth, but also its distance from the sun, and the precise quantity of air on its surface, were all necessary conditions, in order that the atmosphere should have its present density, and thus become a fit abode for man. If any one of these conditions had been neglected, the result

could not have been attained, and man could not have lived upon this globe. It must, then, have been Him who “hath meted out heaven with a span, and comprehended the dust of the earth in a measure, and weighed the mountains in scales, and the hills in a balance,” who “formed man out of the dust of the ground, and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life.”

THE RELATION OF THE ATMOSPHERE TO NATURAL SCENERY.

The atmosphere, although far more transparent than any other form of fluid, is far from being absolutely permeable to light. Every one has noticed that distant objects appear less distinct; that, in proportion as they are removed, the colours become fainter, the contrasts between light and shade less evident, and the whole scene oft covered with a pale blue veil. This effect, which is well seen on distant mountains, is owing entirely to the imperfect transparency of the atmosphere. Were the atmosphere perfectly transparent, all objects, although reduced in size in proportion as they are remote, would be equally distinct, and their colours equally brilliant. The transparency of the air differs very greatly at different times, and, even under the best circumstances, it has been estimated that at least one-third of the sun's rays are absorbed before reaching the surface of the earth.

You must not suppose, however, that the light thus expended is lost; for every particle of the atmosphere which is thus illuminated by the sunbeam becomes a new centre of radiation, distributing light in every direction. This diffusion of the sun's rays is the cause of that wonderful effect which we call the daylight. I say wonderful effect, for although so familiar, it is one of the most remarkable results of infinite skill and beautiful adaptation. The very daylight, which, streaming in at the windows of our houses, fills them with cheerfulness, penetrating to their innermost recesses, which enlivens the whole landscape, and which bars and bolts cannot wholly exclude, even from the prisoner's dungeon, is another example of the adjustment of the atmosphere to the constitution of man.

OPTICAL USES OF THE ATMOSPHERE.

In order that you may see the full force of this, inquire what would be the result if there were no atmosphere on the globe, assuming that man could exist under such conditions. Although all objects directly illuminated by the sun would shine so brilliantly as to dazzle the eye, everything else would be involved in complete obscurity. The interior of our dwellings at mid-day would be darker than during the darkest night, and the contrast between light and shade would be stronger than between the brightest sunlight and the blackest darkness now known. Our eyes, as little fitted to such conditions as our lungs, would be blinded in an instant; and even could the optic nerve support the intensity of the light, vision would be impossible. Thus it appears that the atmosphere is as essential a condition of our seeing as of our breathing.

USES OF THE ATMOSPHERE.

The immeasurable pleasure which we derive from the sense of sight depends upon the adaptation of the density of the atmosphere to our organs of vision. On the top of Mont Blanc the sky assumes a leaden hue, and the stars are seen at mid-day; the glare of the direct light is insupportable to the eye, and the reflection of the sun blisters the unprotected skin; while the contrast between light and shade gives to all near objects a ghastly and unnatural aspect. This effect results from the great diminution in the density of the atmosphere. But when you reflect upon what delicate contrasts of light and shade the whole beauty of the landscape depends—the clearness of the foreground, the grey of the middle distance, the tender purple of the distant hills all blending together in one harmonious whole—you can readily see how small a change would be required to derange the result, and deprive the sense of beauty of its highest enjoyment.

The atmosphere has also the power of decomposing the pure white light, and thus producing those gorgeous tints which we witness on the sunset clouds, and also the pure blue which colours the dome of heaven. It is known that the blue colour of the sky is seen by reflected light; but it is supposed that the colour is produced by repeated reflections of the white light from the minute bubbles of water which are constantly floating in the air.

When future discoverers shall bring to light the methods, at present unknown, by which nature gilds the sunset clouds, we shall undoubtedly gain fresh evidence of the wisdom of God. And even now, while ignorant, perhaps, of these causes, we have that which is far more glorious, the convincing evidence of our Father's goodness and love. Our Father has not only adapted the atmosphere to the wants of our bodies, and made it conducive to our enjoyment, but he has also made it the scene of the highest beauty, a beauty which fills the longings of the soul, and calls forth its purest and noblest aspirations. Man, sinful man as he is, cannot look up into the pure blue of heaven without a sense of reproach, and without a feeling that it is a fit emblem of the kingdom of purity and peace. And when the setting sun lights up the gleaming ether in the west, who can repress a prayer of devotion—who does not feel with the child, that his Heavenly Father is smiling behind the cloud?

Yes, the beauty of nature is infinite, and man is finite. But science has told us that He who created man also “appointed the bounds of his habitation,” and adorned it with beauty; and our hearts assure us that he is our Father.

THE NEW EDUCATIONAL CODE.

The new minute of the Council of Education has given rise to sentiments of very grave dissatisfaction, and to feelings of serious alarm—dissatisfaction at finding the noble efforts of so many of the best friends of society likely to be counteracted, important engagements violated, and men disheartened who deserve the commendations of their country. In place of this encouragement, the friends of education find themselves perplexed, and their pecuniary arrangements likely to be thrown into confusion by the threatened withdrawal on the part of the Government of the support essential to success. The opponents of this new code consider themselves aggrieved by what appears to them would be a serious violation of good faith, and a breach of positive pecuniary engagements. Upon a subject involving, on the one hand, the welfare of thousands, and, on the other hand, calling into question the faithfulness and veracity of the ruling powers, it is not our province to attempt to decide; but we share in the alarm experienced when we perceive the enormous power invested in the hands of a few illustrious persons, but these persons almost irresponsible; and while we regard the threatened exercise of this power as greatly to be regretted, we dread it as a precedent that at some future period, may be adduced to give sanction to actions still more injurious to the welfare of the nation, and, therefore, we join with those who ask that this important arrangement may continue unchanged until the legislature assemble, and then that the whole point at issue may be submitted to the calm consideration of Parliament; and we indulge the belief that the people of England will acquiesce in any decision that is sanctioned by the combined judgment of the Lords and Commons in Parliament assembled.

We give a condensed view of the objections to the new code, as presented to us by the Hon. Secretary of the Home and Colonial Training Institution, and the Hon. Secretary of the Metropolitan Training Institution:—

REVISED EDUCATIONAL CODE.

Thousands of persons are anxiously inquiring what will be the effect of the revised code?

We will endeavour to supply an answer. Having been engaged in working the Privy Council system in all its branches, since its establishment in 1846, and having carefully studied the new code, we have arrived at the following conclusions:—

1. It changes certainty for uncertainty as to school managers. Managers must make these payments in advance; and as the grant depends on a variety of contingencies, over which the managers have no control, their reimbursement is quite uncertain.

2. The educational test is limited to reading, writing, and arithmetic; and failure in any one of these forfeits one-third of the grant earned by attendances. Pecuniary pressure will necessarily cause so much time to be given to these subjects, that the cultivation of the intellect, the communication of general information, and, above all, the moral and religious training of the children, must greatly suffer.

3. Numbers of children enter school at eight years old, scarcely knowing their letters, and utterly ignorant of figures. They may be well taught, and make good progress for a year; but on the inspector's visit, being nine years old, nothing is allowed for them, because they cannot write from dictation, and work the compound rules.

4. The scholars must be classed, not according to their attainments, but according to age.

5. The effect of the code will be to cut off nearly all Government assistance to infant schools. Infants must attain a certain standard in reading, writing, and arithmetic, or nothing is paid for them.

6. A child not attending on the day of inspection, or eight days in the last month of the year, may lose the school 2s.—a fact which will be known to the parents, and render the master almost powerless.

7. No second payment being allowed for a scholar over eleven, all such scholars will become dead weight on the finances of the school. They will increase the number in attendance, and thus create the necessity for a pupil teacher.

8. It is possible that in some prosperous districts, where fees of 4d., 6d., or 8d. per week are paid, and scholars stay long at the same school, even the maximum grant of 15s. each on the average attendance may be obtained; while schools equally good, in poor districts, with migratory populations, will not get more than half that sum. This must always be the case where a large grant is made wholly to depend on attendance and results.

9. The test will fail to reach the irregular and idle, the class for whom it is most especially designed. Take any list of boys for whom the present capitation grant is paid, and add the others who have attended 150 days, and it will be found that nine-tenths or more of all the earnings from the 1d. attendances will come from that class.

10. The application of the test will be intolerable. Will it be endured that the inspector's judgment on each case is to be secret; that £50 or more in a school should depend on the caprice or peculiar standard of the examiner? This remark was made in our hearing by an experienced inspector. Or will the judgment be openly pronounced in presence of an influential company of managers? Will they submit to see a scholar rejected, when they think he reads well? How many false spellings in the dictation lesson will forfeit one-third of the grant? What weight is quality of writing to have in the dictation lesson? Is one slip in

working a sum to be fatal, or is a boy to have a second trial?

11. While the code, by creating a fourth class of certificates—tenable by pupil teachers at the expiration of their apprenticeship, when eighteen or nineteen years of age—may assist to a limited extent some rural schools, it will inflict on village schools, which now have certificated teachers and a pupil teacher, a heavy loss, often amounting to half their grants.

12. All aid for industrial work is withdrawn, though buildings for the purpose have been erected at considerable expense.

13. The old minutes made it the interest of managers and teachers to employ pupil teachers. The new code makes it their interest to dispense with them. 1st. The deduction for not having them is only £10, while they cost £15 and upwards. 2nd. In schools where the average attendance is under eighty, the whole grant may be obtained, without the employment of any pupil teacher.

14. If pupil teachers are extinguished, the training colleges called into existence by the Committee of Council, modelled under their direction, and built at vast expense, being deprived of students, must be closed.

15. Even the pupil teachers who remain will be deteriorated. The better class will refuse to enter the profession, and thus the training colleges first, and then the schools, must suffer in the quality of the teacher.

16. But the heaviest blow to the training colleges arises from taking away the money value of the teacher's certificate, and reducing all students to the level of a fourth class certificate. It has been hitherto a great object with the Committee of Council, as well as with all the managers of training institutions, to secure the second year's residence as of vital importance, in a moral, religious, and professional point of view.

Lastly, This code must destroy all confidence on the part of managers and teachers. 1. expatiates positive engagements with upwards of twenty thousand individuals, who, on faith of existing regulations, have built schools adapted for working under the old system, and at great extra expense, under compulsion from the Council office, who required conformity with their own plans.

J. S. REYNOLDS,
Hon. Secretary of the Home and Colonial
Training Institution.
JOHN MARTIN,
Hon. Secretary of the Metropolitan
Training Institution.

LONDON, 13th Sept., 1861.

Short Arrows.

Men's lives should be like the day, more beautiful in the evening; or like the summer, a-glow with promise; and the autumn, rich with golden sheaves, where good works and deeds have ripened on the field.

How many there are who are "trying with all their might," and fixing their hope on this *trying*. Like a drowning man, refusing the hand extended to save him, and trying with all his might to escape the deadly waves. But we must receive Jesus Christ by faith, and *rest* upon Him for salvation, as He is offered to us in the Gospel—

"Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on thee."

MAXIMS FOR PARENTS AND TEACHERS.—Never give reproof, if it can be avoided, while the feelings of either party are excited. If the parent or teacher be not calm, his influence is diminished, and a bad example is set. If the child is excited or provoked, he will not feel the force of argument or rebuke. On the other hand, do not defer too long. Seize the first favourable opportunity, while the circumstances are fresh in the memory. Reprove each fault as it occurs, and do not suffer them to accumulate, lest the offender be discouraged by the amount.

"**HE IS FAITHFUL THAT PROMISED.**"—Two rabbis, approaching Jerusalem, observed a fox running upon the hill of Zion, and Rabbi Joshua wept, but Rabbi Eliezar laughed. "Wherefore dost thou laugh?" said he who wept. "Nay, wherefore dost thou weep?" demanded Eliezar. "I weep," replied the Rabbi Joshua, "because I see what is written in the Lamentations fulfilled: because of the Mount Zion which is desolate, the foxes walk upon it." "And therefore," said Rabbi Eliezar, "do I laugh; for when I see with mine own eyes that God has fulfilled his threatenings to the very letter, I have thereby a pledge that not one of his *promises* shall fail, for he is ever more ready to show mercy than judgment."

Temperance.

SHAKING OUT THE REEF.

ON the wide ocean, between us and India, the wind blows for weeks in one direction. Then the ship moves on day and night, safely, rapidly, and pleasantly. A sea captain has been heard to say that he has sailed his ship six weeks without altering a sail. These are called the "trade winds."

"I will tell you a fact about drinking," said a noble old sea captain. "And I tell you, boys, that when people say, 'It doesn't hurt anybody to drink too much,' they don't know what they are talking about. There is no such thing as drinking spirits without drinking too much. When I used to sail to India, and got into the trade winds, I used to put on all the sail which she could possibly bear. But I noticed a curious fact. Every morning about 11 o'clock I used to go down into my cabin and take a good horn

of brandy. Before going down, I would cast my eyes over the ship, see that every sail was full, and every rope was taut. She was under all the sail she could safely carry. On coming out of the cabin, having taken my brandy, it always seemed as if the ship was sailing too slow, and the winds had fallen. Then I would cry, 'Up there, lads, and shake out that reef!' For about thirty minutes my poor ship would stagger under the new press of sail. By that time, when my brandy began to subside, I found she was under too heavy a pressure, the wind seemed to blow harder, and again I would shout, 'Up there, lads, and clew that reef! So I found it day after day, and was utterly unable to account for the lull in the wind just about that hour. But one day I was unwell, and omitted my brandy, and overheard my cook, black Caesar, say, 'Captain drink no brandy to-day—guess no shake out reef!' Then I understood it all! From that time I dropped my brandy, and there was no change in the sails of my ship. I drank moderately, and yet it was too much, and it would not have been strange if I had lost my ship in consequence. I tell you, boys, there is no such thing as drinking without drinking too much!"

A MOTHER'S POWER.

I WAS told the other day a story so touching in reference to this, that you must let me tell it. It is a temperance case, but it will illustrate this just as well. A mother on the green hills of Vermont was holding by the right hand a son, sixteen years old, mad with love of the sea. As she stood by the garden gate, one morning, she said, "Edward, they tell me—for I never saw the ocean—that the great temptation of a seaman's life is drink. Promise me, before you quit your mother's hand, that you will not drink." "And," said he—for he told the story—"I gave her the promise, and I went the broad globe over—Calcutta, and the Mediterranean, San Francisco, the Cape of Good Hope, the North Pole, and the South—I saw them all in forty years, and I never saw a glass filled with sparkling liquor, that my mother's form by the garden gate on the green hill-side of Vermont did not rise before me; and to-day, at sixty, my lips are innocent of the taste of liquor." Was not that sweet evidence of the power of a single word?

TOUCH NOT THE TEMPTING CUP.

TOUCH not the tempting cup, my boy,
Touch not the sparkling wine;
Trust not the pleasures of the bowl,
The glories of the vine.
The bloated face, the bloodshot eye,
Shall tell to you the reason why.
Touch not the tempting bowl, my boy,
Beer, brandy, wine, or gin;
Let toppers praise their foolish ways
Who make a mock of sin;
The drunken demon's maddened cry
Shall tell to you the reason why.
Touch not the tempting cup, my boy,
Though urged by friend or foe;
Dare, when the tempter urges most,
Dare nobly say, No—no!
The joyous angel from on high
Shall tell to you the reason why.
Touch not the tempting cup, my boy,
In righteousness be brave;
Take not the first, a single step,
Toward the drunkard's grave;
The widow's groan, the orphan's sigh,
Shall tell to you the reason why.

Youths' Department.

FAITH.—II.

"THE top of the morning to you, sir," said Walter, greeting his father, as the good man joined the party assembled in the hall.

"Am I to understand, young gentleman, by your salutation, that you desire your father to come down to breakfast directly after midnight, for that is the only 'top of the morning' I have been accustomed to recognise?"

"Papa, Walter has been diverting us this morning by examples of Irish wit; no wonder, therefore, that he goes to Ireland for his compliments."

"Although we can only appreciate wit by the wit that is within us, yet I should like to share in your enjoyment," said papa.

"We were trying to *define* wit," cried Willie.

"Before you begin, let me show you how difficult it is to give a definition. Cuvier, the celebrated naturalist, passed through a room in which some gentlemen were busily occupied; 'Ah, Monsieur Cuvier,' was the cry, 'delighted to see you! We have been for the last two hours trying to define a CRAB!'

"May I ask, gentlemen, what is your definition?"

"Oh, yes; but we have settled it at last, and settled it unanimously. It is a red fish that walks backwards."

"Charming, admirable! Might I venture to offer a suggestion?"

"By all means; but we have now no difficulty on the subject."

"I am delighted with your definition; it is perfection, gentlemen, with this little exception—that it is not a fish, it is not red, it cannot walk, and it never goes backwards." So runs the story; but now for your

DEFINITION OF WIT.

Maudie said—"Instead of explaining it myself, I prefer showing how others have explained it.

A man of rank, conversing with his chaplain, asked "What is wit?"

"Wit, my lord," said the chaplain, "is like a pension from your lordship to your humble servant—it is a good thing well applied."

"A very happy definition. Here let me remark, matters that appear the most easy are often the most difficult. What appears so easy as to write Saxon English like the late Mr. Cobbett? and yet not five men in a million can accomplish it. Try and define a *man*, that is, tell me something about him, that does not equally apply to other animals."

"I do not know a better definition than this—*man is a cooking animal.* He is the only animal that kindles a fire, and cooks his food."

"Hurrah!" cried Willie; "now, I understand the proverb—'There is reason in roasting an egg.' What say you, papa?"

"I think you explain the proverb, and show your wit at the same time; but pray go on with your illustrations."

"Walter was saying, that, in speaking of wit, we ought to have an Irish gentleman here, for wit was part of an Irishman's nature; and Minnie gave it as her opinion, that an Irishman without wit would not be an Irishman."

"Why, Minnie, that would be a proof," said Willie, "that he was an Irishman by making so great a blunder. When papa took me to Dublin, a man was called to take the portmanteau to the hotel, and I do believe that he could not read, and was too proud to say so, for, looking at the address, he said to me—

"Isn't that a mighty funny name, young gentleman? Sure, if a man were to put his mouth into that snuff-box shape to speak it, he'd never get it right again."

"What do you mean?" I said; "what name is more easy to read?" and I read it.

"Ah, you're right; it's easier than I thought."

"Thus he manœuvred me out of the information he wanted, without confessing the limited extent of his literary attainments."

"Mamma, what do you think of the wit of our neighbours, the bright sons and daughters from 'the gem of the sea'?"

"Wit with them, my dear Maude, is what merchants would call 'capital'; they turn it to account. It's practical wit, which, by the by, is the most useful kind of wit; as practical jokes are the most unendurable of all jokes."

"What do you mean by practical wit?"

"Wit that you can turn to some useful purpose. As, for instance—

An Irish priest was seen standing at the corner of one of the squares in London, about the hour of dinner. One of his countrymen observing the worthy father in perplexity, addressed him—

"Oh! Father O'Leary, how is your rivirince?"

"Mightily put out, Pat," was the reply.

"Put out! who'd put out your rivirince?"

"Ah! you don't understand; this is just it—I am invited to dine at one of the houses in this square, and I have forgotten the name, and I never looked at the number, and now its seven o'clock."

"Oh, is that all?" was the cry; "just now be aisy, your rivirince, I'll settle that for you."

So saying, away flew the good-natured Irishman round the square, glancing at the kitchens, and when he discovered a fire that denoted hospitality, he thundered at the door and inquired.

"Is Father O'Leary here?" As might be expected, again and again he was repulsed. At length an angry footman exclaimed—

"No; bother on Father O'Leary, he is not here, but he was to dine here to-day, and the cook is in a rage, and says the dinner will be spoilt. All is waiting for Father O'Leary."

Paddy, leaping from the door as if the steps had been on fire, rushed up to the astonished priest—

"All right, your honour's rivirince; you dine at 43, and a mighty good dinner you'll get."

"Oh, Pat," said the grateful pastor, "the blessings of a hungry man be upon you."

"Long life and happiness to your rivirince; I have got your malady, I only wish I had your remedy."

"That's practical wit," said the mother.

"I could quote another case," said Maude, "but I stand in fear of papa's watch."

"All safe, my dear; swift as time can fly, I defy him to put his hand on eight o'clock for the next ten minutes."

"Go on, Minnie; it is such jolly fun," cried her brother.

"I love to hear those witty things."

"Ah, Willie, Willie," said the father, smiling, "we love Shakespeare from the Shakespeare that is within us."

"Now, Minnie, we all give you our hearts, and we all lend to your ears; pray proceed, and gratify this brother of yours."

A farmer, at the close of last summer, required a number of reapers; several presented themselves, and all were engaged with one exception.

The poor man thus omitted said, "Master, won't you hire me?"

"No," said the farmer.

"Why not?"

"Because you are too little."

"Too little!" exclaimed the astounded Irishman; "does your honour reap your corn at the top?"

"What could Farmer Grains do but roar with laughter, and send the little man to join his comrades in the field? That again was practical wit."

"Minnie, Minnie! rush to the rescue, and save us poor Saxons; for we do not all suffer from 'an obfuscation of intellect.' Can you not say a word for us?" cried out mamma.

"No, mamma, I do not recollect any case; therefore, I must do it by proxy. Walter, there's a good creature, give me a quotation for me."

"I am your servant at command, young lady."

"Think of the clock, Walter," was the father's remark.
"All right, sir; oblige this sister of mine, and behave respectfully to the clock at the same time."

"Oh, Walter, do let me tell one for Minnie," said Willie; "I like wit that explodes in a moment; and yet, I know, dear papa would say, 'Take care when it explodes that it hurts nobody.' My story is quickly told."

Two gentlemen, walking and conversing together, passed the county prison. The younger one stopped, and with very bad taste, said, "Friend, if that prison had its due, where would you be?"

"Walking alone," was the reply.

"Bravo, Willie! fighting for the honour of us Boeotians."

"It is not singular, father, that we use the word Boeotia to signify the land of stupid men and void of wit, and yet it was the birth-place of Pindar, of Hesiod, and of Plutarch?"

"Very true, Maude; and if these illustrious men cannot rescue their countrymen from the charge of obtuseness of intellect, they at least teach us that innate talent will rise superior to all local disadvantages. Now, good people, one and all, both little and tall, march—breakfast."

About the usual time at breakfast, the father inquired of his daughter what subject they proposed to discuss.

"We wish to speak again upon the subject of—

FAITH.

"Yes," said Walter; "and at the commencement, will you obligingly show me, sir, how I am to distinguish between the work which faith has to perform, and the work which reason has to perform? I presume they are not opposed to each other."

"Assuredly not; each has a duty to discharge, and they are, when rightly employed, aids to one another."

"Can you, sir, make the distinction a little clearer to me?"

"Let me make the trial. I take up this Bible and reason thus: This book claims to be of Divine origin; it is the duty of reason to examine into that claim, to test the book by a careful scrutiny of its facts and its doctrines, its statements and its tendencies; by its adaptation to the wants of man, whom it professes to benefit, and by its regard to the honour of God, whose message it professes to deliver. When by this internal evidence, and by external testimony also, I arrive at the conviction that the book is, as it declares, a Divine revelation, then reason has performed her task, and her duty is immediately to yield to revelation as the superior teacher. At this stage of the inquiry, revelation becomes the guide to reason, and not reason the guide to revelation. Reason tells me that as the book treats of God, of spirits, and of other worlds, there must be matters therein above my comprehension; and good sense tells me that many things may be above my reason, which are not contrary to reason. Were I absorbed in some beautiful and elaborate algebraical calculation, and a child were to enter the chamber, the whole would be to him unintelligible, but this would arise from the limited power of his infant mind, and from no absurdity or error in the problem to be solved."

"How are we to account for the strange inconsistency, when we see reason employed, not to establish and strengthen faith, but employed, alas! to prevent faith?"

"The answer is not difficult. Reason, as you may imagine, is man's noblest faculty; Satan, therefore, ever strives to make reason an ally of his, and this he does by leading men—

"To pervert their reasoning powers; or,
"To neglect their reasoning powers; or,
"To overrule their reasoning powers.

Then trace the effect. Reason perverted, brings forth infidelity, which is believing too little; reason neglected, brings forth superstition, which is believing too much; and reason overruled, leads men to sit in judgment upon what Jehovah has declared, and brings forth Socinianism and its kindred evils."

"Does not the scoffer, papa, plead 'mystery,' as his reason for the rejection of the faith?"

"He does; but he escapes not from mystery by his unbelief. The only difference is, but that is of vast importance, that the Christian clings to the mystery of revelation, and the scoffer clings to the mystery of ignorance. Revelation is ready to guide, but is not willing to compel; and, as Pascal remarks, 'in Scripture there is light enough to guide him that loveth the light, and darkness enough to confound him that loveth darkness.' If men, from the absence of faith, reject the truth, then they endure the penalty; for, remember this, my sons, errors in creed tend to produce errors in conduct. It is the duty of faith to produce holiness, and it is the privilege of holiness to increase faith."

"Would you not say that the Christian man's faith enlarges the mind?"

"Without doubt; not by imparting fancy scenes, but by bringing within the scope of his vision objects that really existed, but which were previously unseen, or, if seen, were not understood. To the eye of a clown, a planet appears but a twinkling star; to the eye of the astronomer, aided by his glass, it proves to be a world."

"Your illustration of the telescope will, I think, show the distinction that exists between faith and the want of faith. Infidelity and faith both look through the same glass, but at the *contrary ends*; the one looks through the glass at the wrong end, and therefore sees *great things* as if they were *small*, and things *near* as if they were *far off*; but faith looks at the right end of the telescope, and thus brings distant things *high*, and properly magnifies the objects which, through distance, and distance only, had lost their greatness."

"But now, let me hear some of your observations. Walter, what are you disposed to say?"

"I am hardly competent to speak upon this great subject, but I retain with pleasure the remarks of others; especially that made by Martin Luther, where he says, 'Faith gives Christ to me, and love from faith gives me to my neighbour'."

"In other words, faith works by love, and as the Christian cannot do good to Christ, whom he has never seen, he does good for Christ's sake to his neighbour, whom he does see."

"Papa, who is my neighbour?"

"Every one within your reach and your ability to bless."

"I also ask a question: What is the effect of faith, Walter?"

"Faith leads the man from self and selfishness to Christ."

"Mamma, please to say your say."

"All the graces are the daughters of faith."

"Maude?"

"We believe in order that we may be holy, and are not holy in order that we may believe." Now, Willie?"

"The man of faith and prayer is the man of power."

"Sound divinity, Willie; try it, my son, through life, and do not have that half faith which trusts God for the next world, but not for this. Trust God for both worlds, and have no reserves. Honour him fully; and what I say to one I say to all—

"Christ is the object of faith;

"The Scriptures are the food of faith; and

"Obedience is the evidence and proof of faith. And in due time comes the reward."

"As we began with something relating to wit, let us end, Walter, with something relating to wisdom."

"I remember, sir," said Walter, "an epitaph that I think rebukes the infidel, and confirms our faith. I will entitle it—

INFIDELITY.

"Bold infidelity, turn pale and die;
Beneath this stone six infants' ashes lie.

Say, are they lost or saved?

"If death's by sin, they sinned, for they are here;
If heaven's by works, in heaven they can't appear:
Reason—ah, how depraved!

"Explore the sacred page, the knot's untied:
They died, for Adam sinned;
They live, for Jesus died."

BLACK LAKE.

"Oh, father!" cried little Will Brown, suddenly, resting from his weary toil over the rough lava. "Do you see those great white clouds rising from the ground? I do believe we are almost there."

"I think you are right," replied his father, "and in another half-hour we shall stand by the famous Geysers."

Willy's eyes sparkled. "I have thought about them so much," said he, "but I never dreamed when I was studying Iceland in my old geography, last winter, that I should be here so soon. How very kind you are to take me!"

"Oh, you know I couldn't live without you, Will," said Mr. Brown, looking down with sad tenderness upon the fair-haired, motherless boy. "You're a capital little travelling companion."

"But I wouldn't live here for a kingdom, father, though there are many strange things to see. It seems as if something terrible was always going on under the ground, and as if any time all Iceland might blow right up in the air like a great rocket. I'm sure last night I heard a very strange noise, and the ground shook as if some one had told it a terrible secret, and it was all in a tremble about it."

Mr. Brown smiled. "Oh, I think Iceland is safe for to-day, Will. You know the people say it is the 'very best land the sun shines upon,' and don't you think God is able to preserve it amidst every peril?"

"Yes, father, I do believe God takes care of this country, for," continued he, a look of awe shading his expressive face, "I read in my Bible this morning, 'He toucheth the hills, and they smoke,' and I could not help thinking that he must have touched Iceland very often."

Before his father could reply, a strange, but intelligent looking boy, three or four years older than Will, stood before them. The guides spoke angrily to him, but the boy walked fearlessly up to Mr. Brown, the foremost of the party.

"Mads Jagel," said he, pointing to himself, by way of introduction, and then, in very broken English, he offered his services in showing the great steam fountains.

"Don't have anything to do with him, sir," said the guides, impatiently. "He's a bad, ill-tempered boy, and will make mischief if he joins us;" but Mads looked so imploringly, and Will began to plead in his favour with such good success, that at last Mr. Brown said, "Well, let the lad go with us. He certainly needs help, poor fellow, and I will gladly pay him whatever he earns."

With a grateful look at Mr. Brown, and an equally vivid glance of triumph at the discomfited guides, ragged little Mads journeyed on by the side of Willy.

Before long, the whole party stood in wonder and awe before the mysterious Geysers, and as the ground shook and moaned, and suddenly sent forth a column of steam, more than a hundred feet high, Will, trembling, grasped his father's hand, and wondered if it was anything like the strange pillar of cloud that used to go before the children of Israel.

The next morning as the travellers continued their journey, at Will's earnest request, Mads and his dog Skal accompanied them. The country was very desolate, with here and there a tree no larger than a lilac bush, but Mads and Will enlivened the way with a conversation helped out

by a variety of expressive gestures. Mads was full of the wonders of Iceland, and he told Will many queer stories.

Will's eyes grew large as he listened to the wonderful stories, but soon he saw for himself something stranger than he had ever dreamed in his worst nightmares. They were just upon the edge of a precipice, and looking over, they saw at its base five or six great cauldrons of some thick, black fluid, boiling and steaming away with a terrible noise.

"What is it?" cried Will, clasping his father's hand, and turning quite pale.

"It is boiling mud, sir," said one of the guides; "and if any one falls in there, he will never come out again."

Just then Skal, who had been gambolling about Will's feet, stepped upon a loose stone, which rolled, and before any one could help him, the poor dog had tumbled over the precipice with a fearful howl of terror. Down, down he fell into one of the horrible pits, and as Will bent over, he could just see the hot, black paste closing over his bushy tail. With a cry of horror, he buried his face in his hands, but a sharp clutch upon his arm made him look up, to see Mads, with two eyes burning like fire in the midst of his white face.

"You did it!" gasped he, looking fiercely at Will. "You kill my Skal!"

"No, indeed!" cried Will; "he put his foot on a stone—so, and rolled over."

"You kick him," said Mads, slowly. "You wish see him die in mud. I forget—never!"

With streaming eyes, and looks of the most profound sympathy, poor Will explained the occurrence again and again, but Mads still walked in sullen silence.

Towards night, however, Mads grew more cheerful, and as the travellers halted earlier than usual, he proposed to Will that they should take a short walk before dark, as he had something very curious to show him. Will felt some reluctance, but not liking to refuse Mads, when he was just returning to good humour, he at length set out with him, promising his father soon to return.

On they went over the desolate country, Mads entertaining Will with wild old legends about the curious island, till, before he was aware, he was all alone with Mads in the wildest, strangest place he ever saw.

"Where are we?" he asked in sudden alarm. "Let us go home, Mads; I don't care to see anything curious to-night."

"Almost there," said Mads. "Hark, it calls you."

"What?" asked Will, with a failing heart, as he heard a dull, steady roar. "Is it a bear?"

"Oh, no," said Mads, with an unpleasant laugh. "Here we are," and dragging him forward, he saw lying ten or fifteen feet beneath him, another of those terrible pits of mud. He shrank back with a cry of terror, while Mads clutched his arm, and dragged him again to the edge.

"See big pond, Black Lake, no bottom;" and Willy saw that it was very large, and boiling furiously, while in the centre rose black column several feet in height.

"I don't like Black Lake at all, Mads. Do let's go home."

"You never go home," said Mads, with burning eyes.

"What do you mean?" asked Will, faintly.

"I love Skal very much. You kill him; I kill you!" responded Mads, savagely.

"Oh! you cannot mean it! You are in fun, dear, dear Mads. You know I didn't kill poor Skal. It is a joke, isn't it, Mads?"

Mads grimly shook his head.

Poor Will looked over the dreary country, half visible in the twilight. Over all the barren rocks and fields of lava there was no human being in sight, and he was alone on the brink of this horrible lake, with Mads' strong clutch on his arm.

"Mads," cried Will, with a sudden hope, "I will buy you five, six, twelve dogs, beautiful dogs, with long ears as soft as silk."

"There is no more Skal," said Mads, briefly.

Will took out his little purse, and offered the contents.

Mads threw it contemptuously into the bubbling lake.

"Then I must surely die?" Mads nodded.

"Oh, Mads, how can you be so wicked? You cannot—cannot mean it," but Mads arose as if to throw him in.

An agonising scream burst from Will's lips, while Mads laughed contemptuously.

"Oh, if I must die," cried poor Will, "kill me with your knife, Mads, dear Mads, but do not throw me into that horrible hot mud!"

But Mads replied, "No; Skal die in mud—you die, too."

"Wait a minute, then," said little Will, the cold drops gathering on his forehead. "I must pray first."

"Black spirit won't hear," said Mads.

"But God will." "What God?" asked Mads, quickly. "Are you Christian?"

"I hope so," said Will, humbly.

"Pray, then," said Mads, more gently, for he had heard something of religion from the many travellers; "Christian's God is great spirit."

Then little Will fell upon his knees, and began his simple prayer:—

"Oh God, I have been very wicked, but do try and forgive me; and oh, God," he sobbed, "do try and save me, for I am so afraid of that dreadful mud, and I am such a little boy."

"Enough," said Mads, shaking his shoulder.

"One minute more, dear Mads."

"One minute," said Mads, walking away.

"And, oh God, comfort my dearest father. Don't let him think I ran away. Forgive Mads, dear Saviour, and give him a new heart. Oh," continued poor Will, a new hope

springing up in his heart, "give it to him at once if it's possible."

A wild cry interrupted him, and looking up, he could see nothing of Mads. With shaking limbs, he hastened to the edge of the precipice, and there—having made an uncertain step in the dim light—Mads had fallen a few feet, and, finding it impossible to clamber up the smooth side, was hanging on desperately to a little twig.

"You are safe," whispered a voice. "Now let the wicked boy fall in the pit himself."

It was but a moment, and from Will's generous heart arose the fervent prayer—"Lead us not into temptation." Then, with eager hands, he unbound his long, stout, woollen tippe, and fastening one end to a tough little shrub, dropped the other over to Mads. "Oh! joy! he could just reach it, and came clambering up like a young squirrel. As his head appeared above the top, poor Will fell fainting upon the ground, while the angels continued the prayer—"But deliver him from evil." Mads stole up to him with a wondering, reverential expression, and lifting him in his arms, carried him tenderly home.

Will was sick for many days, while Mads never left his side. At last, when he was again able to speak, Mads said suddenly one day, with downcast eyes—

"Why save Mads? Why not let Mads die? Is it Christian?"

Will smiled and nodded.

"Tell me," said Mads, vehemently, turning to hide his tears. "It is good. I be Christian, too." And Will, day after day, as he grew better, told Mads the beautiful story of the cross, and taught him how to pray.

Before Will left Iceland, poor Mads hoped that he, too, was a Christian, and he always carefully carried in his bosom Will's little Bible, which, although he could not read a word of it, he regarded as his most precious treasure.

Will is now safe at home, but whenever, with a shudder, he thinks of Black Lake, he never forgets to give thanks that God, who is everywhere—walked even upon those desolate shores, and heard his broken prayers for life, and poor little Mads' soul.

The Half-hour Bible Class.

III.—THE HISTORY OF JOSEPH.

The desire has been expressed, by some of those who compose our class, that our third lesson should be taken from the life of Joseph; and a more pleasing, interesting, or instructive narrative we could not select. It is not a fable, but the history of a real life; and no one can read this beautiful life without being affected even to tears.

In going into some large picture-gallery, we cast an eye around us—we stand, and gaze, and admire, till our thoughts and feelings are all taken up with one individual painting, which strikes us more than any other. Now the Bible may be compared to such a gallery, in which are beautifully arranged the portraits of the greatest and the best men that have ever lived—patriarchs, prophets, and apostles—from ADAM, as he came perfect and pure from the hand of the Creator; and the same Adam, after he had fallen, returning to his offended Maker, through the medium of sacrificial blood, humble, penitent, and believing; down to THE BELOVED DISCIPLE, as he is seen leaning on the bosom of Jesus, the very ideal of all that is gentle, and loving, and pure. But as we gaze around on this wonderful group, there is one whose character has ever been held prominent for its loftiness of principle and its strength of virtue. The picture which the Bible gives us of Joseph is one of the most lovely and engaging. As a little boy he was of a sweet and affectionate disposition; and as he grew up there was everything in his character to endear him to those who knew him. He was not like some young people, full of pride and self-will, and resolved to follow only his own way. No. In every feature of his character we discover what is beautiful, and true, and good. We look into his heart, and we see it pure; we study his life, and everything in it stands out as a reality. There are some objects, you know, which appear very attractive at a distance, but the nearer you bring them to the eye, the less engaging do they become. Not so with Joseph's character. It is like a flower whose bud has just burst, and whose leaves are beginning to open; the more that the light falls upon them, the more beautiful are the tints and the hues which these leaves reveal. The piety of his earlier years deepened and strengthened as he advanced through life—shed its radiance over the whole of his earthly path; brightened every scene, and gladdened every circle; and in death it lingered as the last rays of light linger on the mountain heights before the setting of the sun.

Let us now turn to the Thirty-seventh chapter of the Book of Genesis, and read verses 28—28, as the groundwork of our present lesson:—

"And it came to pass, when Joseph was come unto his brethren, that they stript Joseph out of his coat, his coat of many colours that was on him;"

"And they took him, and cast him into a pit: and the pit was empty, there was no water in it."

"And they sat down to eat bread: and they lifted up their eyes and looked, and, behold, a company of Ishmeelites came from Gilad with their camels bearing spicery and balm and myrrh, going to carry it down to Egypt."

"And Judah said unto his brethren, What profit is it if we slay our brother, and conceal his blood?"

"Come, and let us sell him to the Ishmeelites, and let not our hand be upon him; for he is our brother and our flesh. And his brethren were content."

"Then there passed by Midianites merchantmen; and they drew and lifted up Joseph out of the pit, and sold Joseph to the Ishmeelites for twenty pieces of silver; and they brought Joseph into Egypt."

Can you tell me why it was that Jacob, who was Joseph's father, left his own home, and fled into another country?

"Because his brother Esau was enraged against him, and sought to take his life."

Supposing that Jacob had enraged Esau, which he did, was Esau justified in cherishing any such feeling towards his own brother, or was he bound to forgive him?

"He ought to have forgiven him."

Do you remember any passage in the New Testament in which the feeling of hatred, when cherished, is spoken of as the same thing with murder itself?

"In 1 John iii. 15, we read, 'Whosoever hateth his brother is a murderer: and ye know that no murderer hath eternal life abiding in him.'"

Do not forget this. All murder has its root in hatred, or in anger! Pray to God, day by day, that he would keep down these unholly passions in your soul.

When Jacob left his father's house to escape the rage of Esau, whither did he flee, and by whom was he received?

"We are told that he fled to Haran, and that Laban, his mother's brother, received him into his house, and treated him as one of his own family."

Do you know in what direction this Haran lay?

"To the north of Beersheba, in a somewhat easterly direction."

Quite correct. And in order to reach it, Jacob had to travel through parts of Canaan to cross the river Jordan, to go over the sandy desert of Upper Syria, and then to cross the great Euphrates into the mountainous regions of Mesopotamia, or Padan-aram.

After his long journey, Jacob, fatigued and thirsty, was attracted to a field, in which there was a well. At this moment one of Laban's daughters, named Rachel, was seen coming with the flock towards the well, to whom Jacob made himself known as her own cousin. Rachel hastened back to tell her father, and Laban at once went out to meet and to welcome the son of his much-loved sister.

Did anything worthy of memory afterwards take place between Jacob and Rachel?

"Jacob chose Rachel, though his own cousin, for his wife, and he loved her with all his heart."

What induced Jacob, after the birth of his son Joseph, and when he himself was more than fifty years of age, in the enjoyment of great prosperity, to leave Haran, and go back to his native country?

"God appeared to him in a dream, or vision, and commanded him to return into his own land."

As Jacob, in going back, had to pass through the territory of his brother Esau, what expedient did he adopt to conciliate the favour of his brother?

"He sent messengers before him with large presents."

Did a reconciliation take place between these two long-separated brothers?

"Yes; and Jacob, after parting with Esau, crossed the Jordan, and entered the Land of Promise."

It appears from the inspired account, that pursuing his course to the south-east, Jacob came to the valley between Mount Ebal and Mount Gerizim, which is one of Nature's sweetest, loveliest spots. Here he made a purchase of land from Shechem, the prince, and there he pitched his tent for a time. How he spent his first years in Canaan we are not told; but he had a supernatural vision in which God appeared to him, and commanded him to arise and go to Bethel, and there take up his abode.

Now when Jacob settled in Hebron, which lay on the south of the land of Canaan, and became very prosperous, in what did his property consist?

"Chiefly in the number of cattle which he possessed."

Just so. A man was deemed rich or great, in those olden days, according to the number of his flocks and herds; these things represented prosperity with them, as gold now represents prosperity with us. And really it seems quite as natural, if not more so, for a man to reckon his wealth by live stock than by dead metal.

Jacob had in his family a large number of sons: now, how did he find employment for all these young men?

"They were employed in tending the flocks of their father."

And it is a fact in connection with life in the East, that shepherds took their flocks from place to place in order to obtain good and suitable pasture, so that they oftentimes went a long way from home, and were absent for days or weeks together.

Now when Jacob sent his other sons forth with the flocks, did he allow Joseph to go with them?

"No."

Is there any reason assigned, in the chapter before us, for keeping Joseph at home?

"In the third verse it is said, that 'Israel loved

Joseph more than all his children, because he was the son of his old age.'"

Did Jacob give to Joseph any marked or special token of his higher regard?

"He made him a coat of many colours, which produced envy and hatred in the mind of his brethren."

This coat was, no doubt, a dress of great splendour, and of equal cost, and corresponds with the rich and gorgeous attire which is bestowed by Eastern monarchs on their peculiar favourites—as Nebuchadnezzar did upon Daniel.

When Joseph reported to his father what he saw to be wrong in the conduct of his brethren, are we to look on him in the low and mean character of a talebearer?

"It seems as if he wished to raise himself in the esteem of his father at their expense, by reporting to him all that they did."

It seems, but it was not really so. As their brother, he felt that his own character and reputation were involved in their conduct; that, in disgracing themselves, they disgraced him, their father, and the whole family; and therefore he felt it his duty to make known what was wrong in their life and action, in the hope of its being at once corrected, or prevented, for the future.

When Joseph had a dream, in which he had a supernatural glance into his future condition in life, what motive, do you suppose, prompted him to tell that dream to his brethren?

"It may have been from a motive of pride, to show them that he was one day to rise superior to them all."

That the heart of man is naturally full of pride, is a fact which no one can deny; but we cannot, I think, resolve Joseph's motive into pride or vain-glory. Might it not be that he himself had some deep conviction of his personal connection with the future plans and purposes of God?—and so he felt constrained to tell the dream, to see what interpretation his brothers would put upon it.

"If that were his motives, then, it seems strange that he did not tell his brothers the impression which was upon his own mind."

Not at all. He first waited for the expression of their mind and feeling; but, instead of calmly reflecting, they allowed the fire of jealousy to burn within their breasts, and hence his words rankled there like so many poisoned arrows. How different the conduct of his father when Joseph told him the dream which had been repeated, only in a different form. At first he, too, rebelled against the thought of being subject to his own son; but we are told, that the good old man observed the saying, laid it up in his mind, and believed that the future history of his beloved child was inseparable from some of the great events of that Providence which embraces all human affairs, and without which even a sparrow cannot fall to the ground.

Jacob's other sons having been absent for some time with their flocks, and having had no intelligence from them, or of them, he sent his beloved Joseph out to see whether it was well with them, and their flocks. Now when we call to recollection that the mind of his brothers was so filled with jealousy and rage that they could not speak peaceably, that is, civilly, or in a friendly manner to Joseph, was it wise on the part of his father thus to send him?

"Perhaps his father did not know that his brothers were so enraged against him; or, that on more mature thought, they had changed their opinions about him."

As we learn from the narrative, it proved otherwise. They still cherished their enmity, and meditated revenge. Now, do you remember any passage in the teaching of the Apostles in which we are forbidden to let our wrath last over one short day?

"In Eph. iv. 26, we read, 'Be ye angry, and sin not: let not the sun go down upon your wrath.'"

What influence came upon them to prevent his brothers from carrying into effect their design of killing him?

"It was the counsel of Reuben, who, as we learn from the twenty-second verse, was resolved to deliver him out of his brothers' hands."

If his brother Judah, like Reuben, shrank from the idea of shedding blood, how can you account for his proposal to sell Joseph into slavery?

"It may be that he began to see that Joseph was to be the instrument in the hand of God to effect some great future good."

Yes; and since everything depended on his life, he was supremely anxious that they—his own brothers—should not be guilty of taking that life away.

Now, from all the facts that have been brought before us in connection with this part of this beautiful narrative, we learn—

1. How truly dignified and ennobling a thing true piety is!

2. How possible it is for us to misinterpret the character, motives, and conduct of the best of men!

3. How sinful and how dangerous it is to cherish wrath and anger!

4. How earnest we should be in prayer that God would daily keep us in the hour of temptation, and deliver us from evil!

Manuscripts forwarded for the consideration of the Editor should be written on one side of the paper only, and should be addressed to "JOHN CASSELL, *La Belle Sauvage Yard, London, E.C.*" with the endorsement "QUIVER" in the corner of the envelope or cover. The name and address of the writer should be appended to each manuscript. Readers of THE QUIVER of every denomination are invited to send for the Editor's perusal any biographical sketches, or narratives, or anecdotes of real life, well authenticated, which they may have the opportunity of furnishing, and which they may consider suitable for publication in its pages.

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LONDON, SEPTEMBER 28.

A MIGHTY POWER.

We love to sing that noble hymn commencing with the words, "All hail the power of Jesus' name!" It is a fine ascription of praise to the Redeemer, and truly expresses the power of that name which is above every name, and which shall yet be spoken by millions who know it not, and by generations yet to come.

It is a mighty power. The entire army of the legions of sin and death must vanish before it, and though they may battle long and fearfully, they shall be at last subdued and overcome. They may array themselves in a sterner conflict; Satan may be in great wrath, because he hath but a little while, and he may call upon his most faithful servants to help him; but the conflict is certain to terminate in the triumph of the name of Jesus. The old and deeply laid institutions of idolatry, despotism, superstition, and selfishness, may long resist the influence and the artillery of Christian truth; but they shall at last give way, and, falling into ruins, shall disappear before the brighter day and the holier architecture of the Christian faith.

It is a gentle power. It does not seek to change the face of the earth by violent upheavals, and by the bloody carnage of the battle-field, but by an influence as soft "as the dews of Hermon," and, distilling like the fragrance of the rose, it makes itself felt in the heart and the mind of the child of sin. It is a proclamation of glad tidings, and of peace and goodwill to men. It is a balm more healing than that of Gilead; it is a harmony sweeter than that of angel harps. In the hour of sorrow, in the time of distress, in the day of calamity, in the darkness of affliction,

"How sweet the name of Jesus sounds,
In a believer's ear!"

And it sounds sweet, and is sweet, because it speaks of sins pardoned, of fears removed, and of hopes assured, that look beyond the clouds to a home in the presence of that Jesus who says, "Come unto me, all ye that are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

It is an effectual power, not merely in our personal experience in temporal things, but in a far higher sense—in our relations with heaven. It is effectual at the throne of God; for whatever we ask in his name, believing, we shall receive. We often ask and receive not, because we ask amiss. But in all our weakness and our blindness we have an Advocate with the Father—sympathising, gracious, descending, effectual—by whom we may obtain all our blessings.

It is a central power. The believer, in all ages, in all lands, and of every name and condition, has in it a constant and never-failing power upon which to rely. It is the central, because it is the true power of the Christian, and because it is alike the source of strength of all the followers of Christ. In him we can do all things, and in his strength we can march onward to victory. The world, the flesh, and the devil—yea, death and hell, can be made to bow before the Christian who has truly obtained and learned how to use this power.

It is a free power. The more we have of it, the more we may have, if we but seek it. He giveth to all liberally, and upbraideth not. If we are weak, it is because of our own unbelief, worldliness, and folly. He will give us power to become the sons of God; and in making this change in our moral and spiritual nature, will also give it to us so freely that we can use it, while the source will never become exhausted or weakened.

It is a collective power. Each Christian is a unit of immense strength. Mere professors are not; they are often elements of weakness in the body of the Church. But the Christian, in his unitary strength, becomes a portion of that

mighty collective power which shall yet redeem the world. How much of this power is now neutralised by subserviency to the world, party spirit, and covetousness, it is hard to estimate; but that we need a grander exhibition of Christian power at the present time is clearly evinced by the condition of our country and of the world.

When every professed follower of Christ shall appreciate these truths, and work up to the stature of perfect men and women in Christ, we shall see the full manifestation of this glorious power in the world.

We have thus endeavoured to show that it is useful as well as interesting to learn something of the value of the *denarius*, inasmuch as it serves to render more clear several passages in the sacred writings.

THE INTENTION AND USE OF MIRACLES.

II.

We have already shown what miracles are as explained by the Bible itself, and we have referred to some of the arguments by which they may be proved. The reader will do well to bear in mind that God is himself the avowed author of all true miracles, and that to deny their possibility is to limit his power and authority in the universe. This we maintain is as absurd as it is impious. Another point to be remembered is, that miracles are facts, which can be proved in the same way as other facts. To deny this is to assert that there may be facts in a man's experience which he cannot prove, and which we ought not to believe. But we say that we ought to believe many things which neither we nor those who tell us of them are able to prove. For instance, a man may say he has the toothache, and we may believe him, although we have absolutely nothing but his word for the fact. If we have never suffered from the same malady, we believe him for several reasons: first, because it is possible he may have it; secondly, because others have affirmed that they were similarly affected; thirdly, because he has no interest in deceiving us; fourthly, because he commonly tells the truth; fifthly, because we are in the habit of believing on such grounds, and indeed are so constituted that it would be unnatural not to believe. There are cases in which our only evidence is hearsay, at second hand, and perhaps long after the event; and yet we do not hesitate to believe. All these kinds of testimony have been brought in favour of miracles. Some of them have not been confined to the experience of one man, nor of a thousand, but of hundreds of thousands, as in the case of the *miracles of the Exodus*. We say it is not likely that the Jewish nation should conspire to defraud the world by relating such a marvellous series of miracles. We say it was not possible for them *all to be deceived*—to think they walked through the Red Sea when they did not; to think they were miraculously fed and guided forty years when they were not. And even supposing such an enormous fraud or delusion, how came it to pass that not one of them ever either divulged the one, or discovered the other?

It would be very easy to multiply further reasons for our faith, but we shall only add one, which will introduce us to the special topics of this paper. We find an argument for the truth of miracles in the very purposes they were intended to serve. Of course we speak of Scripture miracles only; for, as a rule, pretended miracles are as ridiculous in their intentions as they are defective in reality. The circumstances under which the miracles of the Bible were wrought, and the purposes for which they were wrought, as well as their general character, are an argument for their truth. With reference to the *miracles of Christ*, we may say, in the words of Bossuet, "He proclaimed lofty mysteries, but he confirmed them by great miracles. His miracles are of a special order, and have a new character. They are not signs in the heavens, such as the Jews asked for. He almost always performed them upon men, and to heal their infirmities. All his miracles are distinguished rather by goodness than by power; and do not astonish the spectator so much as they affect his heart. He does them with authority: demons and diseases obey him. At his word, the born blind receive their sight, the dead leave the sepulchre, and sins are forgiven," &c. Leaving out of sight all his wise and loving words, all his ordinary benevolent actions, and the whole of his pure and holy example, it may still be said of Jesus that, by his miracles, he went about doing good. Where everything else was so real and so true, so noble and so heavenly, can the miracles alone be a deceit and an illusion? Their aim was in direct harmony with his entire character and conduct—to bless men and to make them better; and how can we think that they were experiments upon human credulity, pretended benefits, and the devices of self-interest? To be so good and to do such works, never meet where there is dishonesty and fraud. But the *miracles of Christ* were not merely for the advantage of the dumb, the blind, the lame, and the deaf. Had this been the case, some might complain that the same power does not now show itself in the Church. Not that this complaint would be reasonable: it was to be expected that when the King himself came among his subjects, he should, with a royal hand, scatter especial benefits upon them; but it was not to be expected that these gifts would be continued in perpetuity. They were not continual, and subsequent ages can but learn from them the power and resources of the Lord, and what they may expect when they come into his presence. This is one of the lessons which miracles teach us.

Another use of miracles is, in all ages to stand as signs and symbols of the spiritual blessings which the Gospel offers to men. When Christ was bodily present, he

blessed men in material things; and now he is only spiritually present, he blesses them spiritually. This is no mere fancy. He himself appealed often to his miracles to show that he both could and did forgive sins. In the synagogue of Nazareth, he spoke not only of giving sight to the blind, but yet more of the grace that he brought for men. To the messengers from John the Baptist, he not only appealed to his miracles, but to his gospel. There is a relation between these, and we are reminded by his power to save the body, that he can also save the soul.

The passages (Matt. xi. and Luke iv.) to which we have alluded, reveal two other uses of miracles. By the occurrence of Christ's miracles, the inspiration of the prophets who foretold them was demonstrated. Now look at the sixty-first of Isaiah, and compare it with the miracles of Christ, and what he said at Nazareth. That the text in Isaiah was written before Christ came, is as certain as that Virgil did not write the Iliad. The prophet was therefore inspired to predict the miracles, and the miracles themselves prove his inspiration. Another purpose which the miracles of Christ accomplished was that they were one of the proofs of his Messiahship. It is in vain to attempt to escape from this conclusion, except by flatly contradicting our Lord himself. As we have seen, he appealed to them when he quoted Isaiah's prediction, and said it was fulfilled in himself. Thus the miracles are a kind of hinge by which the inspiration of the prophets and the Messiahship of Jesus are alike supported. The prophets named them as a sign of the Messiah, and they were exemplified in Jesus. So also in the reply to John's messengers, who asked, "Art thou he that should come, or do we look for another?" our Lord goes more minutely into the proofs furnished by his miracles, than into any other. It may be well, too, to recollect that on other occasions Jesus made very direct appeal to his miracles in support of his claims. For instance, "The works which the Father hath given me to finish, the same works that I do, bear witness of me, that the Father hath sent me" (John v. 36). And again, "If I do not the works of my Father, believe me not. But if I do, though ye believe not me, believe the works: that ye may know, and believe, that the Father is in me, and I in him" (John x. 37, 38). Once more, in that solemn address which St. John records in his fourteenth chapter, we hear our Lord saying (ver. 10, 11), "The Father that dwelleth in me, he doeth the works. Believe me that I am in the Father, and the Father in me: or else believe me for the very works' sake." If further evidence be wanted, it is at hand, but it may suffice to appeal to what St. Peter said on the day of Pentecost, when he spoke of "Jesus of Nazareth, a man approved of God among you by miracles and wonders and signs, which God did by him in the midst of you, as ye yourselves also know." These and similar passages are of the utmost value, as showing the intention and high importance of the miracles of Christ as a proof of his Messiahship. Scepticism may try hard to explain them away, but they will stand for ever as most powerful arguments addressed to our common sense.

We may carry this reasoning further, and say that miracles are an evidence of a special Divine mission. Of course they are not the only evidence, and many of the prophets do not appear to have wrought them. In the case of Moses, the miracles proved his Divine commission, both to the Jews and to the Egyptians. We may even say they proved it to himself. The bush burning and not consumed, was as convincing a sign that God had called him, as the Divine voice itself. When his rod became a serpent, and his hand leprosy, he had similar evidence. The power to work miracles, in fact, constituted his credentials. Endowed with this power, he appealed to his countrymen, "and did the signs in the sight of the people." By the same means he appealed to the Egyptians, and although at first combated by the skill of the magicians, he extorted from them the permission to let Israel depart. That same power was his constant resource in the wilderness for many years. Other purposes were served, but this was one.

It follows that miracles were a sign of God's approval of what the miracle-worker taught; or, in other words, that they were an indication of the Divine will. The miracles which Moses wrought produced an impression upon the minds of men, by which they were induced to believe what he said. The miracles of Christ had the same effect. The miracles wrought after the resurrection were wrought for the same end, as is shown by what St. Paul declares—"Tongues are for a sign, not to them that believe, but to them that believe not" (1 Cor. xiv. 22). They were therefore meant to produce that conviction which the bare utterance of the truth might fail to do. That they did produce conviction is manifest, from the examples which are recorded. This is quite in accordance with human nature; and many times since the apostle's days men have asked the teacher for a miracle, to confirm the truth of his doctrine. We are quite aware that some men who have seen miracles have remained unconvinced; their perverseness and their prejudice have hardened their hearts and blinded their eyes. But this is no proof that miracles were not a sign to them that believed not; and no disproof of the fact that many were convinced by them. Some remarkable in-

stances have occurred even in modern times. That of Gilbert West is a well-known case; and another is that of George, Lord Lyttleton—both in the last century. When these gentlemen were troubled by doubts, or, rather, positive sceptics, the study of the evidences of religion, and especially of the miracles, led them to believe. To this day, West on the "Resurrection," and Lord Lyttleton on the "Conversion of St. Paul," are regarded as valuable defences of Christianity, and founded on miraculous events. But there is really no need to multiply examples, inasmuch as every one of us is aware that a principal use of miracles is the overthrow of unbelief, and the confirmation of faith.

It has been often objected that a miracle cannot prove a doctrine, although Pascal, and many others, have said that miracles are a test and proof of doctrine, while doctrine is a test and proof of miracles. The writer just named says that it is the enemies of the church who maintain that "doctrine ought not to be judged by miracles, but miracles by doctrine." But in all this, popular as it is, just at this time, there is much that is unprofitable. The fact is simply this: that miracles are an evidence of the Divine commission of the worker, and therefore a teacher of true doctrine. We cannot imagine a man sent of God, and yet a teacher of lies. Here, as everywhere, the Scripture is our best guide. When Nicodemus came to Christ, he came to the point at once: "We know that thou art teacher come from God; for no man can do these *miracles* that thou doest, except God be with him." It is plain that Nicodemus viewed miracles as a characteristic proof of a Divine commission. A similar opinion is set forth in John ix., by the man who had been born blind, and by others (ver. 16, 30). How miracles confirm doctrine is plain: they are the credentials of the messenger, and that is often the only proof that the message is true. We are therefore now in a position to see the force of the last words of St. Mark's gospel, where we read that the apostles "preached everywhere, the Lord working with them, and confirming the word with signs following."

There are still many other things to be said on this subject of miracles, but we have already exceeded our limits, and must reserve them for other occasions. In the meantime, the cases above referred to will show that miracles have their uses, and that without them Christianity would be deprived of one of its most simple and indisputable attestations.

THE FACE OF MAN AND THE FACE OF THE CLOCK.

Is it a mere caprice of language that gives the same name to things so different as the face of man and the clock's face? Or have they aught in common, that the same word should be employed to denote them both? Let us look attentively at both, and see what we can make of them. Looking at a man's face is the most natural way of finding out what is within man. You may ask a man a question, and if he be a man of truth, he will give you an answer that agrees with what is passing within him. But he may not be a man of truth. The answer he gives you may be the very reverse of the thoughts which are passing through his mind. When you have reason to suspect that this may be the case, what do you do to protect yourself from the man's falsehood? You look him hard in the face. Ten to one, his face will give the lie to his lying tongue. It need not be an honest face to do that. The most dishonest face will tell you the truth, in spite of itself. There are faces so thoroughly dishonest, that one look at them is sufficient to tell you that, whatever the tongue behind that face may utter, you are to take for granted that there is not a word of truth in it. Few faces are so bad as that. There is a touch of truth in most faces, which rebels against deceit. There may be a secret compact between the face and the tongue, that they will dissemble and lie together; but the agreement rarely stands—the face, being the more upright of the two, refuses to carry out the bargain, and turning traitor to the tongue, exposes its falsehood. Then there is the honest face, that will enter into no such compact to deceive; and if the tongue ventures to tell an untruth, that face forthwith looks sheepish and unhappy, and gives you fair warning that you had better not believe the tongue. 'Tis only when the tongue speaks true that the honest face looks happy and bold, and afraid of nobody. From all which it is very plain that man's face is a tell-tale which enables you to find out what is going on behind it.

Now the clock's face is precisely the same: it tells the tale of what is going on inside the clock—the march of time measured by the stroke of the pendulum. That may be too fast or too slow—it may not be the true time; but whichever it is, whether the right or the wrong time, the face of the clock is sure to show it outside as the clock marks it within. The face of the clock is always honest, though the clock itself may not be true.

There are, moreover, two events which happen alike to man's face and to the face of the clock: at regular intervals of time they both grow still. The cause of that stillness is, that the works inside have run down and come to a stand. They require to be wound up before they can go afresh. Sleep is the key that winds up the clockwork of the inner man. And then there comes for man and for the clock alike, a time when there is no more winding up. The works within are thoroughly worn; the spring that sets the whole machinery in motion is snapped asunder; the clock stands still, man is dead, and the face of both is still for ever.

Of the time when this is to be his end, the clock is man's faithful remembrancer. Its face, as you look at it, tells not of the fleeting hours only, but of opportunities passing away with those hours. The time of your end, indeed, is hidden from you; but, whether it be far off or near at hand, one thing is certain, that every stroke of the pendulum shortens the distance between it and the present moment. Life is nothing more than a slow and steady approach to death; death nothing more than an escape, more or less sudden, from life. At what rate you are progressing on the road which terminates in death—what strides you are making in the way of emancipation from the servitude of life's ills, the honest face of the clock will tell you, if you look it full in the face. Remember, then, this solemn thought—Every strike of the pendulum, like every pulsation of the heart, is a voice to God, saying, as regards you, "Am I to beat again?" The response given is—"Yes." Prepare for the moment when the answer will be No.

THE CHANNINGS:—A TALE.

CHAPTER VII.

MR. KETCH.

MRS. CHANNING sat with her children. Breakfast was over, and she had the Bible open before her. Never, since their earliest years of understanding, had she failed to assemble them together for the few minutes' reading, morning and evening. Not for too long at once; she knew the value of *not tiring* young children, when she was leading them to feel an interest in sacred things. She would take Hamish, a little fellow of three years old, upon her knee, read to him a short Bible story, suitable to his age, and then talk to him. Talk to him in a soft, loving, gentle tone, of God, of Jesus, of heaven, of his duties in this world, of what he must do to attain to everlasting peace in the next. Day by day, step by step, untiringly, unceasingly, had she thus laboured to awaken good in the child's heart, to train it to holiness, to fill it with a love of God. As the other children came on in years, she, in like manner, took them. From simple Bible stories to more advanced Bible stories, and thence to the Bible itself; with other books at times and seasons: a little reading, a little conversation, Gospel truths impressed upon them from her earnest lips. Be you very sure that where this great duty of all duties is left unfulfilled by a mother, a child is not brought up as it ought to be. Win your child to love heavenly things in his early years, and he will not forget them when he is old. It will be as a very shield, compassing him about through life. He may wander astray—there is no telling—in the hey-day of his hot-blooded youth, for the world's temptations are as a running fire, scorching all that venture into its heat; but the good foundation has been laid, and the earnest, incessant prayers have gone up, and he will find his way home again.

Mrs. Channing closed the Bible, and spoke, as usual. It was all that teaching should be. Good lessons as to this world; loving pictures of that to come. She had contrived to impress them, not with the too popular notion that heaven was a far-off place up in the skies, some vague millions of miles away, and to which we might be millions of years off; but that it was very near to them, that God was ever present with them; and that death, when he came, should be looked upon as a friend, not an enemy. Hamish was three-and-twenty years old now, but he loved those minutes of instruction as he had done when a child. They had borne their fruit for him and for all: though not, as I have before observed, in an equal degree.

The reading over, and the conversation over, she gave the book to Constance to put away, and the boys rose, and prepared to enter upon their several occupations. It was not the beginning of the day for Tom and Charles, for they had been already to early school.

"Is papa so very much worse to-day, mamma?" asked Tom.

"I did not say he was worse, Tom," replied Mrs. Channing. "I said he had passed a restless night, and felt tired and weak."

"Thinking over that confounded law-suit," cried hot, thoughtless Tom.

"Thomas!" reproved Mrs. Channing.

"I beg your pardon, mamma. Unorthodox words are the fashion in the school, and one must catch them. I forget myself when I repeat them before you."

"To repeat them before me is no worse than repeating them behind me, Tom."

Tom laughed. "Very true, mamma. It was not a logical excuse. But I am sure the news, brought to us by the mail on Wednesday night, is enough to put a saint out of temper. Had there been anything unjust in it, had the money not been rightly ours, it would have been different: but to be deprived of what is legally our own—"

"Not legally—as it turns out," struck in Hamish.

"Justly, then," said Tom. "It's too bad—especially as we don't know whatever we shall do without it."

"Tom, you are not to look at the dark side of things," cried Constance, in a pretty, wilful, commanding manner. "We shall do very well without it: it remains to be proved whether we shall not do better than with it."

"Children, I wish to say a word to you upon this subject," said Mrs. Channing. "When the news arrived, I was, you know, almost overwhelmed with it; not seeing, as Tom says, whatever we were to do without the money. In the full shock of the disappointment, it wore for me its worst aspect; a far more sombre one than the case really merited. But, now that I have had time to see it in its true light, my disappointment has subsided. I consider that we took a

completely wrong view of it. Had the decision deprived us of the income we enjoy, then indeed it would have been grievous; but in reality it deprives us of nothing. Not one single privilege that we possessed before, does it take from us; not a single expense will it cost us. We looked to this money to do many things with; but its not coming renders us no worse off than we were. It has caused us to get behind-hand with our bills; and those we must gradually pay off in the best way we can; it takes from us the power to article Arthur, and it strangles us in many ways; for, as you grow up, you grow more expensive. This is the extent of the ill, except—”

“Oh, mamma, you forget! The worst ill of all is, that papa cannot now go to Germany.”

“I was about to say that, Arthur. But other means for his going thither may be found. Understand me, my dears: I do not see any means, or chance of means, at present; you must not fancy that; but it is possible that they may arise with the time of need. One service, at any rate, the decision has rendered me.”

“Service?” echoed Tom.

“Yes,” smiled Mrs. Channing. “It has proved to me that my children are loving and dutiful. Instead of repining, as some might, they are already seeking how they may make up, themselves, for the money that has not come. And Constance begins it.”

“Don’t fear us, mother,” cried Hamish, with his sunny smile. “We will be of more use to you yet, than the money would have been.”

They dispersed—Hamish to his office, Arthur to Mr. Galloway’s, Tom and Charles to the cloisters, that famous play-place of the college school. Stolen pleasures, it is said, are sweetest; and, just because there had been a stir lately amongst the cathedral clergy, touching the desirability of forbidding the cloisters to the boys for play, so much the more eager were they to frequent them.

As Arthur was going down Close-street, he encountered Mr. Williams, the cathedral organist, striding along with a roll of music in his hand. He was Arthur’s music master; for, when Arthur Channing was in the choir, a college schoolboy, he had displayed considerable taste for music; and it was decided that he should learn the organ. He had continued to take lessons after he left the choir, and did so still.

“I was thinking of coming round to speak to you to day, Mr. Williams.”

“What about?” asked the organist. “Anything pressing?”

“Well, you have heard, of course, that that suit is given against us, so I don’t mean to continue the organ. They have said nothing to me at home; but it is of no use spending money that might be saved. But I see you are in too great a hurry, to stay to talk now.”

“Hurry! I am hurried off my legs,” cried the organist. “If a dozen or two of my pupils would give up learning, as you talk of doing, I should only be obliged to them. I have more work than I can attend to. And now Jupp must go and lay himself up; and I have the services to attend myself, morning and afternoon!”

Mr. Jupp was assistant organist. An apprentice to Mr. Williams, but just out of his time.

“What ails Jupp?” asked Arthur.

“A little bit of fever, and a great deal of laziness,” responded Mr. Williams. “He is the laziest fellow alive. Since his uncle died, and that money came to him, he doesn’t care a straw how things go. He was copyist to the cathedral, and he gave that up last week. I have asked Sandon, the lay-clerk, if he will take the copying, but he declines. He is another lazy one.”

The organist hurried off. Arthur strove to detain him for another word or two, but it was of no use. So he continued his way to Mr. Galloway’s.

Enough were his thoughts there. His fingers were occupied with writing, but his mind went roaming without leave. This post of copyist of music to the cathedral, which appeared to be going begging: why should not he undertake it, if Mr. Williams would give it him? He was competent to do so, and though he very much disliked music-copying, that was nothing; he was not going to set up his dislikes and humour them. He had but a vague idea what might be the remuneration; ten, or twelve, or fifteen pounds a-year, he fancied it might bring him in. Better than nothing; it would be a beginning to follow in the wake that Constance had commenced; and he could do it evenings, or other odd times. “I won’t lose an hour in asking for it,” thought Arthur.

At one o’clock, when he was released from the office, he ran through the Boundaries to the cloisters, intending to pass through them on his way to the house of the organist, that being rather a nearer road to it, than if he had gone round the town. The sound of the organ, however, struck upon his ear, causing him to assume that it was the organist who was playing. Arthur tried the cathedral door, found it open, and went in.

Mr. Williams it was. He had been trying some new music, and he rose from the organ as Arthur got to the top of the stairs, no very pleasant expression on his countenance.

“What is the matter?” asked Arthur, perceiving that something had put him out.

“I hate ingratitude,” responded Mr. Williams. “Jenkins,” called out to him the old bedesman, who had been blowing for him, “you may go to your dinner, I shan’t want you any more, now.”

Old Jenkins hobbled down from the organ-loft, and Mr. Williams continued to Arthur—

“Would you believe that Jupp has withdrawn himself entirely?”

“From the college?” exclaimed Arthur.

“From the college, and from me. His father comes to me, an hour ago, and says he is sure Jupp’s in a bad state of health, and he intends to send him to his relatives in the Scotch mountains for some months, to try and get him hardy. Not a word of apology, for leaving me at a pinch.”

“It will be very inconvenient for you,” said Arthur. “I suppose that new apprentice of yours is of no use yet for the services?”

“Use!” irascibly retorted Mr. Williams, “he could not play a psalm, if it were to save his life. I depended upon Jupp. It was an understood thing that he should stop with me as assistant; had it not been, I should have taken good care to bring somebody on to replace him. As to my attending the services on week-days myself, it’s next door to an impossibility. If I do, my teaching business is ruined.”

“I wish I was at liberty,” said Arthur; “I would take them for you.”

“Look here, Channing,” said the organist: “since I had this information of old Jupp’s, my brain has been worrying itself pretty well, as you may imagine. Now, there’s nobody I would rather trust to take the week-day services than you, for you are fully capable, and I have got you into my own style of playing; I never could get Jupp entirely into it; he is too fond of noise and flourishes. It has struck me, that perhaps Mr. Galloway might spare you: his office is not overdone with work, and I would make it worth your while.”

Arthur, somewhat bewildered at the proposal, sat down on one of the stools, and stared, not answering.

“You will not be offended at my saying that I speak in consequence of your telling me, this morning, you could not afford to go on with your lessons,” resumed the organist. “But for that, I should not have thought of proposing such a thing to you. What capital practice it would be for you, too!”

“The best proof to convince you I am not offended, is to tell you what brings me here now,” said Arthur in a cordial tone. “I understood you this morning, that you were at a loss for some one to undertake the copying of the cathedral music: I came to ask you to give it to me.”

“You may have it, and welcome,” said Mr. Williams.

“That’s nothing: I want to know about the services.”

“It would take me an hour, morning and afternoon, from the office,” debated Arthur. “I wonder whether Mr. Galloway would let me go an hour earlier and stay an hour later, to make up for it?”

“You can put the question to him. I dare say he will: especially as he is on terms of friendship with your father. I would give you—let me see,” deliberated the organist, falling into a musing attitude—“I would give you twelve pounds a quarter. Say fifty pounds a-year; if you stay with me so long. And you should have nothing to do with the choristers: I’d practise them myself.”

Arthur’s face flushed. It was a great temptation; and the question flashed over his mind whether it would not be well to leave Mr. Galloway’s, as his prospects there appeared to be blighted, and embrace this, if that gentleman declined to allow him the requisite hours of absence. Fifty pounds a year! “And,” he spoke unconsciously aloud, “there would be the copying besides.”

“Oh, that’s not much,” cried the organist. “That’s paid by the sheet.”

“I should like it so excessively!” exclaimed Arthur.

“Well, just turn it over in your mind. But you must let me know at once, Channing; by to-morrow at the latest. If you cannot take it I must find somebody else.”

Arthur Channing went out of the Cathedral, hardly knowing whether he stood on his head or his heels. “Constance said that God would help us!” was his grateful thought.

Such a whirlwind of noise! Arthur, when he reached the cloisters, found himself in the midst of the college boys, who were just let out of school. Leaping, shouting, pushing, scuffling, playing, contending! Arthur had not so very long ago been a college boy himself, and enjoyed the fun.

“How are you, old fellows—jolly?”

They gathered around him: Arthur was a favourite with them; had been always, when he was in the school. The elder boys loftily commanded of the juniors, who had to retire to a respectful distance.

“I say, Channing, there’s the stunningest go!” began Bywater, dancing a triumphant hornpipe. “You know Jupp? Well, he has been and sent in word to Williams that he is about to die, or something of that, and it’s necessary he should go off on the spree, to get himself well again. Old Jupp came this morning, just as college was over, and said it: and Williams, he’s in the jolliest rage; going to be left without anybody to take the organ. It will just pay him out, for being such a tyrant to us choristers.”

“Perhaps I am going to take it,” returned Arthur.

“You—what a cram!”

“It is not, indeed,” said Arthur. “I shall take it if I can get leave from Mr. Galloway. Williams has just asked me.”

“Is that true, Arthur?” burst forth Tom Channing, elbowing his way to the front.

“Now, Tom, should I say it if I were not true? I only hope Mr. Galloway will throw no difficulty in my way.”

“And do you mean to say that you are going to be cock over us choristers?” asked Bywater.

“No, thank you,” laughed Arthur. “Mr. Williams will best fill that honour. Bywater, has the mystery of the inked surprise come to light?”

“No, and be shot to it! The master’s in a regular way over it though, and—”

“And what do you think?” eagerly interrupted Tod Yorke, whose face was ornamented with several shades of fine colour, blue, green, and yellow, the result of the previous day’s pugilistic encounter; “my brother Roland heard the master say he suspected one of the seniors.”

Arthur Channing looked inquiringly at Gaunt. The latter tossed his head haughtily. “Roland Yorke must have made some mistake,” he observed to Arthur. “It is perfectly out of the question that the master can suspect a senior. I can’t imagine where the school could have picked up the notion.”

Gaunt was standing with Arthur, as he spoke, and the three seniors, Channing, Huntley, and Yorke, happened to be in a line, facing them. Arthur regarded them one by one.

“You don’t look very like committing such a thing as that, any one of you,” he laughed. “It is curious, where the notion can have come from.”

“Such absurdity!” ejaculated Gerald Yorke. “As if it were likely Pye would suspect one of us seniors! It’s not believable.”

“Not at all believable you would do it,” said Arthur. “Had it been the result of accident, of course you would have hastened to declare it, any one of you three.”

As Arthur spoke, he involuntarily turned his eyes on the sea of faces behind the three seniors, as if searching for signs in some countenance among them, by which he might recognise the culprit.

“My goodness!” uttered the senior boy, to Arthur. “Had any one of those three done such a thing—accident or no accident—and not declared it, he’d get his name struck off the rolls. A junior may get pardoned for things that a senior cannot.”

“Besides, there’d be the losing his chance of the seniorship, and of the exhibition,” cried one from the throng of boys in the rear.

“How are you progressing for the seniorship?” asked Arthur, of the three. “Which of you stands the best chance?”

“I think Channing does,” freely spoke up Harry Huntley. “Why?”

“Because our progress is so equal that I don’t think one will get ahead of another, so that the choice cannot be made that way; and Channing’s name stands first on the rolls.”

“Who is to know if they’ll give us fair play and no humbug?” said Tom Channing.

“If they do, it will be what they have never given yet!” exclaimed Stephen Bywater. “Kissing goes by favour.”

“Ah, but I heard that the dean—”

At this moment a boy dashed into the throng, scattering it right and left. “Where are your eyes?” he whispered.

Close upon them was the dean. Arm-in-arm with him, in his hat and apron, walked the Bishop of Helstonleigh. The boys stood aside and took off their trenchers. The dean merely raised his hand in response to the salutation—he appeared to be deep in thought; but the bishop nodded freely among them.

“I heard that the dean found fault, the last time the exhibition fell, and said favour should never be shown again, so long as he was Dean of Helstonleigh,” said Harry Huntley, when the clergy were beyond hearing, continuing the sentence he had been interrupted in. “I say that, with fair play, it will be Channing’s; failing Channing, it will be mine; failing me, it will be Yorke’s.”

“Now, then!” retorted Gerald Yorke. “Why should you get the chance before me, pray?”

Huntley laughed. “Only that my name heads yours on the rolls.”

Once in three years there fell an exhibition for Helstonleigh college school, to send a boy to Oxford. It would be due the following Easter. Gaunt declined competition for it; he would leave the school at Michaelmas; and it was a pretty generally understood thing that whichever of the three mentioned boys should be appointed senior in his place, would be presented with the exhibition. Channing and Yorke most ardently desired to gain it; both of them from the same motive—want of funds at home to take them to the university. If Tom Channing did not gain it, he had made up his mind to pocket pride and go as a servitor. Yorke would not have done such a thing for the world; all the proud Yorke blood would be up in arms, at one of their name appearing as a servitor at the Oxford University. If Gerald Yorke lost the exhibition, Lady Augusta must manage to screw out funds to send him. He and Tom Channing were alike designed for the church. Harry Huntley had no such need: the son of a gentleman of good property, the exhibition was of little moment to him in a pecuniary point of view; indeed, a doubt had been whispered amongst the boys, whether Mr. Huntley would allow Harry to take advantage of it, if he did gain it, he being a liberal-minded and just man. Harry, of course, desired to be the successful one, for fame’s sake, just as ardently as did Channing and Yorke.

“I’m bless’d if here isn’t that renowned functionary, Jack Ketch!”

The exclamation came from young Galloway. Limping in at one of the cloister doors, came the cloister porter, a surly man of sixty, whose temper was not improved by periodical attacks of lumbago. He and the college boys were open enemies. The porter would have rejoiced in denying them the cloisters altogether; and nothing had gladdened his grim old heart like the discussion which was said to have taken place between the dean and chapter, regarding the propriety of shutting out the boys and their noise from the cloisters, as a play place. He bore an unfortunate name—Ketch—and the boys, you may be very sure, did not fail to take advantage of it, joining to it sundry embellishments, more pointed than polite.

He came up, a ragged gig-whip in his hand, which he was fond of smacking round the throng of boys. He had never gone the length of touching one of them, and perhaps it was just as well for him that he had not.

"Now, you boys! be off, with your hullabaloo! Is this a decent noise to make around gentlefolks's doors? You don't know, may be, as Dr. Burrows is in town."

Dr. Burrows happened to live in a house which had a door opening to the cloisters. The boys retorted. The worst they gave Mr. Ketch was "shaf;" but his temper could bear anything better than that, especially if it was administered by the senior boy.

"Dear me, who's this?" began Gaunt, in a tone of ultra politeness. "Boys, do you see this gentleman who condescends to accost us? I really believe it is Sir John Ketch. What's that in his hand—a piece of rope? Surely, Mr. Ketch, you have not been turning off that unfortunate prisoner who was condemned yesterday? Rather hasty work, sir; was it not?"

Mr. Ketch foamed. "I tell you what it is, sir. You be the senior boy, and, instead of restraining those wicked young reptiles, you edge 'em on! Take care, young gent, as I don't complain of you to the dean. Seniors have got hoisted afore now."

"Have they, really? Well, you ought to know, Mr. Calcraft. There's the dean, just gone out of the cloisters; if you make haste, Calcraft, you'll catch him up. Put your best foot foremost, and ask him if he won't report Mr. Gaunt for punishment."

The porter could have danced with rage; and his whip was smacking ominously. He did not dare advance it too near the circle when the senior boy was present, or, indeed, when any of the elder boys were.

"How's your lumbago, Mr. Ketch?" demanded Stephen Bywater. "I'd advise you to get rid of that, before the next time you go on duty; it might be in your way, you know. Never was such a thing heard of, as for the chief toppler-off of the three kingdoms to be disabled in his limbs! What would you do? I'm afraid you'd be obliged to resign your post, and sink into private life."

"Now I just vow to goodness, as I'll do all I can to get these cloisters took from you boys," shrieked old Ketch, clasping his hands together. "There's insults as flesh and blood can't stand; and, as sure as I be living, I'll pay you out for it."

He turned tail and hobbled off, as he spoke, and the boys raised "three groans for Jack Ketch," and then rushed away by the other entrance to their own dinners. The fact was, the porter had brought the ill-will upon himself, through his cross-grained temper. He had no right whatever to interfere between the boys and the cloisters; it was not his place to do so. The king's scholars knew this; and, being spirited king's scholars, as they were, would not stand it.

"Tom," said Arthur Channing, "don't say anything at home about the organ. Wait and see if I get it, first. Charley did not hear; he was ordered off with the juniors."

CHAPTER VIII.

THE ASSISTANT-ORGANIST.

THINGS often seem to go by the rule of contrary. Arthur returned to the office at two o'clock, brim-full of the favour he was going to solicit of Mr. Galloway; but he encountered present disappointment. For the first time for many weeks, Mr. Galloway did not make his appearance in the office at all; he was out the whole of the afternoon. Roland Yorke, to whom Arthur imparted the plan, ridiculed it.

"Catch me taking such a task upon myself! If I could play the organ like a Mendelssohn—fit to send the folks into ecstasies—I'd never saddle myself with the worry of doing it morning and afternoon. You'll soon be sick of the bargain, Channing."

"I should never be sick of it if I did it for nothing: I am too fond of music for that; and it will be a very easy way of earning money."

"Not so easy as making your mother stump up," was the reply; and if your refinement turns from the expression, my good reader, I am sorry you should have to read it; but it is what Mr. Roland Yorke said. "I had a regular scene with Lady Augusta this morning. It's the most unreasonable thing in the world, you know, Channing, for her to think I can live without money, and so I told her—said I must and would have it, in fact."

"Did you get it?"

"Of course I did. I wanted to pay Simms, and one or two more trifles that were pressing; I was not going to have the fellow here after me again. I wish such a thing as money had never been invented, I do."

"You may as well wish we could live without eating."

"So I do, sometimes—when I go home, expecting a good dinner, and there's only some horrid cold stuff upon the table. There never was a worse housekeeper than Lady Augusta. It's my belief, our servants must live like fighting cocks; for I am sure the bills are heavy enough, and we don't get their benefit."

"What made you so late this afternoon?" asked Arthur.

"I went round to pay Simms, for one thing; and then I called upon Hamish, and staid talking with him. Wasn't he in a sea of envy when I told him I had been scoring off that Simms! He wished he could do the same."

"Hamish does not owe anything to Simms!" cried Arthur, with hasty retort.

"Doesn't he?" laughed Roland Yorke. "That's all you know about it. Ask him for yourself."

"If you please, sir," interposed Mr. Jenkins, at this juncture, "I shall soon be waiting for that paper. Mr. Galloway directed me to send it off by post."

"Bother the paper!" returned Roland; but, nevertheless, he applied himself to complete it. He was in the habit of discoursing upon private topics before Mr. Jenkins without any reserve, regarding him as a perfect nonentity.

When Arthur went home in the evening, he found Mr. Galloway sitting with his father. "Well," cried the proctor, as Arthur entered, "and who has been at the office this afternoon?"

"Nobody particular, sir. Oh, yes, there has, though—I forgot. The dean looked in, and wanted to see you."

"What did he want?"

"He did not say, sir. He told Jenkins it would do another time."

Arthur left his father and Mr. Galloway together. He did not broach the subject that was uppermost in his heart. Gifted with rare delicacy of feeling, he would not speak to Mr. Galloway until he could see him alone. To prefer the request in his father's presence might have caused Mr. Galloway more trouble in refusing it.

"I can't think what has happened to Arthur this evening!" exclaimed one of them. "His spirits are up to fever heat. Tell us what it is, Arthur?"

Arthur laughed. "I hope they will not get lowered within the next hour; that's all."

When he heard Mr. Galloway leaving, he hastened after him, and overtook him in the Boundaries.

"I wanted to say a few words to you, sir, if you please?"

"Say on," said Mr. Galloway. "Why did you not say them in doors?"

"I scarcely know how I shall say them now, sir; for it is a very great favour that I have to ask you, and you may be angry, perhaps, at my thinking you might grant it."

"You want holiday, I suppose?"

"Oh no, sir; nothing of that. I want—"

"Well?" cried Mr. Galloway, surprised at his hesitation; but now that the moment of preferring the request had come, Arthur shrank from doing it.

"Could you allow me, sir—would it make very much difference—to allow me to come to the office an hour earlier, and remain in it an hour later?" stammered Arthur.

"What for?" exclaimed Mr. Galloway, with marked surprise.

"I have had an offer made me, sir, to take the college organ at week-day service. I should very much like to accept it, if it could be managed."

"Why, where's Jupp?" uttered Mr. Galloway.

"Jupp has resigned. He is ill, and is going out for his health. I'll tell you how it all happened, sir," went on Arthur, losing confidence now that he was fairly launched upon his subject. "Of course this failure of the suit makes a great difference to our prospects at home; it renders it incumbent upon us to do what we can to help—"

"Why does it?" interrupted Mr. Galloway. "It may make a difference to your future ease, but it makes none to your present means."

"There is money wanted in many ways, sir; the favourable termination of the suit was counted upon so certainly. For one thing, it is necessary that my father should try the German baths."

"Of course, he must try them," cried Mr. Galloway.

"But it will cost money, sir," deprecated Arthur. "Altogether, we have determined to do what we can. Constance set us the example, by engaging to attend as daily governess at Lady Augusta's. She goes on Monday."

"Very commendable of her," observed the proctor, who loved a gossip like any old woman. "I hope she'll not let those two unruly girls worry her to death."

"And I was casting about in my mind, this morning, what I could do to help, when I met the organist," proceeded Arthur. "He chanced to say that he could find nobody to take the music copying. Well, sir, I thought it over, and at one o'clock I went to ask him to give it to me. I found him at the organ, in a state of vexation. Jupp had resigned his post, and Mr. Williams had nobody to replace him with. The long and the short of it is, sir, that he offered it to me."

"And did you accept it?" crossly responded Mr. Galloway.

"Of course I could not do that, sir, until I had spoken to you. If it were possible that I could make up the two hours to you, I should be very glad to take it."

"And do it for nothing, I suppose?"

"Oh, no. He would give me fifty pounds a-year. And there would be the copying, besides."

"That's a great deal!" cried Mr. Galloway.

"It appears to me to be good pay," replied Arthur. "But he would lose a vast deal more than that, if he had to attend the cathedral himself. He said it would ruin his teaching connection."

"Ah! Self-interest—two for himself and one for you!" ejaculated the proctor. "What does Mr. Channing say?"

"I have said nothing at home. It was of no use telling them, until I had spoken to you. Now that my prospects are gone—"

"What prospects?" interrupted Mr. Galloway.

"My article to you, sir. Of course, there's no chance of them now."

Mr. Galloway grunted. "The ruin that chancery suits work! Mark you, Arthur Channing, this is such a thing that never was asked a proctor before—leave of absence for two hours in the best part of the day! If I grant it, it will be out of the great friendship I bear your father."

"Oh, sir! I shall never forget the obligation."

"Take care you don't. You must come and work for two hours before breakfast in a morning."

"Willingly—readily!" exclaimed Arthur Channing, his

face in a glow. "Then may I really tell Mr. Williams that I can accept it?"

"If I don't say Yes, I suppose you'd magnify me into a sulken old bear, as bad as Ketel the porter. You may accept it. Stop!" thundered Mr. Galloway, coming to a dead standstill.

Arthur was startled. "What now, sir?"

"Are you to be the instructor of those random dogs, the choristers?"

"Oh no; I shall have nothing to do with that."

"Very good. If you had taken to them, I should have recommended you to guard against such a specimen of singing as was displayed the other day before the judges."

Arthur laughed; spoke a word of heartfelt thanks; and took his way off-hand to the residence of the organist, as light as any bird.

"I have got leave, Mr. Williams! I may take the place!" he exclaimed, with scant ceremony, when he found himself in that gentleman's presence, who was at tea with his wife. "Mr. Galloway has authorised me to accept it. How do you do, Mrs. Williams?"

"That's a great weight off my mind, then!" cried the organist. "I set that doff of an apprentice of mine to play the folks out of college, this afternoon, when service was over, and—of all performances! Six mistakes he made in three bars, and broke down at last. I could have boxed his ears. The dean was standing below when I got down."

"Who was that playing, Mr. Williams?" he demanded. "So, I told him about Jupp's ill-behaviour in leaving me, and that I had offered the place to you. 'But is Channing fully competent?' cried he—for you know what a fine ear for music the dean has—'besides,' he added, 'is he not at Galloway's?' I said we hoped Mr. Galloway would spare him, and that I would answer for his competency. So, mind, Channing, you must put on the steam, and not disgrace my guarantee. I don't mean the steam of noise, or that you should go through the service with all the stops out."

Arthur laughed in answer to the laugh of Mr. Williams, and, declining the invitation to remain and partake of tea, he went out. He was anxious to impart the news at home. A few steps on his road, he overtook Hamish.

"Where do you spring from?" exclaimed Hamish, passing his arm within Arthur's.

"From concluding an agreement that will bring me in fifty pounds a-year," said Arthur.

"Gammon, Master Arthur!"

"It is not gammon, Hamish. It is sober truth."

Hamish turned and looked at him, aroused by something in the tone. "And what are you to do for it?"

"Just pass a couple of hours a day, delighting my own ears and heart. Do you remember what Constance said, last night? Hamish, it is wonderful, that this help should so soon have come to me!"

"Stay! Where are you going?" interrupted Hamish, as Arthur was turning into a side street.

"This is the nearest way home."

"I had rather not go that way."

"Why?" exclaimed Arthur, in surprise. "Hamish, how you look! What is the matter?"

"Must I tell you? It is for your ear alone, mind. There's a certain tradesman's house down there, that I'd rather not pass; he has a habit of coming out and dunning me. Do you remember Mr. Dick Swiveller?"

Hamish laughed, gaily. He would have laughed on his road to prison; it was his nature. But Arthur seemed to take a downward leap from his high ropes. "Is it Simms?" he breathed.

"No, it is not Simms. Who has been telling you anything about Simms, Arthur? It is not so very much that I eye Simms. What is this good-luck of yours?"

Arthur did not immediately reply. A dark shadow had fallen upon his spirit, like a forerunner of evil.

(To be continued.)

Progress of the Truth.

THE EVANGELICAL ALLIANCE AT GENEVA.

(Conclusion.)

On Friday, September 6th, the morning meeting was appropriately consecrated to the memory of John Calvin. Dr. Merle d'Aubigné, whose history of the Reformation is so well known in this country, brought together a crowded audience to hear a paper on the "Characteristics of the Reformation and of the Reformer of Geneva." After some preliminary business and devotional exercises, the President called upon Dr. Merle d'Aubigné, who was listened to with the most profound attention. He described in a graphic manner the state of the Church and of society when Calvin came forth as the herald of truth and peace. He vindicated the character of Calvin from the unfounded and absurd reproaches which have been heaped upon him; showed that if he was decided in his convictions, he was the friend of conciliation; and proved that while he was inflexibly opposed to Popery, he sought to promote harmony in the Church. The relations of Luther and Zwingli to Calvin were set forth in a bold and effective manner. The speaker also described the progress of the Reformation under Calvin in France, Germany, and Switzerland. He alluded to Calvin's correspondence with Cranmer as the true foundation of the Evangelical Alliance, which, he hoped, would hereafter meet at Amsterdam, and other places, until at last it assembled at Rome itself. The reference to Rome called forth much applause. In conclusion, Calvin was made to come and pronounce a panegyric upon the Alliance, and

to reproach those who would not join it. The audience dispersed highly gratified with what they had heard from one who has a better acquaintance with Calvin and his times than almost any writer of the present day.

In the afternoon, the subject of Sunday Schools was brought forward in a paper on their origin and progress, by M. Paul Cook, of Calais. Having given an account of the rise and extension of the system, the speaker described the importance of Sunday Schools to the Church, and strongly urged those who were present to patronise and aid them in every possible manner. Mr. Watson, of the Sunday School Union, and other speakers, followed in a series of interesting addresses.

The proceedings of Saturday, the 7th, were commenced in the morning by Dr. F. de Pressensé, of Paris, who read a very powerfully-written essay on "Religious Liberty, as the Guarantee for the Peace and Order of States." He pleaded for perfect religious liberty, not on the mere ground of expediency, but as an inalienable right, with which the State had nothing to do, except to proclaim and to defend it. He showed the absurdity of the opinion that the State could either impose or prohibit religious doctrines. If any men were to decide doctrinal questions, he would rather submit to the unlearned than to the learned. It was a scandal and an inconsistency to imprison men, in the interests of public morality, for reading the Bible, and, at the same time, to suffer the most immoral publications. Opposition to religious liberty is opposed to moral law, and the spirit of modern times. Persecution is one of the greatest of crimes, and judgments will fall upon the nations who permit and favour it. Religious freedom is favourable to peace and order, and existing governments have abundant opportunities of knowing it. Finally, it is the duty of the Alliance to promote this great principle, and its influence is besought in favour of persecuted Christians, wherever they may be found.

Such was the ground taken in this admirable paper; at the close of which, Dr. Merle d'Aubigné rose and said that, at this moment, there were thirty or forty persons imprisoned in Spain for no crime but that of reading their Bibles together; and for this they were threatened with incarceration for several years. He therefore recommended prayer on their behalf, and the adoption of an address from that Conference to the Queen of Spain, respectfully recommending her to set them at liberty. Information had been received which proved that such an address would produce a deep impression. He added that M. Charpiot, who conducted their devotions that morning, had been imprisoned in France four months for preaching without authorisation, and would have continued in confinement still longer, but for representations made to the French Emperor. Hereupon, M. Adrien Naville, the president, read a resolution declaring the sympathy of the Conference with their Spanish brethren, and protesting, in the face of Christian Europe, against their imprisonment, as contrary to the spirit of the age and of the Gospel. The resolution was carried with enthusiasm, the whole meeting standing with their right hands uplifted.

This act of sympathy was followed by one of charity. Some months ago the town of Glarus, in Switzerland, was almost reduced to ashes by a terrible conflagration, by which its five thousand inhabitants have been plunged into the deepest distress. Extensive relief will be needed for some time to come, and the Conference arranged for a collection at the doors, on behalf of the sufferers, at the close of Saturday morning's meeting.

The subject in the afternoon was the influence of religious liberty upon the Roman Catholicism of the United States. On this topic a valuable paper was read by Dr. Baird, of New York, who showed that, after their settlement in America, multitudes of Papists abandoned their creed; and that but for a constant stream of Popish emigrants into the country, Popery itself would die out. Dr. Squire, from Geneva, in the State of New York, followed, and read a paper in which he dwelt almost exclusively upon the American disruption, which, in his opinion, was to be ascribed to slavery. He contemplated the possibility even of a declaration of emancipation by the authorities of Washington, in case the South persisted in its secession. There was some discussion at the close of this paper, after which the Rev. Mr. Kerr, of Illinois, read an address, in which he spoke still more strongly against slavery; and he asked for a united meeting of English and Americans, to prepare a resolution of sympathy with the Northern States. This request was acceded to, and Monday morning fixed upon for the purpose.

On Saturday evening there was a grand concert of music in the church of the Madeleine. Although forming no part of the programme, this entertainment was attended by great numbers, and passed off remarkably well.

Sunday was devoted to religious services in different languages. The English preachers were the Revs. W. Arthur, R. Burgess, and Dr. Cairns. There was also an open-air meeting at Montchoisy, in the grounds of M. Naville.

On Monday, the 9th, the proceedings were resumed at the Cathedral in the morning, by an English meeting on the future of the Anglo-Saxon colonies in relation to the spread of the Gospel in the world. Lord Roden was in the chair, and the Rev. Mesac Thomas read an excellent paper on the subject. In this paper, the speaker traced the growth of our colonial empire; secondly, considered its actual condition in relation to the Gospel; and thirdly, anticipated its probable future in connection with the evangelisation of the world. Under the last head he named some of the means which might be employed. Dr. Gibson, from Ireland, and other speakers, took part in the discussion which followed.

At the close of the business, the audience adjourned to the Salle de la Rive Droite for special conference concern-

ing the proposed resolution. Sir C. E. Eardley was called to the chair. Dr. Baird led the way with a history of the Union, and of the slave question in America. He justified, on prudent grounds, the reserve of the North in not declaring for freedom at once; he complained of the tone of many members of the English press, and vindicated the claim of his fellow-citizens to the confidence, the sympathy, and the prayers of Christians, and specially of Englishmen. The Rev. Mr. Priest then read a paper, similarly complaining of the lack of English sympathy for the North, and earnestly demanding it in relation to the great question of human freedom.

Numerous addresses followed, which produced the general impression that the Northern States had not been so thorough on the slave question as Englishmen especially desired; hence any apparent deficiency of sympathy. Eventually a resolution was proposed and adopted, expressive of a desire that the war may be over-ruled to the establishment of constitutional government, and to the advancement of the interests of humanity, and of the cause of freedom. The meeting was long and earnest, and it is hoped will do good.

Simultaneously with this extemporised meeting, the regular business was proceeding at the Oratoire. Papers were read by M. Frederic Rougemont, of Geneva, and the Rev. Mr. Monsell, from Ireland, on the religious condition of the inhabitants of Eastern Europe and Western Asia. These papers contained important facts and valuable suggestions.

On Tuesday morning papers were read by M. Bauty, of Vaud, and Dr. Grandpierre, of Paris, on the importance of uniting Christian doctrine with Christian life, in order to the prosperity of the Church. Professor Laharpe, of Geneva, M. Rognon, of Paris, and M. de Watteville de Portes, of Berne, were the speakers who followed.

The afternoon meeting was a German one, and Dr. Derner, the eminent professor of Göttingen, read a long and learned paper on Individualism: its rights and limits in Evangelical theology, and its history in the principal Protestant countries. Dr. Krummacher concluded with a brief address on the same topic.

In the evening several meetings were held at the same time, including one on Irish Church Missions, another in favour of the abolition of slavery, a third for theological conference, under the presidency of Dr. Tholuck, and finally, sermons by Denham Smith, and other preachers, in English and French.

Wednesday, Sept. 11th. In the morning, Dr. Riegenbach, of Basle, read a paper on "Rationalism in German Switzerland." Before this paper was produced, three resolutions were presented for the adoption of the Conference. The first related to the case of the young Mortara, upon which some interesting remarks were made by Sir Culling Eardley, in the course of which he stated that it is now a known fact that the child never was baptised. The second was, that the second week in January next be recommended for united prayer, by Evangelical Christians in all countries. The third was in favour of religious liberty in such Protestant countries as still imposed restrictions thereupon. On this last, a lively discussion followed, and the resolution was sent back for further information. Dr. Baird, of New York, next pleaded that missions might be instituted among the Germans in the United States.

In the afternoon, the subject of Christian Brotherhood was brought forward by Count A. de Gasparin, upon whose paper an interesting conversation took place. At the same meeting the formal resolution on the American war was presented by the sub-committee, and unanimously accepted.

The evening was devoted to a conference of Scandinavian pastors, sermons, &c.

Thursday, Sept. 12th. Dr. Krummacher presided, and a paper was presented by M. Bonnet, of Frankfort, on the progress of the Gospel in Europe since the Berlin Conference in 1857.

M. A. Naville brought up a resolution relative to the evangelisation of Syria, involving the appointment of a committee to co-operate with one already existing for the same purpose in London. The resolution was agreed to.

In the afternoon the subject of Revivals was placed in the hands of M. Louis Anet, of Brussels, and M. G. Monod, of Paris.

Here ends the story of the Fourth General Conference of Evangelical Christians of all Nations, inasmuch as the question of Revivals was the last of the programme. All that remained was to conclude with meetings for prayer and praise, and brotherly farewells. Even before the last day of meeting not a few of the visitors were scattered over the mountains and valleys of Switzerland, or elsewhere far from Geneva, but many remained; and the impression left by the proceedings was, that they had been a great success.

FRANCE.

NEW EDITION OF THE SCRIPTURES.—The French Protestants are becoming gradually better supplied with the Bible. Although an immense number of copies had been circulated over the country, it was not till four years ago that a portable and cheap edition of the whole of the Scriptures was printed in France. This edition has been, and continues to be, a favourite, and many copies of it have been purchased by the people, at a cost of somewhat less than one shilling and sixpence each. The next step has been the preparation of an edition with marginal references. This has been published by the French and Foreign Bible Society, and will be a great boon to the multitudes who have been for a long time impatiently looking for it. Like the pocket edition, it is of the version of Ostervald. It is described as an original work, upon which great labour has been be-

stowed, and issued at the moderate price of five francs, or four shillings. We may observe, that a new pocket edition of the Bible, with references, was brought out in Belgium three or four years since.

THE PROTESTANT SOCIETY is an association, whose members contribute one sou (nearly a halfpenny) weekly, for distribution among various religious and missionary institutions. A sum of 8,000 francs has been recently distributed among the thirty-two organisations which have been admitted to a share in its revenues. This distribution is the twenty-ninth, and has been made in the usual proportions.

OPEN-AIR MEETINGS.—Meetings in the open air are in France of such rare occurrence, that when one happens it is recorded as an event. This circumstance is mainly owing to the restraints imposed upon the people by the authorities. We observe, however, that after an interval of two years, a meeting for prayer, praise, and preaching, has been held in the department of the Drome, by the Wesleyan brethren. It appears to have been chiefly attended by Christian friends, and to have borne some resemblance to an English camp-meeting. The attendance was good, but not so large as before, owing to the intense heat. The meeting was conducive to the edification of all present, who went back to their homes giving thanks to God. The reporter does not omit to intimate, that "the emperor and all the imperial family had a rich part in our feeble supplications."

ITALY.

THE WALDENSES are working while it is day. The last indication we have of their zeal is the appearance of a work by Paul Geymonat, Professor of Evangelical Theology at Florence. This work is entitled "The Evangelical Waldenses, an historical summary." It is, of course, in Italian, and will render good service to the cause, by showing what the Waldenses have been, and how they have suffered for many centuries.

NAPLES.—A proposal is made for the erection of a new church at Naples, for the use of the French and German Protestants, and a subscription has been commenced for that object. The prospectus says:—"The events which have transpired in Southern Italy have led to the existence of civil and religious liberty. The evangelical Christians who reside at Naples have heretofore been able to perform divine worship under the shadow of the royal legion of Prussia, which has allowed them the use of a place to meet in, and secured them the generous protection of the Prussian court. The community which they formed was not so much as tolerated, and lived, in a manner, ignored by the Neapolitan authorities. Now, the new legislature gives us permission to assemble publicly, and under the protection of law. Having acquired the right of existence, and being deeply impressed by this providential occurrence, the German-French community at Naples, in its general assembly, has decided upon the erection of a place of worship. Our church contains about 700 members of different nations; it supports religious services both in French and in German; it has schools for young Protestants, and an infirmary for non-Catholics. During the thirty years of its existence, thanks to the aid of the Prussian Government and its own contributions, it has paid all its expenses." The new structure is to be of an imposing character, and will, probably, cost £5,200.

EVANGELISATION.—The following summary statement, which we borrow from *La Croix*, shows that the friends of the Gospel in Italy should labour for unity as well as for progress. It was no more than was to be expected, that, when so wide and attractive a field was thrown open, it should be entered upon by persons of very different opinions. Nor can we wonder, with the Epistles of St. Paul before us, that the new converts are slow to amalgamate, and to see eye to eye in these days:—"The work in Italy, amid political agitations, slowly establishes itself. The school of the Kaiserswerth deaconesses, established at Florence, now contains more than forty pupils. A school has been opened at Naples, under the care of Cresi Vastavini. The various Waldensian communities are developing. The Independent Italian communities maintain their position: that at Florence, directed by Magrini and Gualtieri, makes a congregation of 300 persons, with 250 communicants. It rejects very decidedly the accusation of Darbyism (or Plymouthism), and seems to be advancing towards a regular and internal constitution. It is, unfortunately, not so with another community which has been established in the same city. As the climax of different disputes, under the leading of Professor Borioni, who inspired us a year ago with so much hope, one of his most influential elders, Barsali, entangled and enticed by the priests, shamefully went back to Popery. Borioni himself, who has for several years been legally separated from his wife, has shown great frailty, and, although she lives, has determined to marry another. The scandal has led to a division of the church, one part of which has gone over to the Waldenses, and another to Magrini; a few, under English influence, have gone over to the Anglican Church recently founded at Florence; only about one-fourth remained with Borioni, who, taken aback by this desertion, and reduced to misery, has also gone back in disgrace to Popery. In the meantime, the number of churches goes on increasing; so that, in Florence alone, alongside of the Waldensian churches, and those of the Independents, Germans, and English, a Wesleyan pastor and an American pastor have originated new movements. It is to be deplored, that Evangelical Protestantism has not been able to unite to convey the Gospel to Italy." The apostacy of Barsali alluded to in this extract, is very sad. He was originally a carpenter, and learned the Gospel many years since. He preached it at the revolution in

1848, and, according to his own account, he continued to make it known during the succeeding years of despotism, often with peril and loss. In 1859 he came out openly, at once, and showed equal zeal and courage. Such was his influence, that he was denounced by some of the high church dignitaries. At Florence a noble work invited him, and for a time he went on well. But discord, almost as much as superstition—the curse of Italy—triumphed over prudence, and when Barsali was chagrined and disappointed, the wily priests got hold of him, and, by money and flattery, seduced him from the way of truth. Of Borioni we know less; but he appears to have been one of those who, from different motives, fell in with the Protestant movement. Let us not, however, be disengaged about these things; for the early history of many religious institutions and works has been equally marked by dissensions and strife.

SWITZERLAND.

BASEL MISSIONARY INSTITUTION.—The annual meetings have been held; in one of the pupils, eighty in number, were examined. Among them were some Africans and Hindoos. At another meeting, seven missionaries from Africa and India gave an account of their labours. It appears by the report, which was presented by M. Josenhaus, the director, that 373 missionaries have left the house since its foundation, and that 237 of the number are still at their work.

THE ZURICH EVANGELICAL SOCIETY has also commemorated its anniversary. Its objects are, to disseminate religious publications in the provinces, to support a house of deaconesses, to render aid and advice in apprenticeships, and to keep up large lecture-rooms and a select library of 2,700 books.

AUSTRIA.

PROTESTANT COMMUNITY OF NEUNKIRCHEN.—Neunkirchen is a small manufacturing town, of about 10,000 inhabitants, situate in the district of Neunstadt, near Vienna. Three centuries ago, like most of the towns of Southern Germany, it contained a Protestant community, which, thanks to the persecutions of the house of Hapsburg, was in the end extinguished. Under the more liberal rule of Joseph II., several families of Protestants settled at Neunkirchen, but for a half-century and more, they had neither church nor pastor. In 1824, under the reign of the Emperor Francis, the Protestant superintendent, Justin Hausknecht, obtained, as an extraordinary favour, permission to preach two sermons a-year at Neunkirchen. An imperial agent was to be present at each service, and every attempt at proselytism was severely interdicted. On the death of Justin Hausknecht, which took place in 1834, the permission was withdrawn, and the poor souls were left without a pastor altogether. In 1859, owing to the less intolerant disposition of the Government, the Protestants of Neunkirchen were allowed to organise themselves, and to invite a minister to settle among them. They have now purchased a house, which they will convert into a school, and they propose to erect a sanctuary. This proposal has been well received, and £1,200 have been raised towards its execution; but £600 more are required, and "the Protestants of Neunkirchen hope that their co-religionists in Europe will come to their aid."

TYROL.—In this province, it will be remembered, the principle of liberty of conscience has been of late shamefully opposed and trampled under foot. We hear, however, that the Tyrolese who inhabit Vienna have united to address to their countrymen an energetic and eloquent protest against this resurrection of the worst traditions of the past. Let us hope this protest will have some effect, and that the Austrian Government will act consistently with its newly-avowed principles of religious freedom, and will, according to its avowed intention, vindicate those principles even where a benighted and priest-ridden population is hostile to them.

PROTESTANT SOLDIERS.—It is stated that at this moment the garrison at Vienna contains 1,000 Protestant soldiers, of whom 300 are Germans, 400 are Hungarians, and 300 Slavonians. In the whole of the Austrian army there are said to be 25,000 Protestants belonging either to the Lutheran Church or to the Reformed.

RUSSIA.

EVANGELISATION.—The United Brethren, or Moravians, are carrying on a good work in the German provinces of Russia. Full details are not given, but it is stated that they employ thirteen agents, who make known the Gospel to more than 70,000 persons. With reference to Russia in general, we read in the *Evangeliste*:—"Russia seems at some points to be accessible to the Gospel. Some Christians are at work, and at the great fairs of Nijni-Novgorod, and other cities, they distribute immense numbers of religious tracts. In one year, more than 100,000 copies have been put into circulation. The Russians receive the Word of God with avidity, and offer to pay large sums for it. A story is related of a soldier, who, for two entire years, possessed but a single tract, which he read over every day. 'After I began to read,' said he, 'I never drank one drop of brandy. I have learned the way of salvation through Jesus Christ, and I prepare myself for heaven.'"

TURKEY.

PROTESTANTS IN MACEDONIA.—A young Greek surgeon, M. Kalopothakes, who is engaged by the Bible Society, some time since made a tour in Macedonia. Of the peninsula of Cassandra, the ancient Pallene, he says, that it contains twelve villages, inhabited exclusively by Greeks. A considerable number of New Testaments had been distributed among them, but they were almost all destroyed, by order of the patriarch of Constantinople. The bad conduct

of two of the bishops had induced a number of the most respectable inhabitants to abandon the Greek Church, and to open communications with Protestant missionaries. One Scotch missionary, two Germans, and two Greeks, were about to enter upon this new and remote field of evangelisation.

NORWAY.

STAVANGER MISSIONARY SCHOOL.—This school is designed for the preparation of missionaries, and although a recent institution, promises to fulfil the best hopes of its friends. The number of students is twelve, who appear to be all animated with the spirit of their work, and although their gifts are various, they bid fair to be useful in the mission field. During the last few years, a remarkable interest in missionary work has been developed in this country, and is traced to the corresponding awakening of the religious life in the churches.

ALGERIA.

COLPOBTAGE.—The Word of God makes way in Algeria. The Spanish colporteur, M. Montenegro, reports that in six months he had sold 116 Bibles, 212 New Testaments, and 1100 other religious books and tracts. These sales have been effected in forty different localities. The books have been in several languages, including some in Hebrew, and others in Arabic.

INSTALLATION OF A NEW PASTOR.—By an imperial decree, of May 10th, a new pastoral post was created at Alger (Oran), and a few weeks since the first occupant of that post was installed. M. Mouline, the pastor upon whom the appointment has been conferred, preached a sermon on the gospel ministry in Algeria, from which it was apparent how thoroughly he is imbued with evangelical sentiments and principles. At a time when so many of the French churches are ministered to by men who openly profess rational and Socinian opinions, it is cause for rejoicing that the three pastors of Alger are all good men and true.

Literary Notices.

THE REVELATION.

The Revelation; with a Short, Plain, Continuous Exposition
By S. SMITH, Vicar of Lois Weedon. London: Ridgway. We have often been struck with the erroneous manner in which this sacred portion of Holy Writ is described—the Revelation of St. John the Divine, instead of the Revelation of Jesus Christ to his servant John; and as prophecy is compared to the approach of light, we may expect that the last communication would be like the light of the noon-day, clearer and stronger than at the dawn. When, also, we know that a blessing is promised in the book to all diligent readers, and a penalty denounced against any who may detract from these Divine communications, and when we add to this the testimony of that deep, intellectual thinker, Sir Isaac Newton, who is stated to have expressed it as his conviction, that no man could study prophecy aright unless he began with the Revelation, we are led to ask, Is that portion of God's word duly studied in the present day? We fear that a large portion of the Christian world are unable to respond satisfactorily to this inquiry. In the Revelation there are many things hard to be understood. We are, therefore, thankful to any pious, sober-minded writer who assists us in this study by the removal of difficulties, and this we think the author of the exposition does. We do not take upon ourselves to vouch for the correctness of his views, but we welcome the attempt to elucidate a very important, but too-slightly regarded, portion of Divine truth. Among the improved readings submitted by Mr. Smith to the reader's consideration, we select the following:—"Blessed are they that do his commandments, that they may have a right to the Tree of Life." This passage, unexplained, is, we imagine, not in conformity with the sound doctrines of our Christian faith; for, as one of the early fathers pithily expresses it, "Good works are the way to the kingdom, but not the cause of reigning." Mr. Smith brings forth an improved reading, supported by the authority of an early Greek manuscript, which runs thus:—"Blessed are they who wash their robes (in the blood of the Lamb) that they may have a right to the Tree of Life."

BLACK DIAMONDS.

Black Diamonds; or, the Gospel in a Colliery District. By H. H. B. With a Preface by the Rev. J. B. OWEN, M.A. London: Nisbet and Co. 12mo. 1861.

EVERY one knows what "Black Diamonds" are, although many do not know that coal and real diamonds are chemically very much the same. Now by "Black Diamonds" H. H. B. does not simply mean coal, but rather the men who procure it for us. Mr. Owen says that "the coal, iron, and limestone districts of the Midland Counties present an interesting field for Christian speculation, as to how their population may be best reached, with a view to their social and religious improvement." Happily, the subject is not now brought up for the first time, although the book before us throws much light upon it. The thousands who are doomed to a life of labour and peril in the mineral districts of England have often awakened the sympathies of Christian philanthropists, and great progress has been made in bettering their condition. In this work we have an account of one who has braved the difficulty, and who has lived and laboured among these needy classes; who has not merely visited them at their homes, and taught them in chapels and schools, but who has descended the mines, and has there made known the Gospel of Christ. As a record of personal experience the narrative is one of extraordinary interest,

and it throws much light upon the condition and habits of the iron and coal miners in particular. The author, moreover, goes fully into the dangers and manifold disadvantages by which the miners are beset, and in addition to a startling array of facts, he gives us a number of valuable and useful suggestions. We can endorse the correctness of his representations, and we admire the simple and earnest tone of the book. It is clear that obstacles are numerous, but equally clear that many of them have been overcome, and that the "Black Diamonds" are accessible. The cheering results of the labours here recorded may well stimulate others to make similar efforts. At the same time it is evident that much depends upon the legislature, upon the masters, and upon the men themselves.

As many of our readers have no idea of the every-day life of a collier at his work, we present to them the following graphic sketches:—

We will suppose ourselves to be in a pit which has several workings in it, such as "down in the dip," "up in the crop," "No. 1," "No. 2," &c. On inquiring of "the doggy," we learn that there are working here between sixty and seventy men and boys. In our examination of the pit we are told that "old William" is working under there; we look under, but cannot see any one, although, it is true, we can hear the thump, thump of the pick. The "doggy" informs us that it is a "hair yed," and that the man is from fifteen to twenty yards under, although the aperture is only four feet wide by two feet in height. The "bandsmen" are busy, some with "dressers" breaking the coal, others placing it on "the skips," while the boys are emerging from beneath large masses of coal, pushing before them, or dragging after them, with a chain fastened to their waistband, an iron pan full of small coal or dirt. We stoop, we look under, and sure enough, at a distance of eight or ten yards from the "face," there are two "holers," "pike-men," or "hewers." Our friends with black faces invite us under, to try our hands. Who, however, will venture, seeing that the very foundation has been cut away from, perhaps, one hundred tons of coal, and nothing left to support it but a few "sprags" + and "cogs" † Yet there the colliers work from morn till night, and the poor boys have to pass in and out for twelve hours each day, excepting the hour allowed for dinner.

It is well known that the atmosphere of a mine undergoes numerous modifications which, in the end, result in an explosion, or generate noxious gases. The combustion of lights is made at the expense of the oxygen, which is replaced by steam and carbonic acid. The result of this and the breathing of men is to render the air unfit for the maintenance of light and life. A reduction in the hours of labour in pits would have the effect of keeping the atmosphere much purer. The prayer of the poor miners, however, was unheeded by both Houses of Parliament, and altogether set at nought by many colliery proprietors; in the South Stafford coal-field they have done worse, by adding another hour or more to the already too long day. Their plea of justification is, that in consequence of the reduction in the value of iron, they were obliged to reduce the wages or increase the "stents." In the thin coal-seams of that district a miner has had to "hole" or "hew" four yards of coal, that is, four yards in length, one yard under, by about three-quarters of a yard in height. Many a blow has to be given before the "stent" is done. For the risk incurred in descending the shaft, and the work done, the colliery owners have been accustomed for the last two years to give their workmen the extraordinary sum of 2s. 9d. As the men, however, have very unwisely persisted in doing six yards, which is a day and a-half's work, in the day, for which they have received 1s. 1d., the masters gave notice a short time ago that they should require seven yards instead of six yards "heling," for the same sum, 4s. 1d. I think it right to state that the calculation of the employers is erroneous, as the men cannot perform more than the day's work, or four yards, on two or three days in each week. From this it will be seen that, in order to earn the same wages as before, the "holers" in the thin coal-mines and iron-stone pits will have to work one hour and a-half longer each day. Those who are employed by the day have been reduced from 3d. to 8d. in their wages.

In such a place, and at such tasks, the miner has to exist every day from six o'clock in the morning till evening; and it must be remembered that during the whole time he never sees the sun, is compelled to inhale a noisome atmosphere, impregnated with coal-dust and injurious gases, and exposed to peril of his life from sudden falls of masses of material. The life of such men is short, and their death is often by dreadful accidents. Even when above ground they are exposed to various temptations and cruel extortion. It appears that in six years, from 1851 to 1856, no fewer than 5,962 persons lost their lives in British coal mines. By the "truck system," although now illegal, the miners are defrauded of a portion of their hard-earned wages, wherever it obtains. These and many other matters are fully gone into in the work before us.

We heartily commend this most attractive little volume, both for its information and its useful hints; and we earnestly hope that it will be extensively read. The following paragraph, with which we conclude, will show that the author has in view the temporal enjoyment, as well as the spiritual good of the colliers:—

In reference to the amusements of colliers, while I have no sympathy with those who maintain that miners are specially addicted to every species of vice; and contend that, as a class, they are not generally addicted to gross immorality, I must admit that far too many are accustomed to spend their leisure hours at the marble or skittle-alley, pigeon-flying, dog or cock-fighting. I have no doubt that this number would be considerably reduced if employers of labour, and other individuals who are interested in the social and moral elevation of the people, were to provide suitable places for recreation and instruction. It cannot be said that an employer, as such, is under any moral obligation to establish places for recreation, amusement, and other means of promoting health and happiness among his *employés*; but, on the higher ground of a citizen and neighbour, it is his duty to encourage and assist in the establishment of such places, for which a positive necessity exists.

* Air-head, or a small passage for conveying air to the men at their work.
† Pieces of timber.
‡ Lumps of coal.

Weekly Calendar
OF REMARKABLE EVENTS ASSOCIATED WITH THE
CHRISTIAN CHURCH.

SEPTEMBER 22.

WILLIAM TYNDALE, one of the first publishers of the Holy Bible in English, suffered martyrdom in the year 1536. He studied at Magdalen Hall, Oxford, and obtained considerable reputation for his learning, and the prominent part he took in theological controversies, successfully advocating the cause of Protestant truth against Roman Catholicism. This conduct raised him many enemies; and Tyndale's indignation was so violently aroused, on an occasion when a priest observed that "We had better be without God's laws than the Pope's," that he replied, "I defy the Pope, and all his laws; and if God spare my life, ere many years, I will cause a boy that drives the plough to know more about the Bible than you do!" From this time Tyndale devoted himself to the noble work of translating the Bible, and he succeeded in publishing the first edition in 1526. The copies were seized shortly afterwards, and burnt; but more correct editions were published in 1530, 1531, and 1535. He succeeded in translating the New Testament, the Pentateuch, and the prophecy of Jonah. He was compelled to proceed to Hamburg, for the purpose of getting his translations of the Scriptures, and other works, printed there; but while on his passage, the ship was wrecked, and he lost his books, papers, money, and almost his life. Some time afterwards, however, Henry VIII. caused Tyndale to be arrested at Brussels, and to be brought to trial, upon the Emperor's decree, at Augsburg. Tyndale suffered martyrdom at Antwerp, on the 22nd day of September, 1536.

THE FLIGHT OF MAHOMET, A.D. 622.—This incident is generally looked upon as the commencement of the Mohammedan era. On the 22nd of September, under cover of night, he sought shelter in the city of Medina; and when he had arrived, he gave out to his followers, in order to account for his sudden disappearance, that he had made a journey from Mecca to Jerusalem, and from Jerusalem to heaven, at which last place he had received certain instructions and decrees directly from the Deity, who had conversed with him. The greater portion of his followers at first refused to give credence to this extraordinary narration, until some of their most eminent and powerful leaders declared their belief therein, after which his assertions, no matter how extravagant, were received implicitly, and they accepted him as their temporal master and spiritual guide. Medina was now made the centre-point of operations. From this spot emanated those adventurous expeditions which subsequently, for more than thousand years, have disturbed monarchies, overthrown dynasties, incited religious jealousies, and destroyed the tranquillity of nations. From thence, by edict and by sword, by intrigue and by armed myriads, spread desolation, darkness, and misery, throughout the continents of Europe and Asia, and even a portion of Africa. Mahomet was present in twenty-seven expeditions, nine of which were pitched battles. The peculiar tenets of the Mohammedan faith are—1. That God is the Creator and Ruler of the universe, possessing full and undivided power in the control of all created things; 2. That Mahomet is his prophet, and only representative on earth; 3. That the angels are created beings, of exquisite purity, and formed for the purpose of ministering to the comfort and happiness of the faithful; 4. That there will be a general resurrection, and a future state of rewards and punishments, every one's works being weighed in a just balance. An essential item to the salvation of a Mohammedan is a pilgrimage to Mecca, the birthplace of their prophet. If this be omitted, his salvation is regarded as hopeless as that of a Jew or a Christian.

SEPTEMBER 23.

THE FIRST EXAMINATION OF LORD COBHAM.—When Queen Anne, consort of Richard II., was buried, Thomas Arundel, Archbishop of York, preached the funeral sermon. He declared that he had never before met with a woman of such extraordinary piety; for although an alien, she had not only procured an English translation of the Gospels for her own reading, but she had sent it to him to ascertain whether it was faithfully executed. He added a sharp rebuke to the bishops and clergy for their neglect of the Scriptures. We may confidently accept his testimony on this latter point, and it goes far to explain the then condition of the English Church. But Archbishop Arundel shared the common insincerity of courtiers. The pious so admirable in a queen was in his view altogether abominable in persons of lower birth; and therefore soon after the death of Anne we find him using every means in his power to extirpate the Lollards—a term of reproach applied to those faithful men who held fast the Gospel truths which they had received from the lips of Wycliffe and the pages of his Bible. Two reigns later Arundel convened a synod of the bishops and clergy, the object of which was to repress the new sect, and especially to effect the destruction of Sir John Oldcastle, Lord Cobham. This distinguished Christian had made no secret of his opinions; and as he was a favourite of the king, and generally popular, his influence was nearly on a par with his zeal. He had not only distributed many copies of the works of Wycliffe, and of the translations of the Scriptures among the people at his own expense, but, in the language of the articles of accusation, he was "a mighty maintainer of suspected preachers in the diocese of London, Rochester, and Hereford, contrary to the minds of their ordinaries." In other words, Lord Cobham employed a number of home missionaries, the disciples of Wycliffe, to go about and preach the Gospel.

Such a man was not likely to remain unmolested, and the synod resolved to prosecute Lord Cobham for heresy. The prelates exhibited in their proceedings the wisdom of the serpent, though not that other quality which by the Great Teacher was associated therewith. They procured evidence of the growth of what they called heresy, and so influenced the mind of the king that after an interview with Lord Cobham, in which the latter boldly declared that he owed no allegiance to the Pope, Henry withdrew his protection from his former favourite. The archbishops then cited Lord Cobham to appear before the Convocation, and, on his refusal, excommunicated him, and called in the aid of the civil power to apprehend him. By order of the king he was arrested and lodged in the Tower, and on September the 23rd, 1413, he was brought before Archbishop Arundel—"sitting in Caiphas' room, in the Chapter-house of St. Paul's," says Foxe—and the Bishops of London and Winchester. Lord Cobham had previously dispatched to the king a written confession of his faith, and he now made a second declaration in reply to the address of the archbishops, who offered him "absolution, would he meekly ask for it." This declaration favoured doctrines—such as those of consubstantiation, penance, and use of images—which no sound Protestant of our day could subscribe, and was nevertheless unsatisfactory to the synod, and he was sent back to the Tower to be further examined on another day. His fate most of our readers doubtless know. Although he escaped from the Tower for a time, and took refuge in Wales, he ultimately fell into the hands of his enemies, and became a martyr for the truth. He was burnt in St. Giles's Fields, A.D. 1417.

SEPTEMBER 24.

THE LONDON MISSIONARY SOCIETY was formed on the 24th of September, 1795, and has, consequently, been in existence nearly three-quarters of a century. Its original promoters consisted of evangelical Christians of various denominations, and by their energy, prayer, and reliance on Almighty help, they have established missions in the Georgian, the Society, and numerous other islands in the South Seas, many important stations in Northern and Southern India, various parts of China, South Africa, and the West Indies. These missions are divided as follows:—South Seas, 28; China, 17; India, 51; South Africa, and the Mauritius, 37; and West Indies, 19. These missionaries, in most instances, receive the invaluable assistance of their devoted wives. These, with upwards of 700 native teachers, form a body of 1,000 agents, sustained by the society, and employed in promoting its designs. The churches of Christ gathered by this agency in heathen lands are 155, containing, exclusive of the Christians in Madagascar, upwards of 18,000 members.

SEPTEMBER 25.

THE RELIGIOUS PEACE OF AUGSBURG, as it is technically termed, forms a most important epoch in the history of Protestantism, and yet neither its origin, objects, or results are generally known or understood. From the year 1546, to the period when the diet of Augsburg was convoked, viz., February 5, 1555, Germany had been one continued scene of the most violent religious disputation, and even virulent persecution. First one sect of professed Protestants, and then the other, gained the ascendancy, tyrannising over, and curtailing the privileges of their contemporary opponents in opinion. The diet now convoked by Ferdinand in the name of Charles V., fully settled all these unhappy disputes, and secured to Christians throughout Europe a religious freedom, and cessation from persecution and annoyance, which they had not before enjoyed. Nor were these the only results: the first was the ratification, or public acknowledgment of the Confession of Faith, drawn up by Melanchthon and Luther, and entitled "An Apology" as the basis of the Reformed Church. This Apology, or Confession, condemned the practices of auricular confession, invocation of saints, the acceptance of tradition, the performance of private masses, the taking monastic vows, or vows of perpetual celibacy; but in most other points adopted the views of the primitive church, and contained the chief points of the Apostles' Creed. This Confession is still the acknowledged creed of the Lutheran Church, and also, to great extent, forms the basis of the "Unitas Fratrum" or Moravian brethren. As we before remarked, this "Confession of Faith" was generally subscribed to; and the open hostility and embittered feelings which had hitherto characterised the various sections of the Christian world, so far as Europe was concerned, was subdued, and an unconditional permanent peace was assured to all parties. Both Protestants and Catholics were allowed free and equal participation in electoral and senatorial privileges; the entire independence of the Protestants was definitively guaranteed, and the principle of non-molestation and non-interference, on account of difference of opinion in religion by the reigning powers, whether spiritual or temporal, was fully and permanently established as a national law by this final decree of the Augsburg diet, which bears date the 25th of September, 1555.

LANCELOT ANDREWS, an English divine, and Bishop of Winchester, was born on the 25th of September, 1555, and died on his birth-day, seventy-one years after, viz., 1626. As a linguist, he was the "admirable Crichton" of his day, and was especially distinguished for his extraordinary proficiency in Greek and Hebrew. He appeared to be master of every subject, as completely as if he had devoted his whole life to it. Indeed, it might be justly remarked, that as a man, his knowledge was great; his memory greater; his judgment exceeded both; but his labour and industry went beyond them all. As a Christian, and a minister of the Gospel, he followed the footsteps of his Divine Master in that simplicity, humility, and sincerity which characterises

the true Christian. Even the monarch then on the British throne, James I., stood in awe of him; the purity and simplicity of his character, his calm and steady piety, effectually checking the almost childish frivolity of the king. He was one of the forty-seven divines appointed to translate the Bible; was subsequently appointed Bishop of Chichester, and Lord High Almoner; afterwards he was translated to the see of Ely, and ultimately made Bishop of Winchester, and Dean of the Chapel Royal. This very learned prelate, so distinguished by his piety, charity, integrity, and erudition, may be justly ranked with the best preachers and scholars of the age.

SEPTEMBER 26.

ST. CYPRIAN.—The anniversary of the death of this father of the Church, who was martyred at Nicomedia, in 304. He was born at Carthage, in Africa, about the beginning of the third century, and was distinguished by a force and versatility of genius which especially fitted him for a position of eminence, whatever vocation he might fill. Though living in a high station, and enjoying many of the luxuries of life, he early became a convert to the Christian religion, and voluntarily renounced the pleasures, pomps, and vanities of the world, for the more tangible and permanent happiness experienced by Christ's followers. He was made presbyter in 247, and Bishop of Carthage in 248; and, after enduring many years of persecution, was finally released by a martyr's death. He was beheaded September 26th, 258, according to some, while others say 272; but the year 304 is the period adopted by the English calendar.

THE MARTYRDOM OF ST. STEPHEN, THE PROTO-MARTYR, is said to have taken place this day, in the year 33. His festival, the celebration of which can be traced as far back as the fourth century, is usually observed on December 26th, in connection with the Nativity. Its observance as a saint's day did not prevail in the Western churches until the fifth century.

POPE CLEMENT VII. died in the year 1534. He lived at a memorable period, and his acts tended largely to the spread of Protestantism, and the freedom of England from the Catholic yoke. He endeavoured to effect a compromise with Charles V., when he found Protestantism gaining ground, and his own temporal power as Pope slipping away from his grasp; and the complicated troubles by which he was assailed on all sides, superadded to the final defection and liberation of England from the Papal yoke, is supposed to have been mainly instrumental in causing his death.

THE REV. JOHN OWEN, an eminent English divine, educated at St. Paul's School, London, and at Cambridge, died on September 26, 1822. He was for many years a zealous promoter, and one of the principal secretaries, of the British and Foreign Bible Society—a society which has, since its establishment, in 1804, issued 89,315,226 copies of the Holy Scriptures, in about 160 languages or dialects, at an expenditure of more than FIVE MILLIONS STERLING. It has now 3,728 branches, auxiliaries, and associations, and 933 in the colonies. Eminent and popular as a divine, to his honour it may be said that he devoted a long and useful life to the service of his Saviour; and his name will ever be associated with the valuable labours of the British and Foreign Bible Society.

SEPTEMBER 27.

BOSSET, the eminent controversialist, and champion of the French Roman Catholic Church, was born on this day, in 1627, at Dijon. Even when a lad, the reading of the Scriptures were a source of delight, which led him to select the pastoral office as the most congenial to his feelings. In all the disputations he undertook, he always gained the goodwill and respect of both friends and opponents; and though professedly Romanist, yet his general views are so clearly in accordance with the doctrine of the atonement and of original sin, as laid down in the Holy Scriptures, that even his opponents could not deny him the character of a true and sincere Christian. He died at Paris, on the 12th of April, 1704.

THE FOUNDATION-STONE of the WESLEYAN NORMAL TRAINING INSTITUTION was laid, on September 27th, 1849, by Thomas Farmer, Esq. The building is situated in Horseferry Road, Westminster. The institution, under the able direction of the Rev. John Scott, the principal, has continued in operation with increasing success, and is now too small to accommodate the large numbers constantly seeking admission. It sends forth about one hundred trained teachers of day-schools every two years (that being the prescribed period for training). There are five practising schools in connection with the institution, in which daily instruction is afforded to several hundred poor children.

SEPTEMBER 28.

HUGH BOULTER, Primate of Ireland, was born in London, January 4, 1671, and educated at Merchant Taylor's School. He accompanied King George I. to Hanover, in the capacity of chaplain, in 1719, and in the same year was consecrated Bishop of Bristol. He was made Primate of Ireland in 1724, shortly after which (1729) there was a great scarcity, when the primate devoted the greater portion of his income to the maintenance of the poor, until the following harvest brought them relief. In the years 1740-41 a famine again occurred, when the archbishop once more devoted his income to the same object. He caused the poor to be fed twice every day, and upwards of 2,500 poor people partook of his bounty. He also endowed and erected several colleges and hospitals, both at Drogheda, Armagh, and Dublin; created a fund for clergymen's widows; obtained a royal charter for the Irish schools, and devoted more than £30,000 to the augmentation of small livings. This munificently generous prelate died in London, September 28th, and was buried in Westminster Abbey.

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